WEEK
ENDING
DEC. 27, 1930

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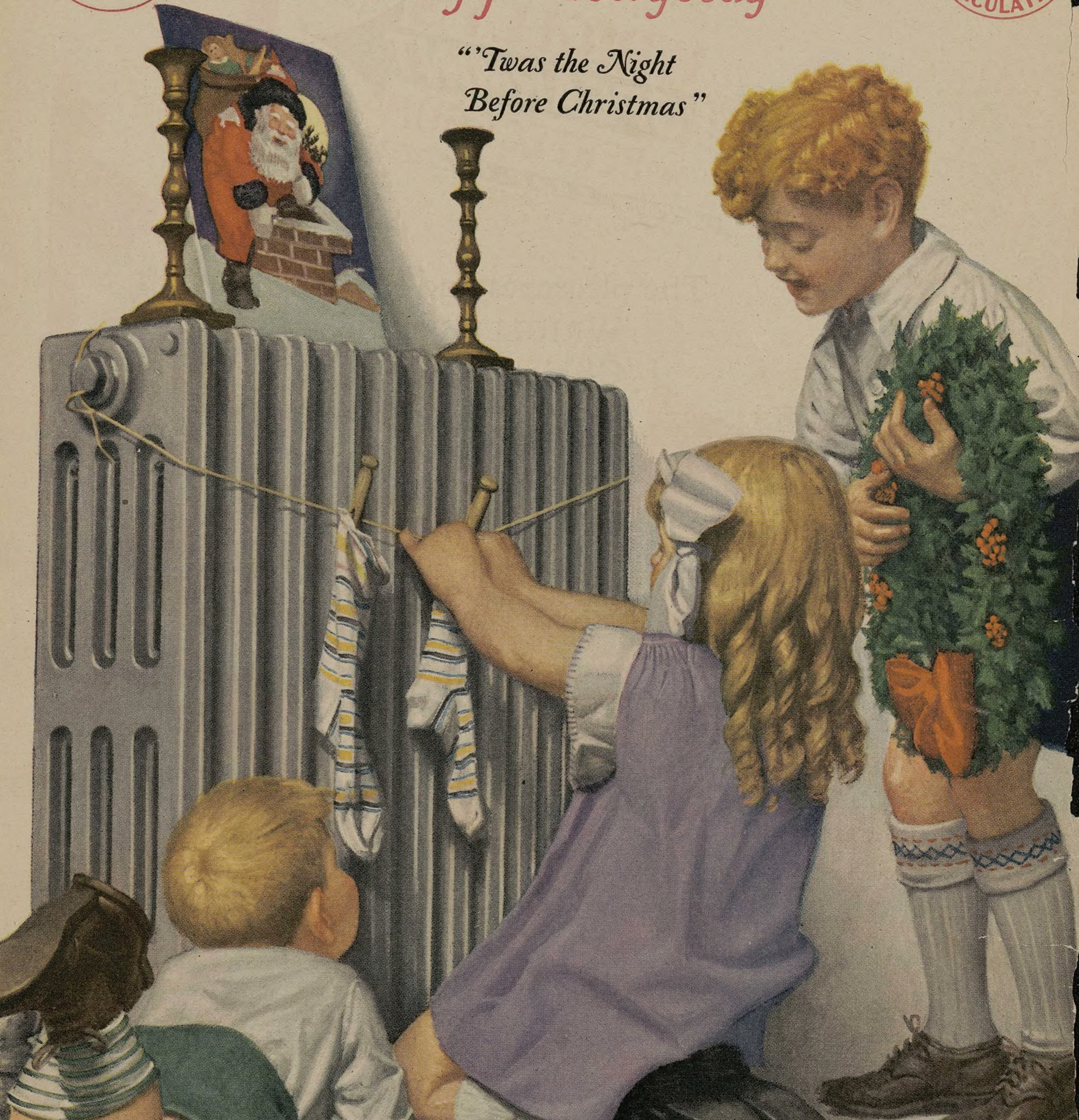
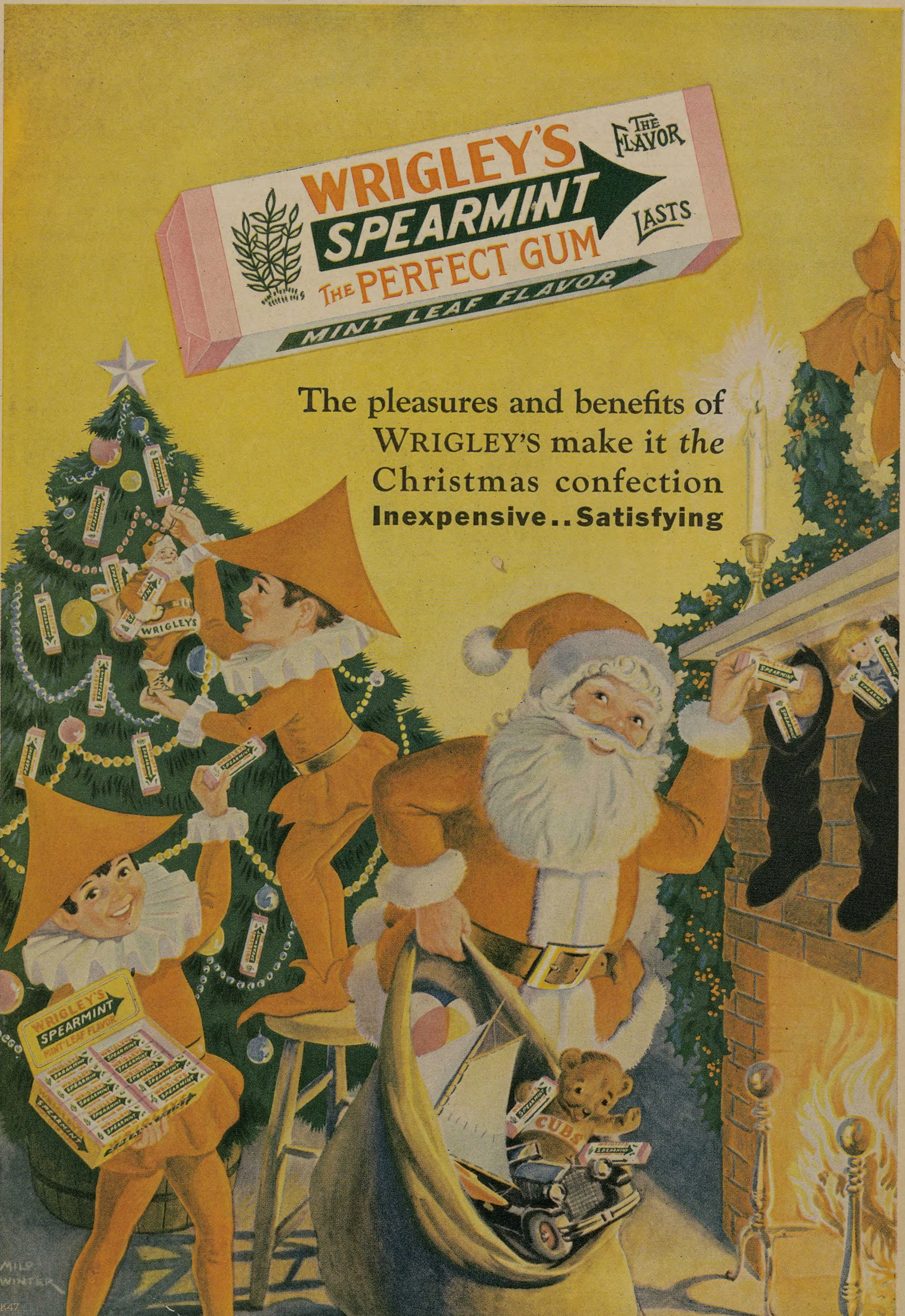
A Weekly for Everybody

"'Twas the Night Before Christmas"



WARWICK **DEEPING** ~ MAUREEN **RUE** ~ R.G. **KIRK** ~ HARPER **LEECH** ~ LOTHROP **STODDAR**


WRIGLEY'S
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THE PERFECT GUM
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DECEMBER 27, 1930

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOLUME 7, NUMBER 52

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."—Stephen Decatur.

AN OPEN LETTER

At this time this year, we regret to say, it is peculiarly appropriate to reprint as a Christmas editorial a celebrated open letter written many years ago by a wise and good man.

It appears below, not of course in the language in which it was written, but in the language in which, to many of us, it has been familiar since childhood.

From the First Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians: the Thirteenth Chapter.

THOUGH I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become *as* sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

2 And though I have *the gift of* prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

3 And though I bestow all my goods to feed *the poor*, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

4 Charity suffereth long, *and* is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

5 Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

6 Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

7 Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

8 Charity never faileth: but whether *there be* prophecies, they shall fail; whether *there be* tongues, they shall cease; whether *there be* knowledge, it shall vanish away.

9 For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

10 But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

11 When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

12 For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

13 And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these *is* charity.

Here endeth the lesson.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

Mrs. Ruth D. Maurer of New York

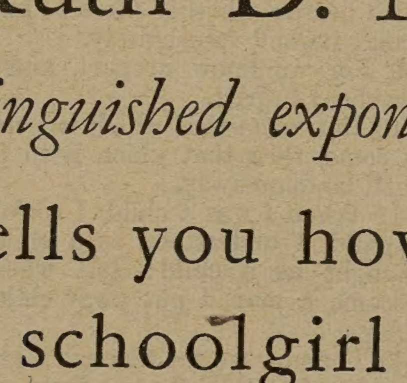
distinguished exponent of beauty culture

tells you how to keep that schoolgirl complexion

THERE'S scarcely a beauty specialist in all America who doesn't know the name of Mrs. Ruth D. Maurer; Mrs. Maurer, for years an outstanding American leader in beauty culture, graduated some 80,000 pupils! Her influence is felt, her opinion respected, wherever beauty theory is taught. "Tell us," we asked Mrs. Maurer, "a good plan for keeping youth and beauty . . . an easy plan and one that every woman can follow."

First, consult an expert

"Well—first of all," she replied, "find a beauty specialist in whom you have confidence and get into the habit of consulting her regularly. That is every bit as necessary as the proper home care.



"Then, learn a few plain truths about yourself. This, for instance: that your skin must be kept thoroughly clean if you want to keep that schoolgirl complexion!"

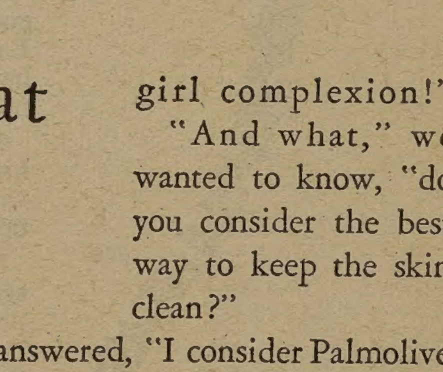
"And what," we wanted to know, "do you consider the best way to keep the skin clean?"

"Personally," Mrs. Maurer answered, "I consider Palmolive Soap a primary aid in attaining a lovely skin because I am a firm believer in the virtues of olive oil for beauty cleansing—and Palmolive, as you know, is made of olive and palm oils."

Mrs. Maurer, of course, advises Palmolive together with the various creams and cosmetics which she, herself, manufactures—for she is today president of a well-known cosmetics firm and an outstanding authority on beauty products.

"When you use Palmolive," says Mrs. Maurer, "work its lather gently into the skin of face and throat with your hands or with a soft cloth; then rinse with both warm and cold water before applying make-up."

And—since Palmolive costs only 10 cents the cake—it is advised (and used) for the bath as well. To keep that schoolgirl complexion act on expert advice. Use Palmolive.



PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p.m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

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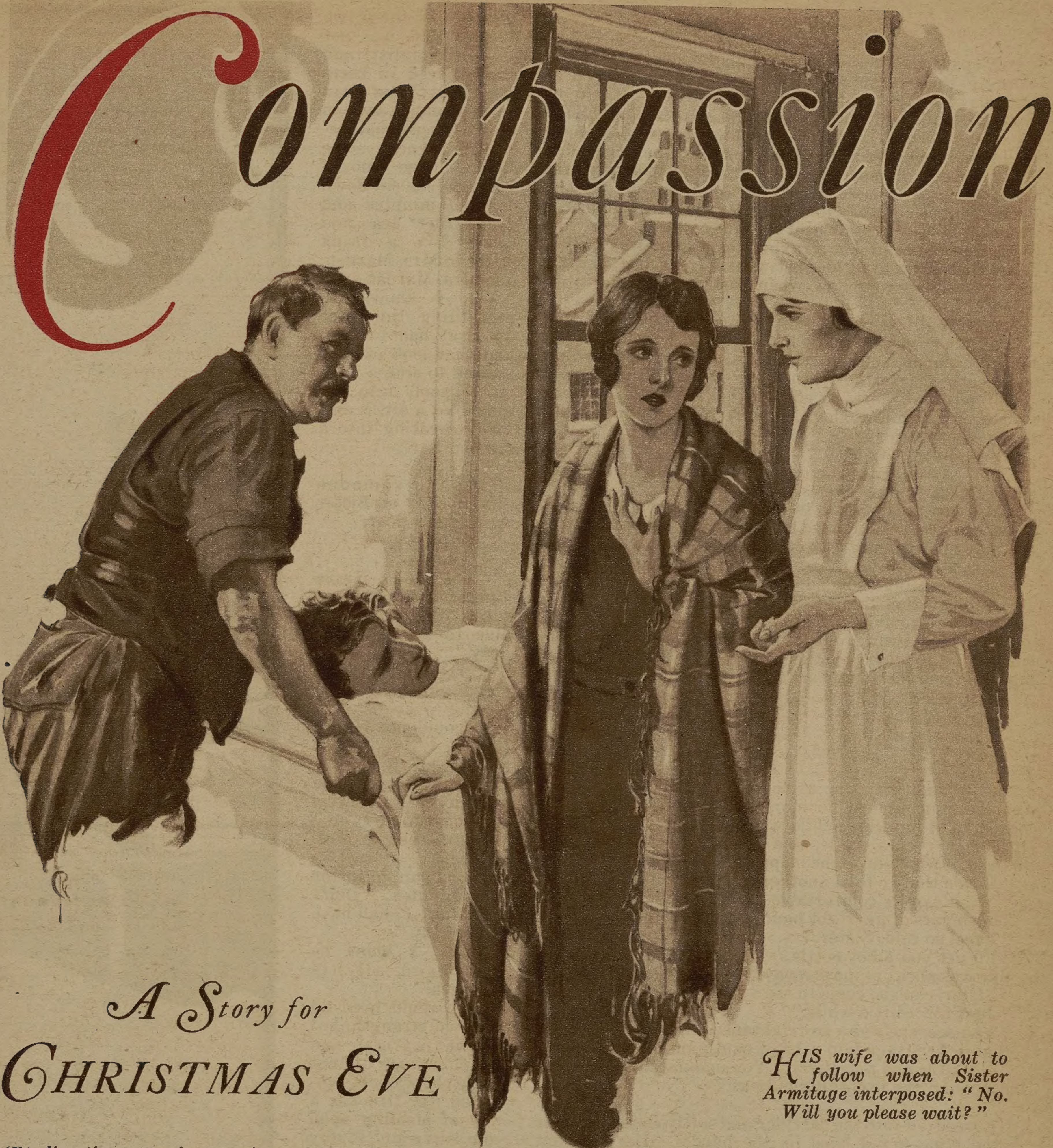
Compassion



HIS wife was about to follow when Sister Armitage interposed: "No. Will you please wait?"

A Story for CHRISTMAS EVE

(Reading time: 22 min. 3 sec.)

By

WARWICK DEEPING

the English novelist who wrote Sorrell and Son and Kitty. He is a Cambridge University man and lives in Surrey. Before his marriage he changed from doctor to writer, but he served in the medical corps during the war. He likes out-of-door games and work.

Pictures by CHARLES R. CHICKERING

SHE was on edge, worried, overworked.

"Nurse Horrocks, Number Three's tea."

"Yes, Sister."

"Oh, do hurry up!"

She was aware of him gliding toward her noiselessly on the wheeled stretcher, and in the rather dark corridor his face looked like a sharp, white edge. A gray blanket reached to his chin. And beside him walked a little woman in black whose face was almost as white as his. Yes, obviously his wife, and frightened. Old Tombs, the porter, puffed at her from under his walrus mustache:

"Number Five, Sister."

"Yes; we're ready."

Her smile was a little perfunctory, and her secret self waiting to escape for half an hour from No. 7 Vernor Street into an affair that was very much her own. Another man was waiting for her, a man who was home on leave, and the urge of her youth was tending toward him. A sheltered seat in the windswept park, a few intimate moments snatched from the day's routine, the provocation of his impatience:

"Hang it all, you don't give me much, Nellie."

"But I'm so busy, Jack."

"And I've only got until Christmas."

Just seven more days.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

COMPASSION
Continued from page five

Perhaps she found pleasure in his impatience, even in counting those days and thinking that they were as precious to her as to him, only differently so. It may be that she tantalized herself and him with the withholding of the ultimate climax. Yes, until the very last she would hold back, for as a woman she liked the impatience of her lover. In not giving easily she would give the more.

The white doors of No. 5 Room were thrown open, a window showed a jumble of chimney stacks, pots, and roofs, and the unbroken grayness of a winter sky. The figure under the gray blanket went in feet first, and his wife was about to follow when Sister Armitage interposed:

"No. Will you please wait?"

The other woman hung back with a scared docility. No. 7 Vernor Street had frightened her, and already she had been sufficiently frightened. Everything was so stark and clean here, so efficient, so impersonal, yet so sinister, for even the odor of disinfectant seemed to mask the smell of tragedy.

"Yes, Sister. Can I—?"

Sister Armitage's blue eyes dwelt for a moment on Mary Marden's brown ones.

"You can go and wait in my room—if you like. Second door on left. When we have put your husband to bed, you may sit with him for ten minutes."

"Just ten minutes?"

Sister Armitage nodded.

"An operation case, isn't it? We like to keep our—"

"Yes, I quite understand."

She melted away from the white doors, and the Sister went in and, helped by the porter, transferred Richard Marden from the stretcher to the bed. She was a strong young woman with fine arms and a well shaped throat, and the man seemed no more heavy than a child. He looked up at her like a child with wide gray eyes and the little flicker of a smile, and something in her strong young self went out to the helplessness in him.

BUY NOW! It's
Bargain Time!

"How's that? Like another pillow?"

"No, it's quite comfortable, thank you."

The fingers of his right hand plucked at the sheet.

"I feel so cold, Sister."

"I'll get you a hot bottle."

She was about to move away, but his eyes held her.

"Sister, can she come in for a little while?"

"Just for a little while."

"You see, she's so—so frightened. She's—"

Sister Armitage laid a hand gently on his shoulder.

"Now, try and not worry. You understand? Just try and give up and leave things to us."

SHE went out into the corridor and softly closed the door, and hung a red label on the handle. Her pleasant, open face was a little overcast. She frowned. This was to be one of those difficult cases when the heartbeats of life were a little too evident, and yet she liked a difficult case. It challenged her, demanded the best from her, and Sister Armitage's best was unapproachable. She had both understanding and vitality, strength and gentleness. She knew when to coax and when to scold.

But this other woman who was frightened?

She passed down the corridor to her own room and found Mrs. Marden sitting on the edge of a chair. The wife had the air of a little creature, paralyzed by fear, and she moved her eyes while keeping her head and body rigid. Sister Armitage stood in the doorway.

"I'm just going to get your husband a hot-water bottle. And then I'm having tea. Care to have a cup?"

The pale lips moved.

"Yes. Sister. And then—may I—?"

"We'll see."

Yet, even while she was thinking of the man she was to meet, Nellie Armitage did not see herself tangled up in the lives of these two people. She was not a sentimentalist, and she believed in keeping life cool and clean and calculable, save on those exceptional occasions when some strong urge moved you. So she sat down for ten minutes and drank her tea and talked like a frank sister to Mrs. Marden, and Mrs. Marden said, "Yes, I know," to everything this nice autocrat had to say; and that look of fear seemed to sink a little more deeply into her eyes like a little animal retreating into a dark corner.

"Yes, I'll stick by you."

THEN someone knocked at Sister Armitage's door.

"Sister."

"Come in."

"Oh, Sister, Nurse James has a temperature. She won't be able to go on night duty."

Sister Armitage stood up with lips closing over a word that could not be uttered.

"Oh, all right. But that leaves only the two of us. Oh, yes, we'll have to carry on."

She turned to Mrs. Marden.

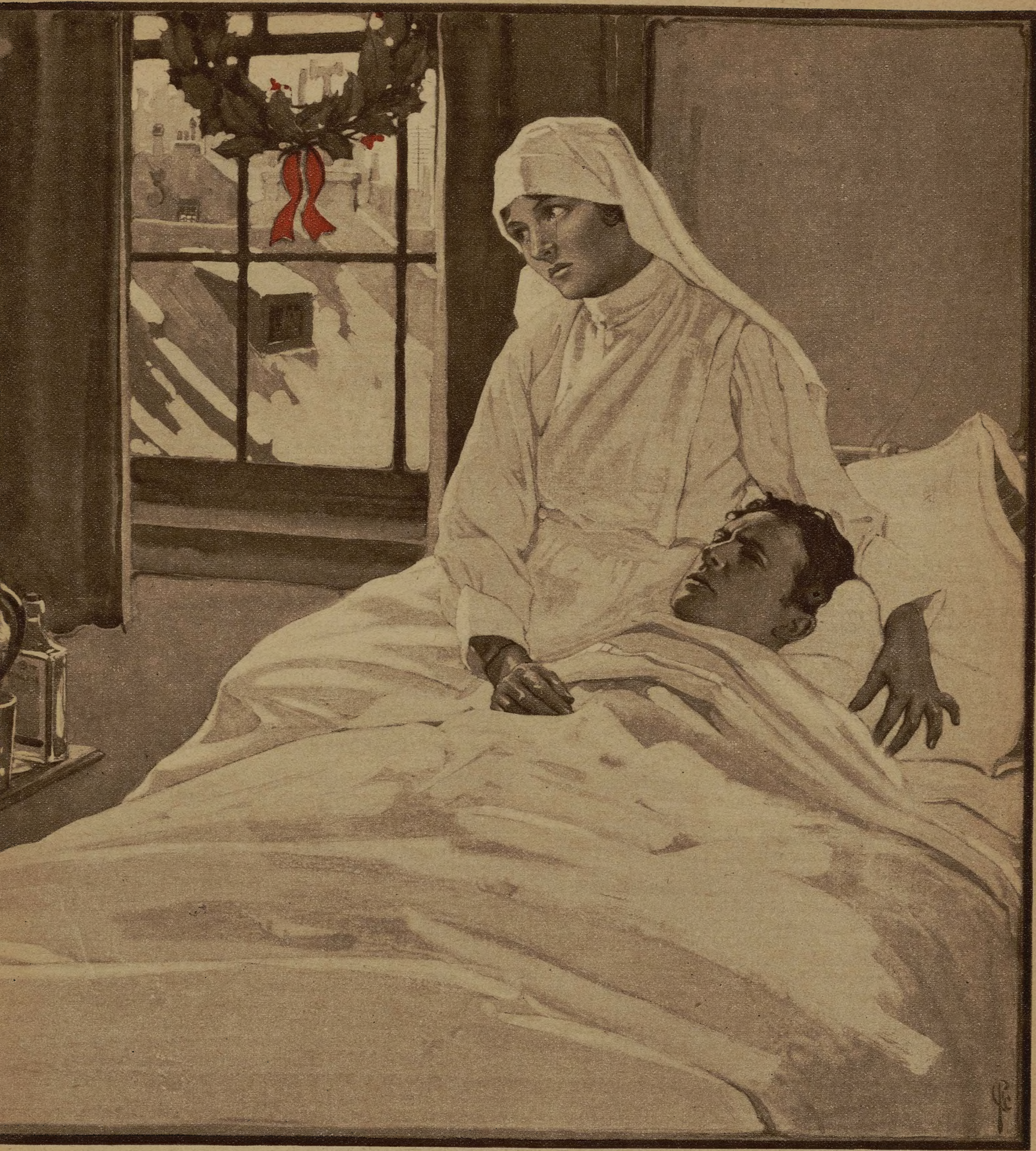
"You can go in for ten minutes. Don't tire him. I shall have to get busy."

"Yes, I know he will need all his strength."

She would need all her own strength, but of the nearness and the poignancy of that crisis she was not conscious, for life has a way of stealing upon you surreptitiously and laying a sudden hand upon your shoulder. For Nellie Armitage was thinking, "Damn Nurse James and her temperature! She always chucks up just when she's wanted. Well, anyway, I shall be able to meet Jack tomorrow. I suppose I shall say yes to him before he goes back to France."

At six o'clock the surgeon came and spent twenty minutes beside Marden's bed, and Sister Armitage, standing by, noticed that Marden's eyes never seemed to leave the doctor's face.

They said, "I know I'm pretty bad, but you'll get me through, won't you? I must get through." Dr. Pallant, the surgeon, was a tense little man with a hook nose and tight lips and black hair that fitted his head like a cap, and kinder than he looked.



She knew that she had made a promise that was sacred, and that she would have to abide by it for good or ill.

He said good night to Marden and went out into the corridor with Eleanor Armitage. He, too, looked tired and overworked.

"Touch and go, Sister."

"He's very frail."

"If he stands the op., it will be a question of nursing. Nurse James, isn't it?"

"She's in bed with a temperature."

Dr. Pallant's bright eyes seemed to snap.

"That means Nurse Horrocks—or you."

"Quite so. Impossible to get anyone else in. The matron is nearly off her head as it is."

Dr. Pallant nodded.

"Nurse Horrocks—"

She knew that he was saying to himself what she was thinking, that Nurse Horrocks was a perfect fool who buzzed and blundered like a bluebottle, and could extinguish a frail frame by the mere draft of her presence. And suddenly she spoke.

"I suppose it will have to be me."

He looked at her approvingly.

"Take the afternoons off and sleep. If you could hold on for a couple of days. I'll speak to matron."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

COMPASSION
Continued from page seven

Her blue eyes stared.

"Oh, I'll manage—somehow. I must get out for a little air once a day. His little wife is terrified."

"Poor kid!"

He hurried off to see other cases on the floor below, and Sister Armitage went and sat on her bed for a minute and faced things out. She felt a little rebellious and desperate. Why should life tie her up like this just when she wanted to be free?

The floor maid, a little drab who for some strange reason had not become involved in the making of munitions, came clattering up with the patients' dinner trays.

"There's a note for you, Sister. A gen'leman left it."

The letter was from her lover, and when Sister Armitage had read it she put it away in a drawer and looked troubled. Inconsiderate and exacting creatures—men; for her lover's letter was both peevish and passionate, and rather too full of savage self-pity. It suggested that she was not giving him as much of herself as he had expected. In a day or two he would be back in that bloody business, the war, and she was giving too much of herself to her confounded patients, a lot of old crocks who did not count in a world's crisis. He said that he would be waiting for her in Vernor Street at four o'clock tomorrow. The very letter had a lowering, passionate face.

She felt ruffled, hurt. She went about her affairs, and presently she found herself opening the door of No. 5. Dusk had come, and the room was in half darkness. The figure in the bed lay very still.

"You want a light. I shall have to draw the curtains. Had your dinner?"

"Yes."

She moved to the window, and was about to draw the curtains when he spoke:

"Could they stay like that, Sister?"

"But you can't have a light—unless—"

"I don't want a light. I don't want to be shut in."

She turned and came toward the bed, and was suddenly aware of a groping hand.

"Sister, I shall get through this, shan't I?"

"Of course."

"I must."

She sat on the edge of the bed and held his hand. She was aware of the dim hollows that were his eyes.

"You see, it isn't as though she would get a pension if I get put out. They wouldn't take me in the army; I tried twice. And if I die—she'll have absolutely nothing."

BUY NOW! It's Bargain Time!

He lay very still a moment, gripping her hand.

"If I can get through this it will be all right. I have quite a good job, and my people are being very decent. I must get through, Sister. You'll help me?"

Something in her was deeply moved. She had dealt with hundreds of sick people, peevish people, frightened people, selfish people, but the quiet anguish of this man was somehow different. He did not appear to be thinking of himself. She knew that he was in pain, but the worst pain was not physical.

She pressed his hand.

"Yes, I'll stick by you. It's a promise."

"A promise. Sister, you're—"

"Oh, nonsense, it's my job. We'll get you through."

And when she had uttered the words she knew that she had made a promise that was sacred, and that she would have to abide by it for good or ill.

MARDEN was operated on at ten o'clock next morning, and the operation was successful, but whether he had sufficient strength to rally after it was another matter. He was taken back to bed, still only half conscious, and Dr. Pallant and Sister Armitage faced each other across the bed. They nodded at each other, for Marden had hardly any pulse.

"Touch and go. He can't be left, Sister."

"I shan't leave him."

While below, in the matron's room, little Mrs. Marden waited, large-eyed, for the verdict, her cold hands clasped together. When Pallant entered the room she remained as though paralyzed, staring at him.

"The operation has been successful."

"Oh, doctor!"

"Yes. But he is very weak. It is only fair that I should warn you—"

Her eyes seemed to grow larger and larger.

"He's not going to die?"

"I hope not. He's got an excellent nurse, but, as I say—"

"Can I see him, doctor?"

"Not yet. He must be kept perfectly quiet."

And Mrs. Marden went off alone to her shabby little hotel looking like a ghost, and a lonely ghost, and Sister Armitage sat by Marden's bed. He had been given an injection; his pulse had improved, and he was rallying. His sleepy gray eyes looked at her.

"Is it all over, Sister?"

"Yes, all over, successfully."

"Thank God! Does she know?"

"Yes. Now, you mustn't talk. Lie quite still. We want you to sleep. Much pain?"

"No, Sister."

SHE rose and going to the window softly drew the curtains.

And in doing so she remembered that she was to meet Jack Harkness at four o'clock. Oh, well, probably it could be managed, and Nurse Horrocks could be allowed to carry on for an hour. Also Marden's condition might have improved. She glanced at the patient and saw that his eyes were closed, and going out she met the matron in the corridor.

"Oh, Sister, how's Number Five?"

"He has rallied a little."

"I'm glad. I want you to go to bed and get some sleep this afternoon. You'll have to be on duty tonight. I'm sorry, but we can't get help."

Sister Armitage's color rose. She hated fussy interference.

"That's all right. I'll manage. I'll lie down at six and sleep till ten. I want to go out for an hour."

The matron was about to raise some objection, but Eleanor suppressed it.

"Yes, I must get some exercise and fresh air. If I crack, it will be bad business. I'm not a fool."

"Very well. I rely on your common sense, Sister."

At half past three Nellie Armitage opened the door of No. 5 and looked in. Marden appeared to be asleep, and she closed the door silently and went to speak to Nurse Horrocks.

"I'm going out for an hour. Number Five is asleep. Put your head in at half-past four, and if he's awake, get him to take some egg albumen."

Nurse Horrocks was not only a fool but an opinionated fool.

"Yes, Sister, I quite understand."

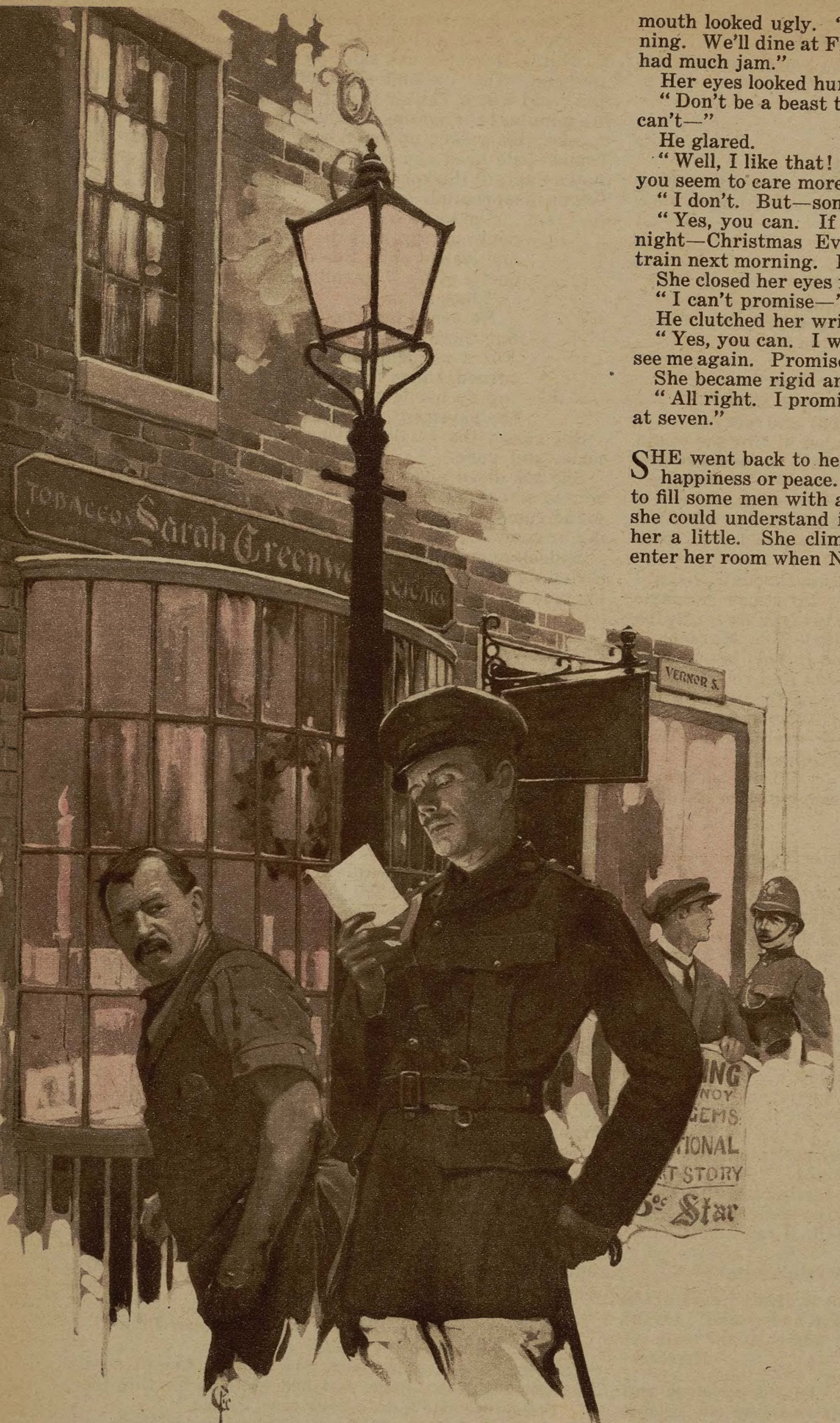
A solid, hot-colored man in khaki was walking up and down Vernor Street. He had a little black mustache and thick lips, and brown eyes that were quickly angered. Other men were sometimes afraid of Captain Harkness, for the war had not improved his temper. He could bully. And when he saw Nellie Armitage emerge from the door of No. 7 Vernor Street in her nurse's uniform he was annoyed.

"Well, here you are. But why those damned clothes?"

Her eyes met his.

"What's the matter with my clothes?"

"You might have put on something—nice. One's



She saw her lover reading the letter, and suddenly she threw up the lower sash of the window and leaned out.

sick of any sort of uniform. Too much like the war."

She said, "I've only got an hour, Jack. I have to sit up all night with a bad case. I'm sorry."

But he was in one of those awkward moods that would not be appeased. They walked into the park and he kept jabbing at the ground with the point of his cane. His mouth looked ugly. "Look here, I want one whole evening. We'll dine at Florio's in a private room. I haven't had much jam."

Her eyes looked hurt.

"Don't be a beast to me, Jack. I've got my job. One can't—"

He glared.

"Well, I like that! I've been eating my soul out, and you seem to care more for—"

"I don't. But—somehow—one can't chuck one's job."

"Yes, you can. If you care. Look here, Wednesday night—Christmas Eve. I have to catch that damned train next morning. I'll call for you at seven."

She closed her eyes for a moment.

"I can't promise—"

He clutched her wrist.

"Yes, you can. I want you. Damn it, you may never see me again. Promise."

She became rigid and then gave a little shudder.

"All right. I promise. I'll meet you in Vernor Street at seven."

SHE went back to her job, but not with any feeling of happiness or peace. Oh, this ghastly war that seemed to fill some men with a sort of savage hunger! Though she could understand it and feel compassion, it shocked her a little. She climbed the stairs and was about to enter her room when Nurse Horrocks appeared.

"You'd better go and see Number Five, Sister."

"What's the matter?"

"He's one of those funny cases. A bit hysterical."

Sister Armitage's face suddenly looked tired. She went into her room and took off her hat and cloak and glanced at her face in a small mirror. Oh, confound the Horrocks woman! She was like a clumsy cow in a crisis.

BUY NOW!

She pulled herself together and went and opened the door of No. 5. She was aware of two eyes looking at her. They seemed to brighten when they saw her face.

"Well, feeling better?"

He put out a hand.

"I'm glad you've come back, Sister. I can't—"

"Can't what, my dear?"

"She worries me. She's got such—ugly hands."

Sister Armitage smoothed his pillow.

"Now, now, mustn't get excited. It's all right; I shall be here with you."

"I'm glad. You're good for me, Sister, somehow."

"Well, go on feeling good."

That she had both a soothing and strengthening effect on him was evident, for she was a born nurse, perhaps because she had never ceased to be woman. Her urge was to help people, not only with her capable hands, but with her sympathy and good will, and all the drudgery of a nurse's life had not killed this spirit in her.

She watched him all that night, stealing in and out on silent feet and sometimes sitting beside his bed to listen to his breathing. He made little noises in his sleep, sighings, murmurings, and sometimes he would utter a

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

COMPASSION
Continued from page nine

faint moan. From time to time he woke, and always her shadowy shape was there beside him.

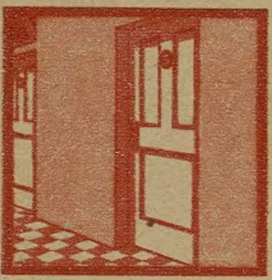
"You there, Sister?"

"Yes, I'm here."

"Can I have a little water?"

"Yes, my dear, and something else."

She spoke to him like a child. She was ready with a feeding cup to coax him to take the nourishment that he needed.



"Now, drink this."

"Must I?"

"Yes. Got to keep your strength up."

She supported his head while he drank and her compassion seemed to bear up his courage.

"You're awfully good, Sister. Don't know what I should do without you."

"Oh, I just want to help you, my dear."

For the next two days she fought death with him, growing more and more tired, and yet enduring. Scrutinizing her face in her mirror she would see herself looking haggard and almost old, for there was that other strife within her. She thought, "I shall look pretty cheap on Wednesday." At six o'clock she would undress and sleep till ten. She did not go out of doors. Dr. Pallant, observing her with his shrewd eyes, paid homage to the nurse in her.

"I believe you are going to pull him through, Sister."

On the morning of the day before Christmas, she came up against her crisis. She saw it in his frail figure, in the flicker of the flame, in the eyes of little Mrs. Marden, on the face of the doctor. She seemed to hold her breath. She was conscious of something wild and rebellious in herself, compassion for that other man, the urges of her own youth. She wanted to give and to get, to spend those last hours with her lover, for even a man's raw selfishness somehow called to her compassion.

She heard Pallant saying to her, "You are being perfectly splendid, Sister. If you can get him through tonight I think he will live."

She was listening to the wife.

"You are going to save him, Sister. I shall never be able to thank you."

She saw herself involved in a double crisis, her own and Marden's, and inevitably she knew that she would have to make her choice for both of them. One night, a few short hours, one of the lyric moments in her life! Why should she sacrifice it to this comparative stranger, this man who belonged to another woman, while her own lover waited? She knew a moment of anger and revolt. She found herself halfway down the stairs to the matron's room, and with those words ready on her lips: "I must have tonight off. Christmas Eve. Someone is going back to France tomorrow. It's my right."

BUY NOW and BRING PROSPERITY BACK!

Yet she paused on the stairs; she hesitated; she stood leaning against the wall. She thought: "No, I can't do it, somehow. If I went I should be feeling torn. It's just as though he were to sneak out of the trenches and leave his men when the shells began to fall. I can't do it. I've got to see this job through."

She went back to her room and wrote a letter:

JACK: It's terrible, but I can't come tonight. I have a case that can't be left. Oh, my dear, try and understand! I want to come to you, and I can't. I'll try and be at the train tomorrow. Forgive me. NELLIE.

SHE wrote "Captain Harkness" on the envelope and sealed it up, and going downstairs found old Tombs, the porter, reading the paper.

She said, "Tombs, I want you to do something for me."

He was ready to do anything for her, and she gave him the letter.

"I was going out with a friend, but I can't leave Number Five. I want you to find an officer who will be waiting in Vernor Street at seven. Captain Harkness is the name. Find him and give him this letter."

Old Tombs looked at her very kindly.

"I'll find him, Sister. Don't you worry."

At six o'clock, when she should have been lying down, she took a chair and carried it to the landing window. To Nurse Horrocks she said, "One can get some fresh air here. Yes, I shan't sleep till he's safely through." She could watch Vernor Street from the window, and at five minutes to seven she saw the brown figure of her lover appear. He walked up and down. And then she saw old Tombs' bald head and round shoulders. The porter accosted Captain Harkness; the letter passed between them. Tombs disappeared.

She saw her lover reading the letter, and suddenly she threw up the lower sash of the window and leaned out. She dared to outrage the etiquette of No. 7 by calling to a man.

"Jack!"

He heard her; he looked up, and she waved, but there was no answering signal from him. For a moment she had a glimpse of the upturned, sullen face. She saw that he was tearing up her letter. He scattered the pieces on the pavement, turned, and walked away.

She closed the window. Christmas Eve for her had come, and gone.

She sat down and stared at the chimney pots of the houses across the way. She wanted to cry out, and no sound came. Her lover's love was without understanding or compassion.

Sudden anger came to her aid. She could not be comforted, but she could be sustained by pride. She stood up, and with a flushed calmness, opened the door of No. 5.

Marden's eyes were waiting for her. He smiled faintly.

"Sister, you ought to be resting now."

"Oh, I'm all right."

He frowned slightly.

"No. I shan't feel comfortable unless you're resting. I shan't—really. Do go and lie down."

AND suddenly her eyes felt hot.

"All right, my dear. I've got to get you through tonight. And then you are going to get well."

He answered her with a kind of serenity.

"Yes, I am going to get well."

Never had she had to suffer such a night. A thirst for sleep assailed her; she felt both numb and in pain. She made herself strong coffee, and walked noiselessly up and down the corridor. Those hours were slipping away, hours that should have been her lover's, and yet something in her consented. She went softly in and out of Marden's room, and sat by his bed. It was as though even his sleeping self divined her presence, and was at rest. He was sleeping as he had not slept before. The restlessness had passed, those little moanings and twitchings. And something in her was glad with a gladness that gradually transcended her self's pain. As she listened to his quiet breathing she, too, began to feel at peace. Something seemed to die in her, while other happiness became alive.

She watched the dawn come up. She had no wish now to hurry to the station and see the face of her lover. All that seemed far away, a dead thing, a pain that had passed. She felt strangely wakeful and alert, and presently she began to busy herself with all the day's affairs, and to be glad of them. This was her life.

Pallant came at nine. He had to be early.

"Merry Christmas, Sister. How's Number Five?"

"The best night he has had."

She let Pallant go in alone. She waited. And presently he came out with a little, satisfied smile on his thin face.

"Splendid! He'll do. Your case, Sister."

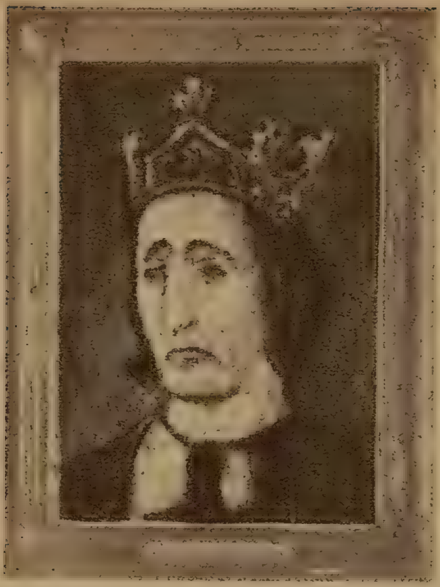
Later still she was sitting on her own bed with an arm round the waist of Marden's wife, and Marden's wife was weeping.

"Oh, it seems too good to be true. It's all through you, Sister. The doctor said so."

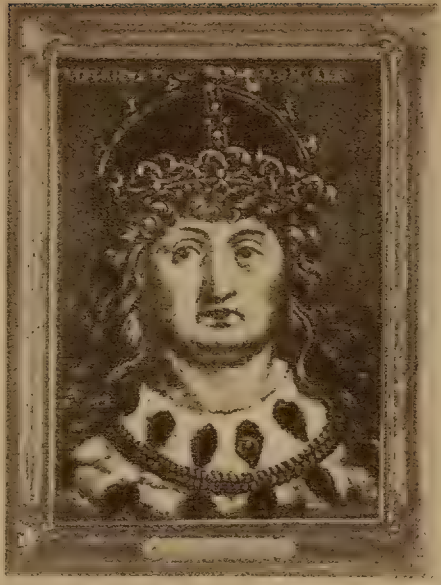
Nellie Armitage gave a little laugh.

"My dear, that's all right. But I can tell you one thing, I'm going to have a jolly good sleep tonight. And so—will you."

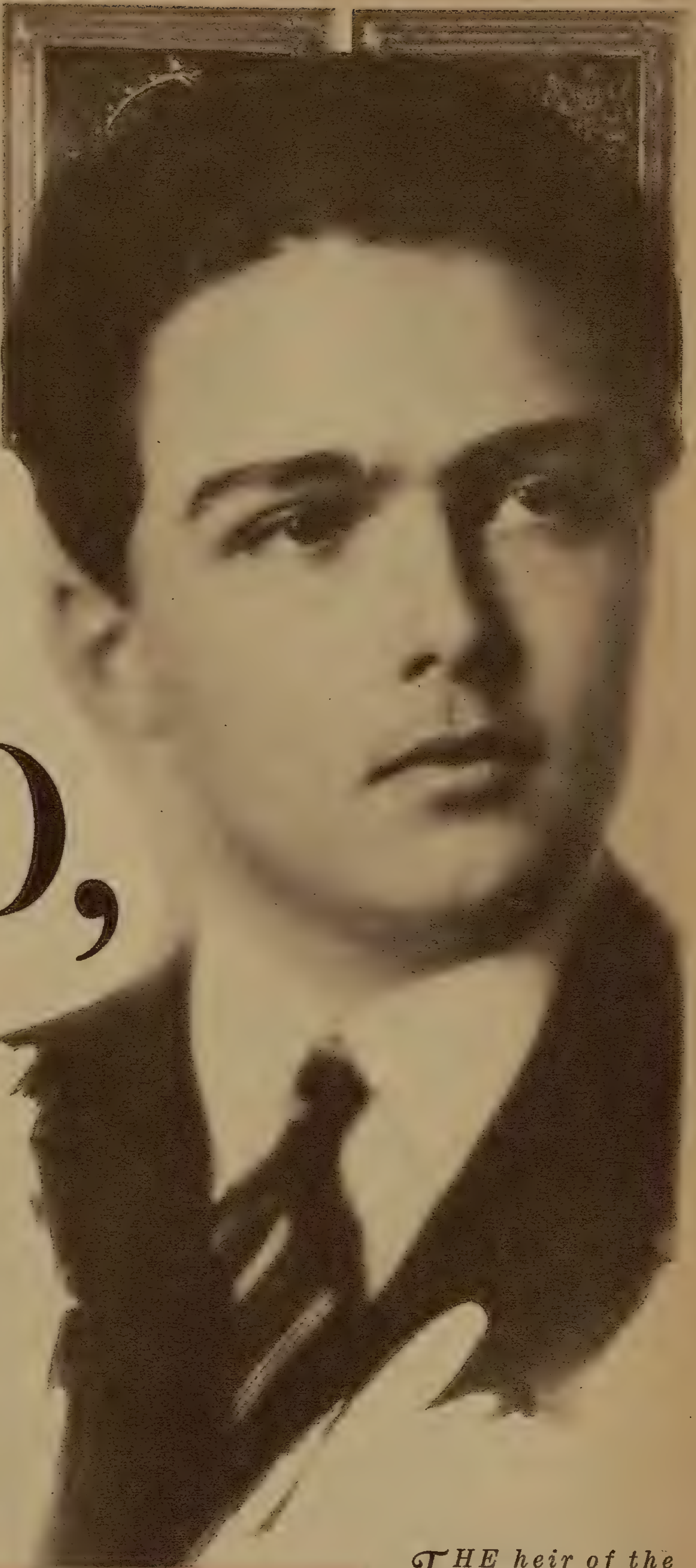
THE END



RUDOLPH I *(1218–91), Holy Roman Emperor, 1273–91, who by war and marriage raised the Hapsburg family to its imperial estate.*



FREDERICK *(1286–1330), called The Fair, German King, Duke of Austria, defeated and made captive by his Bavarian cousin in 1322.*



THE heir of the Hapsburgs, Otto, whose forebears have streaked history with glory, blood, and folly.

Otto,

A Hope and a Menace

By

MAUREEN RUE

a native of New York City who writes of the Hapsburgs and their affairs with intimate knowledge, since she has lived much in recent years in Vienna. She is the wife of Larry Rue, newspaper man, who for more than a decade "covered" various parts of the eastern hemisphere for the Chicago Tribune.

(Reading time: 11 minutes 20 seconds.)

THE chimes of the ancient church tolled in slow, sad tempo as I stood talking to a Spanish priest in the little fishing village of Lequeitio, between the Pyrenees and the Bay of Biscay.

A boy came riding on a bicycle; a tall, dark-haired boy. He smiled pleasantly.

The priest explained to him that I had just motored from Vienna.

"Oh!" he exclaimed; his dark eyes lighting. "What kind of a car did you come in?"

I told him.

"That's a good make," he said. "But didn't you get dizzy coming up the winding road from San Sebastian? The family always does. But I never do. I like it."

© Publishers' Photo Service

The Hungarian royal palace at Budapest, as seen from the Danube.

"A little," I told him. "Mountain roads always make me dizzy."

He seemed pleased, with pardonable boyish pride.

"You should have taken seasick tablets. That is what the family does."

Some children came up from the beach.

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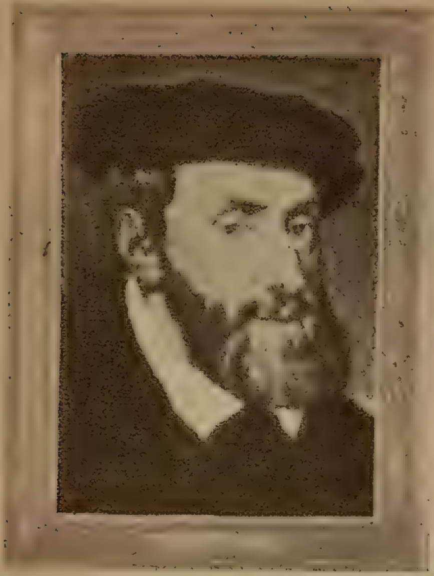
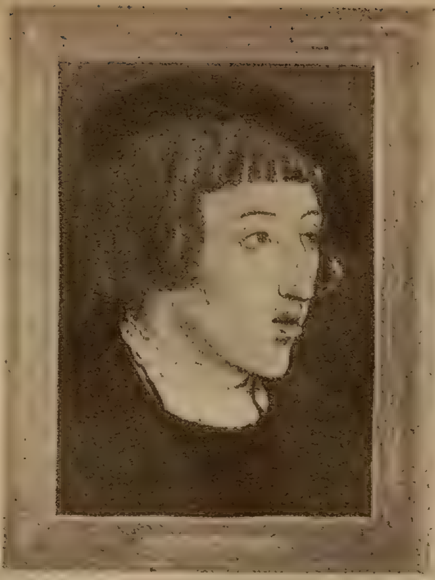
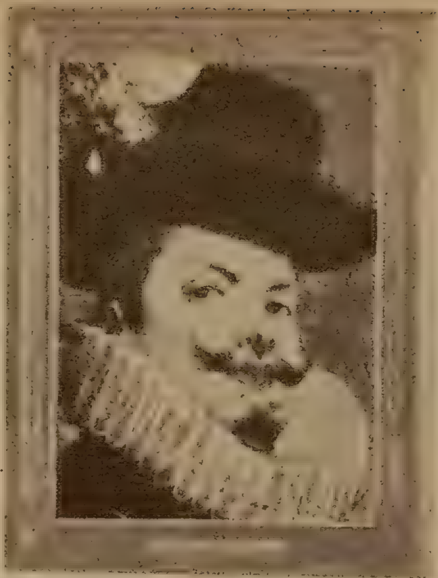


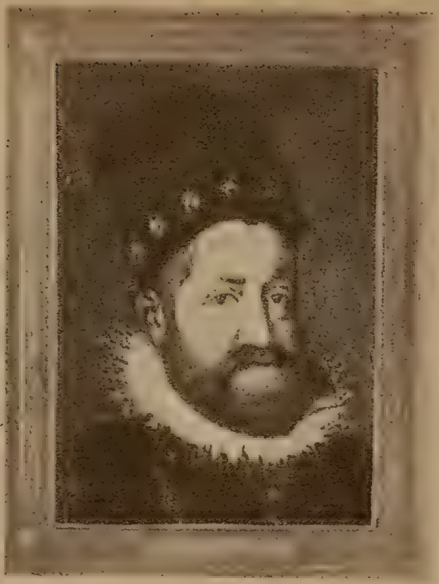
CHARLES V *(1500–58), Holy Roman Emperor, 1519–56, ruler of vast dominions, and founder of the Hapsburg line of Spanish kings.*



FERDINAND I *(1503–64), Emperor, 1556–64, the able younger brother to whom Charles V ceded his Central Europe possessions.*



PHILIP III *of Spain (1578–1621), whose chief claim to fame is this picture by Velásquez. He hastened his country's slide from power.*



RUDOLPH II *(1552–1612), Holy Roman Emperor, who couldn't hold Austria and Hungary against his younger brother, Matthias.*

OTTO, A HOPE AND A MENACE

Continued from page eleven

"Those are my sisters and brothers," he explained. "They have been swimming. But they can't stay in very long. I can swim far out and can stay in as long as I like."

"A great boy," I thought, "a boy to the finger tips."

And the priest said: "His Majesty is a great swimmer."

The boy was the young King and Emperor, Otto, the hope of the Hapsburgs, who have been rulers in Europe for a thousand years.

I observed the boy carefully. He was tall and dark like his mother, with the regular features of his father. He was a bit overweight. His skin was tanned to golden brown. Expressive, velvet soft, dark eyes were deeply set behind long lashes. His eyebrows nearly met on a classical brow. He was dressed in shorts, a sweater, and a Basque cap.

BUY NOW!

For a month now, since he became eighteen on November 20, Otto has been regarded by legitimists of Austria and Hungary as their rightful ruler. In Hungary especially his followers' hopes rise high, and it was a little band of Hungarians who led in paying homage when he celebrated his birthday in the Belgian château at Steenockerzeel, near Brussels. In Budapest, however, the day was marked only by a banquet in his honor and a ripple of disorder about the Cathedral of St. Stephen.

Although Otto reaffirmed his claim to dynastic rights, he announced in Belgium that he would withhold action to gain them until an appeal, supported by other powers, is made to him in the name of peace and order. And that appeal, if one is to believe the Hungarian legitimists, is near at hand.

The cathedral at Lourdes where Zita prayed.

BUT Otto was not speaking as a king when I met him last summer at Lequeitio shortly before he left for his studies in Belgium. He was speaking as the boy who loved his bicycle, the thrill of mountain roads, and the waves of the Bay of Biscay. We talked in German.

Otto asked me if I had been in Budapest recently.

"Were you there for the fête of St. Emery?" he asked. "I hear it is very gay."

The festival he referred to was the month's celebration in honor of Emery, son of Stephen, the first Christian King of Hungary.

And at that festival Stephen, of the eleventh century, and this boy, Otto, of the twentieth century, were the toasts.

"His Majesty is on a vacation now," the *padre* interrupted to explain. "But he is so ambitious that he has already started to study a few hours every day."

"Oh, yes, I have much to do," his Majesty said. "Naturally."

"Many of your Majesty's loyal supporters," I said, "send greetings and best wishes with the hope that you may soon return to Budapest."

Once more he straightened. The color deepened in his handsome tanned face.

"I hope to."

Then he gave me his hand in a healthy, strong clasp.

"Auf wiedersehen," he said. He pushed off on the bicycle and pedaled his way down the medieval street.

That boy pedaling on his bicycle, I realized, is the center of one of the greatest controversies of today. To millions of people he is the rightful King of Hungary. To a smaller number he is also Emperor of Austria, but it is to Hungary, once the lesser part of the dual kingdom, that his followers look with hope.

To millions of others he is a threat of war.

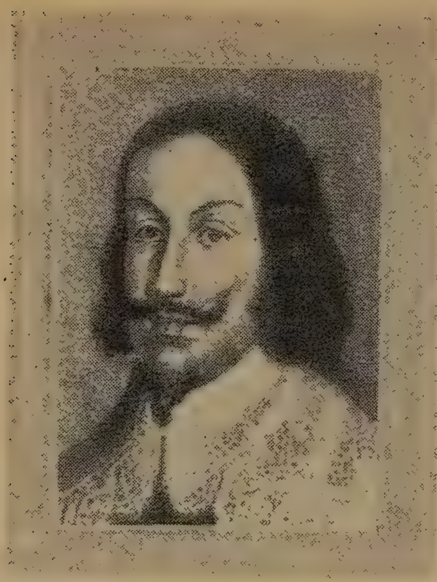
OUTSIDERS might believe that it is Hungary's own business whom she wants as king. But that is not so. Three nations in Central Europe regard the return of a Hapsburg to the throne of Hungary, which is still a monarchy but with a vacant throne, as an act of war.

The presentation of the crown of St. Stephen to Otto would seem impossible were it not for the fact that Hungarian legitimists have powerful allies, the principal one being Italy. In fact, the Hungarians have assured me that the youngest daughter of the King and Queen of Italy, Princess Maria di Savoia, has been promised as his bride.

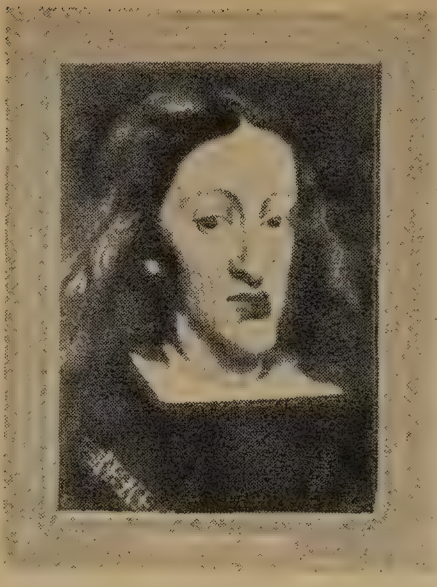
Thus, with the remains of the aristocracy eager for a return to monarchy, with an uncounted number of peasants unable to understand any rule but that of an heir to the crown of St. Stephen, and with prospects of a union with the Italian royal family and the power of Mussolini brightening, the stage for a royal triumph is being hopefully set in the land of the Magyars.

Through most of 1930, November 20 was looked forward to as the day of return; for when a Hapsburg is eighteen, by Hapsburg tradition, he is eligible to rule.

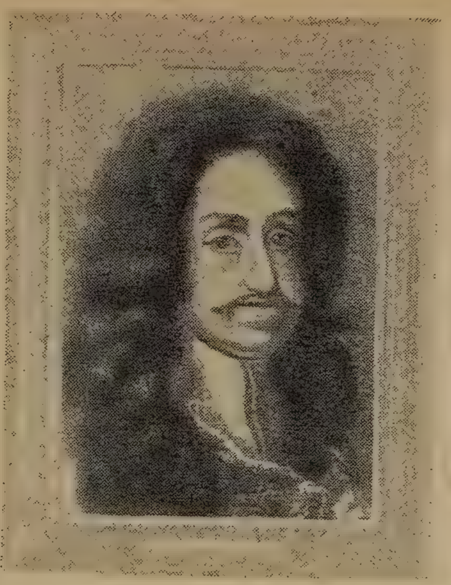
The day passed, however, without a thrust for the throne. The pressure of the Little Entente, whose members now hold the lands sliced off the Hapsburg dominions,



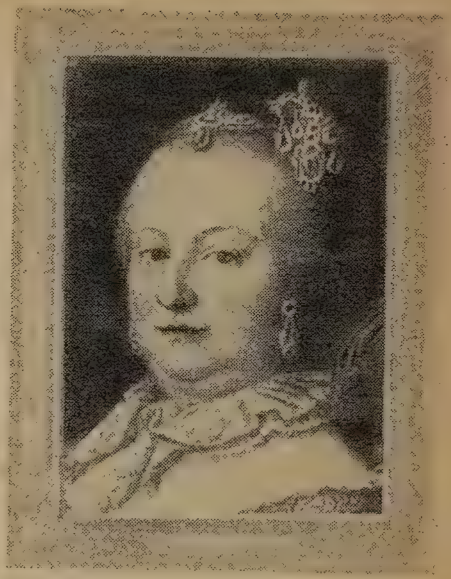
FERDINAND III *(1608-57), Emperor, 1637-57, crowned King of Hungary in 1625. He led the Catholics in the Thirty Years' War.*



CHARLES II *(1661-1700), King of Spain 1665-1700, and last of the Spanish Hapsburgs. His will led to the Spanish Succession War.*



LEOPOLD I *(1640-1705), Emperor from 1658, whose Vienna the Turks menaced and who made the Hungarian crown a Hapsburg heirloom.*



MARIA THERESA *(1717-1780), whose rule was saved with the help of chivalrous Hungarians when the male line ended with her father.*

daunted the legitimists, who expect their prince to rule over a united Hungary.

A united Hungary! Music in Magyar ears, but not to Czechoslovakia, Roumania, and Jugoslavia, who have divided among them about two-thirds of Hungary's pre-war area. Even a crippled Hungary ruled by a popular prince would be too much for the neighbor nations to accept, for they fear—as the Hungarians hope—that he would be a lodestone for the dismembered provinces.

With the king of an age to take his kingdom, therefore, the question of the Hungarian throne has become a worrisome one for Europe.

The question and its story is a tale of glamour, sacrifice, intrigue, and romance, with a leading rôle taken by the tall, pale mother of Otto, who twice saw her husband, Charles, fail on the mission to which she has dedicated her son.

That the matter lies close to the hearts of the people is proved by the pilgrimages of thousands of Hungarian—and Austrian—monarchists to the refuges of the exiled family in Spain and Belgium.

WHEN Baroness Hélène de Pont, mother of the lady in waiting to Empress Zita, invited me to accompany her on her pilgrimage from Vienna, I accepted gladly.

We journeyed to Lequeitio the way the royal family went to its exile—through Salzburg, the Tyrol, Vorarlberg, Switzerland.

Maria di Savoia, youngest daughter of the King of Italy, reported betrothed to Otto of Hapsburg.

Austria is a republic, and real monarchists are few and far between; yet when we arrived in Upper Austria we saw people whose faces lighted up when we spoke of the royal family.

"How is our Empress?" they asked.

One of them commiserated, "Ah, the brave, lovely one with her eight children. How she has struggled! God grant she will soon return to her rightful place."

Even in the smart, sophisticated Salzburg, the health of the young king was toasted at the Hotel Europa by some Hungarian nobles who were stopping there en route to Lequeitio.

BUY NOW! It's Bargain Time!

"Long live our king!" they exclaimed, as they lifted their glasses high.

Under the directions of the famous theatrical producer, Max Reinhardt, the cathedral, palaces, and streets of Salzburg become stage props for his spectacles during the month of August.

What a pageant he could make of the return of Otto! The young king; the lovely Italian princess as his bride; the seven little brothers and sisters as train bearers; the tall, slender empress-mother, walking on the arm of an archduke. And as a finale, the ugly giant War thundering from an armored plane descending upon them.

THE Austrians feel safe. The *gemütlichen* Austrian monarchists make their pilgrimages and send offerings. The black-and-yellow flag of the Hapsburgs waves in the Tyrol. The double eagle of the monarchy ornaments guest houses and homes. But the people work hard, pay their tax to the republican government, and are thankful and happy for the peace they enjoy. At night, over their strong red wines, they may yodel songs about kings and queens.

For the Baroness de Pont the pilgrimage was a holy rite. She is a real loyalist. To her Otto is the young king of ancient legend, sent down by Olympian gods to earth. She did not mind the discomforts of bumpy roads. We were riding in a golden coach. Dainty pages rode beside us, piping tunes on silver flutes. The two-seated motorcycles in which some of our fellow pilgrims rode were transformed in her mind into gallant steeds.

As we drove through Switzerland the baroness told about the two royal children who were born there during the exile, Rudolph in 1919 and Charlotte in 1921.

It was from Switzerland that the late emperor and king, Charles, motored and flew to Hungary in his two attempts to regain the throne. The second time, he and a band of royalists marched almost to Budapest, Zita at his side. But the band was scattered and Charles was arrested, though Admiral Horthy ruled only as regent. For this infraction of neutrality, Switzerland was closed to Charles.

Zita was then twenty-nine years old. She had seven children. There were no prospects ahead but poverty and exile. But she held her head high. Her husband had performed his duty in attempting to return to his

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

MARIE ANTOINETTE *(1755-93), youngest daughter of Maria Theresa. The wife of Louis XVI, king of France, she was guillotined.*

MARIE LOUISE *(1791-1847), second wife of Napoleon. Her son was L'Aiglon, the tragedy-crowned King of Rome, who died throneless.*

FERDINAND I *(1793-1875), Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, who lost his throne in 1848 after trying absolute rule.*

FRANCIS JOSEPH *(1830-1916), nephew of Ferdinand I and for 68 years the ruler of Austria-Hungary. He predicted its dissolution.*

OTTO, A HOPE AND A MENACE
Continued from page thirteen

people. She did not regret that she had urged him to do so.

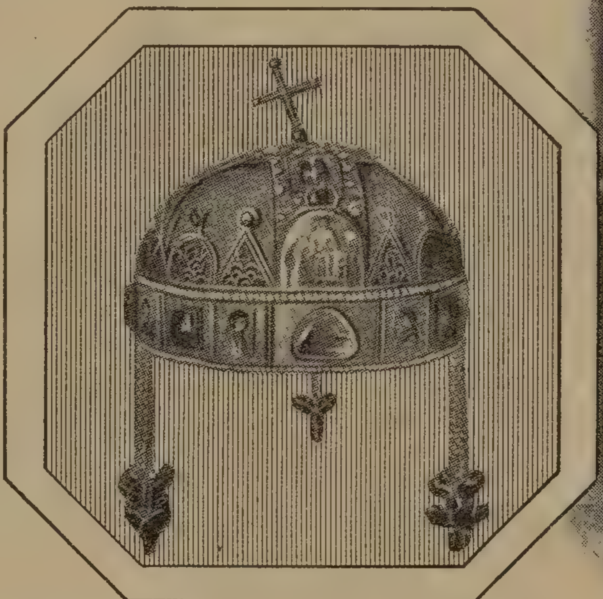
They had very little money. Most of the royal jewels had been confiscated. The trusting Zita had been swindled out of the rest. With a few faithful attendants the pathetic band started out for Funchal, on the Madeira Islands, where they were offered shelter.

King Charles (Karl in German) was broken in spirit and health. The accident which had made him an emperor and king seemed to have come to him with the curse of the Hapsburgs. Baroness de Pont told me:

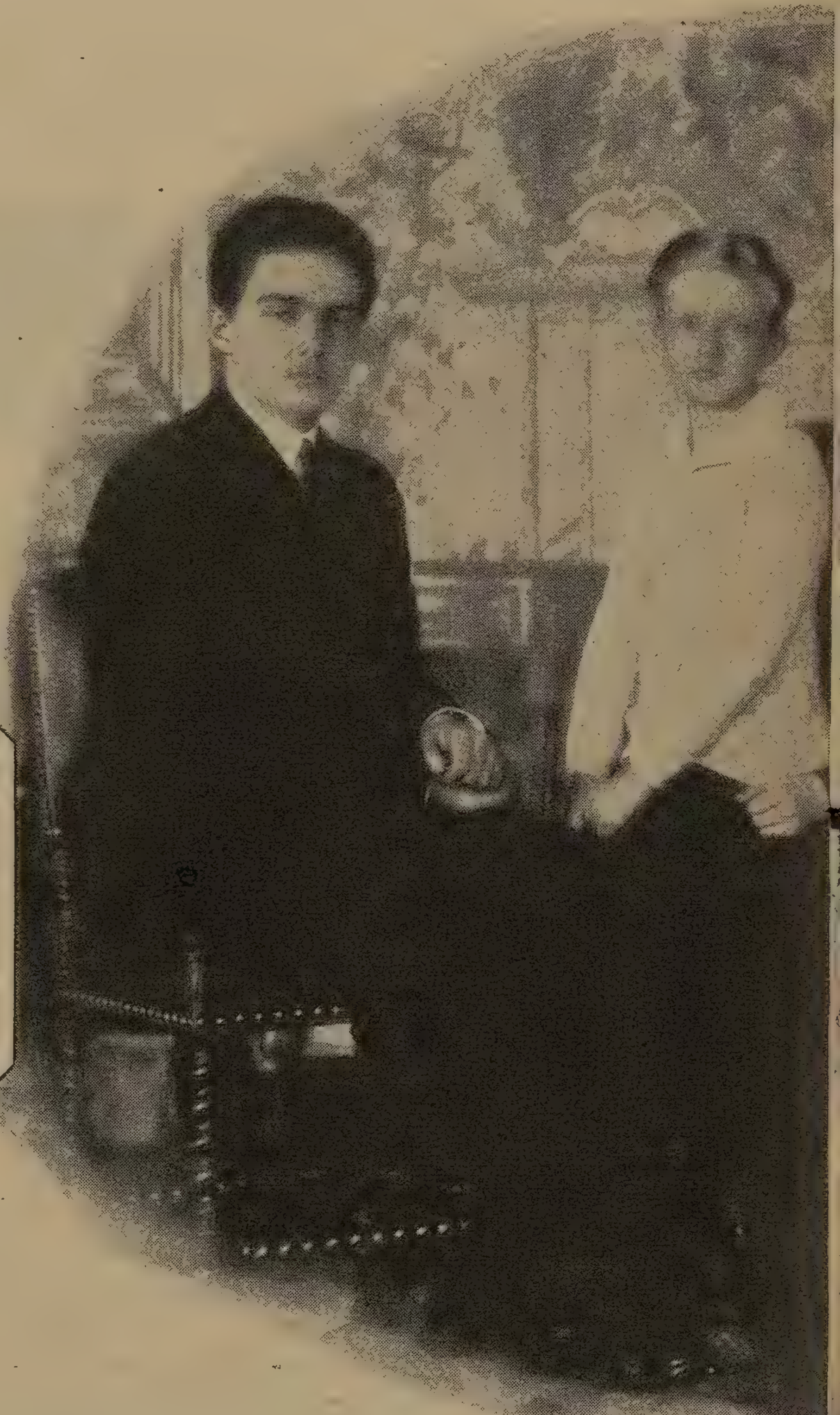
BUY NOW!

" Karl was never educated to be an emperor. Why, his handwriting was atrocious! He was just a second-class little army officer, grandnephew of Francis Joseph. He never dreamed he would become an emperor.

" But he rose to the occasion. He showed more guts—I think that is the word you use in English—than Wilhelm of Germany ever did. Karl was offered a life of security and ease for himself and his family if he would abdicate. His refusal made him a god in our hearts forever.



The Apostolic Crown of Hungary, worn by fifty monarchs since 1072.



*The royal family of Zita, former Empress of Austria-
Otto, Felix, Zita, Francis, Charlotte.*

"THE privation and suffering of his family in the damp house in Madeira were too much for Karl. Food was scarce. So many mouths to feed! At the age of thirty-five Karl died of pneumonia in the dreary old house in Madeira. That was April first, nineteen twenty-two.

" Once more Zita had to hold her head high. She was expecting another child. Spain offered her shelter at the little fishing village of Lequeitio.

" Once more she gathered her flock together. They started for Lequeitio. Near Madrid, they stopped for a while. Here Zita gave birth to her eighth child, Archduchess Elizabeth.

" With one more lamb added to her flock, she continued her journey, and they arrived in Lequeitio, where they have since spent most of their time."

On our journey, Baroness de Pont and I paused at Lourdes, where pilgrims to the abode of the royal family often stop.

It was Sunday and a Czechoslovakian fête day when we arrived. We recognized some of our fellow pilgrims among the other worshipers.

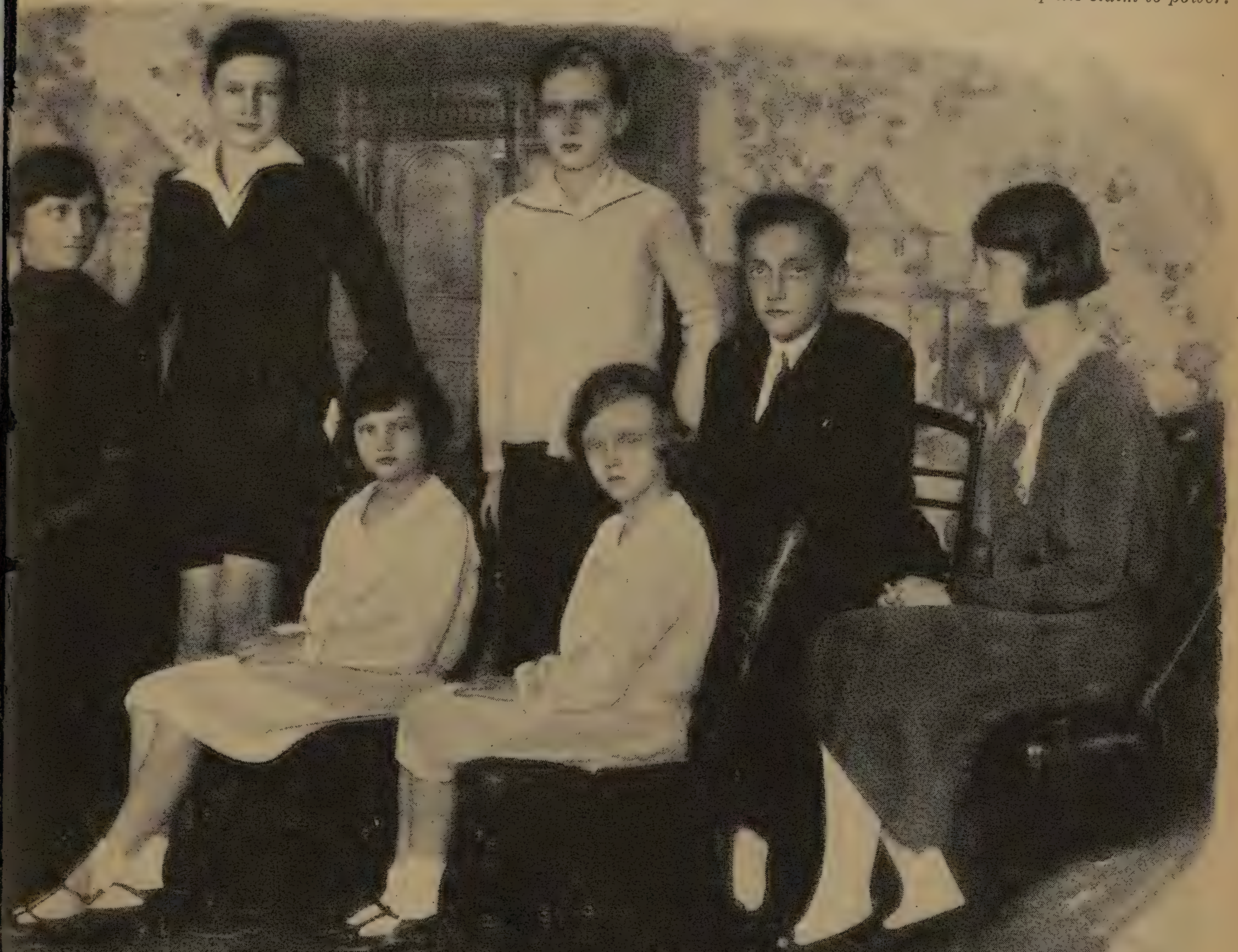
"We must go to the *grotte*. I want to pray for his Majesty," the baroness spoke. We met a priest who, it happened, knew personally " her Majesty the Empress

MAXIMILIAN *(1832-67), ill-starred brother of Francis Joseph. Emperor of Mexico three years, he fell before a firing squad's volley.*

FRANCIS FERDINAND *(1863-1914), nephew and heir of Francis Joseph until his assassination at Serajevo touched off the World War.*

ARCHDUKE OTTO *(1865-1906), younger brother of Francis Ferdinand. His death put his son, Charles, in line for the dual throne.*

EMPEROR CHARLES *(1887-1922), last Hapsburg monarch, who died in exile and whose son, Otto, has taken up his claim to power.*



Hungary, which she is determined will be recognized again in at least one of its former kingdoms. Left to right: Rudolph, Elizabeth, Robert, and Adelheit. The photograph was taken at their Lequeitio home.

and Queen." He told us she spent much time in Lourdes and he pointed out the Convent of the Immaculate Conception where she goes into retreat, placing the children in a little house near by.

On the hill back of the church, we visited the convent. Then we set out for the Spanish border and the home of Zita and her family.

Next week Mrs. Rue will conclude her story of the royal exiles by telling of her call at Lequeitio.

Mad Dog

A Story of Courage

By

R. G. Kirk

a Lehigh University graduate who worked in the steel mills and in construction for himself, writing stories in spare time until sure his wife, kids, and bulldogs wouldn't starve if he cut loose from engineering to write about its human side—and dogs. He lives in California.

Pictures by
HERBERT MORTON
STOOPS

(Reading time: 20 minutes 25 seconds.)

"SAY, Bill," I asked of Bill McAlpin, "how far down river does this bulldog live?"

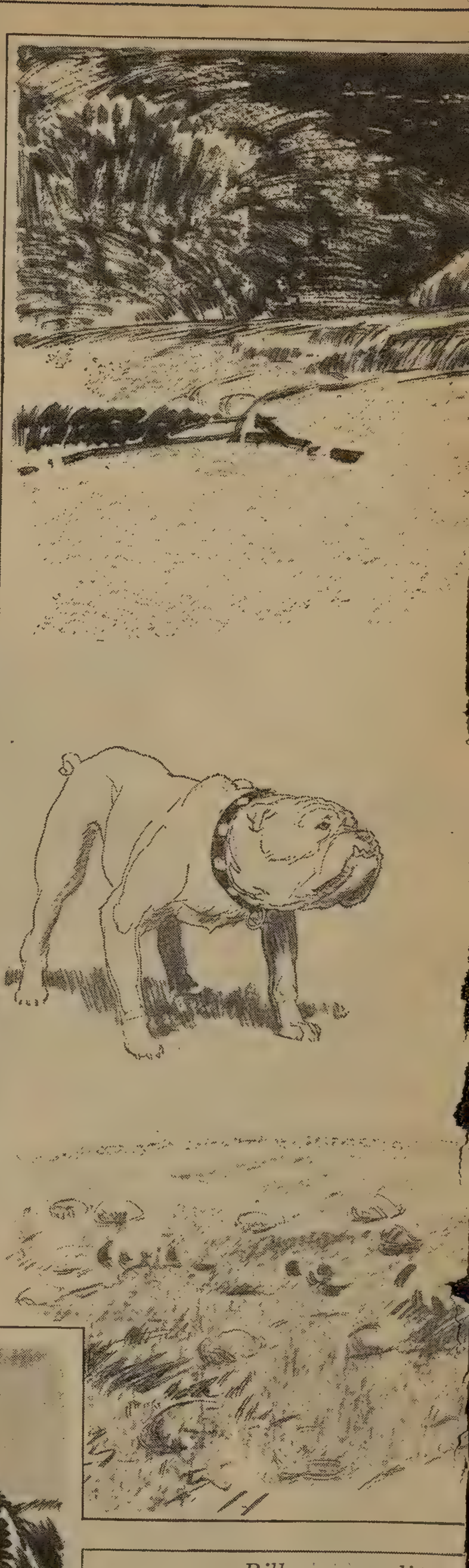
"About a mile," Bill told me.

"What a fine host you turned out to be!" I made complaint. "A mile! On such a morning! Nice way to treat a guest! You should arrange to have your bulldog friends live at least five miles off on days like this."

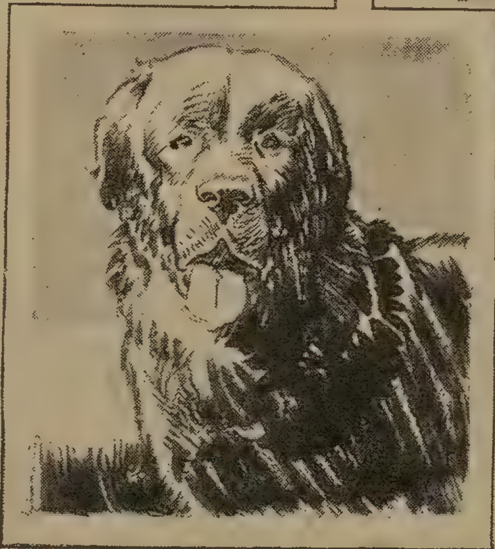
No wonder I complained! It was a gorgeous Sunday morning, and it was along the Susquehanna River, and it was midsummer, and there were dogs. About a ton of dogs. Dogs to the right of us, dogs to the left of us, dogs to the front of us volleyed and thundered. To say nothing of dogs behind us, and overhead and underfoot. Great magnificent black fellows.

We were taking a walk; a regular walk, what I infer, except for length. It was nothing short of nauseating to have only a mile to go in such surroundings and in such company; for practically the entire pupulation (the word is properly spelled) of Bill McAlpin's wonderful Newfoundland kennels was helping us to ramble.

International Champion Shipmate was with us, and Champion Skipper, and Champion Life Guard, and Barracuda, who was Bill's famous Newfoundland dog who couldn't swim, and, of course, Boatswain. Who ever heard of two or more Newfoundlands gathered together without the name of one of them being Boatswain? This one was Susquehanna Boatswain. Whenever you run across particularly fine Newfoundlands at a show, look for the Susquehanna prefix in your catalogue. It goes with dogs from Bill McAlpin's kennel.



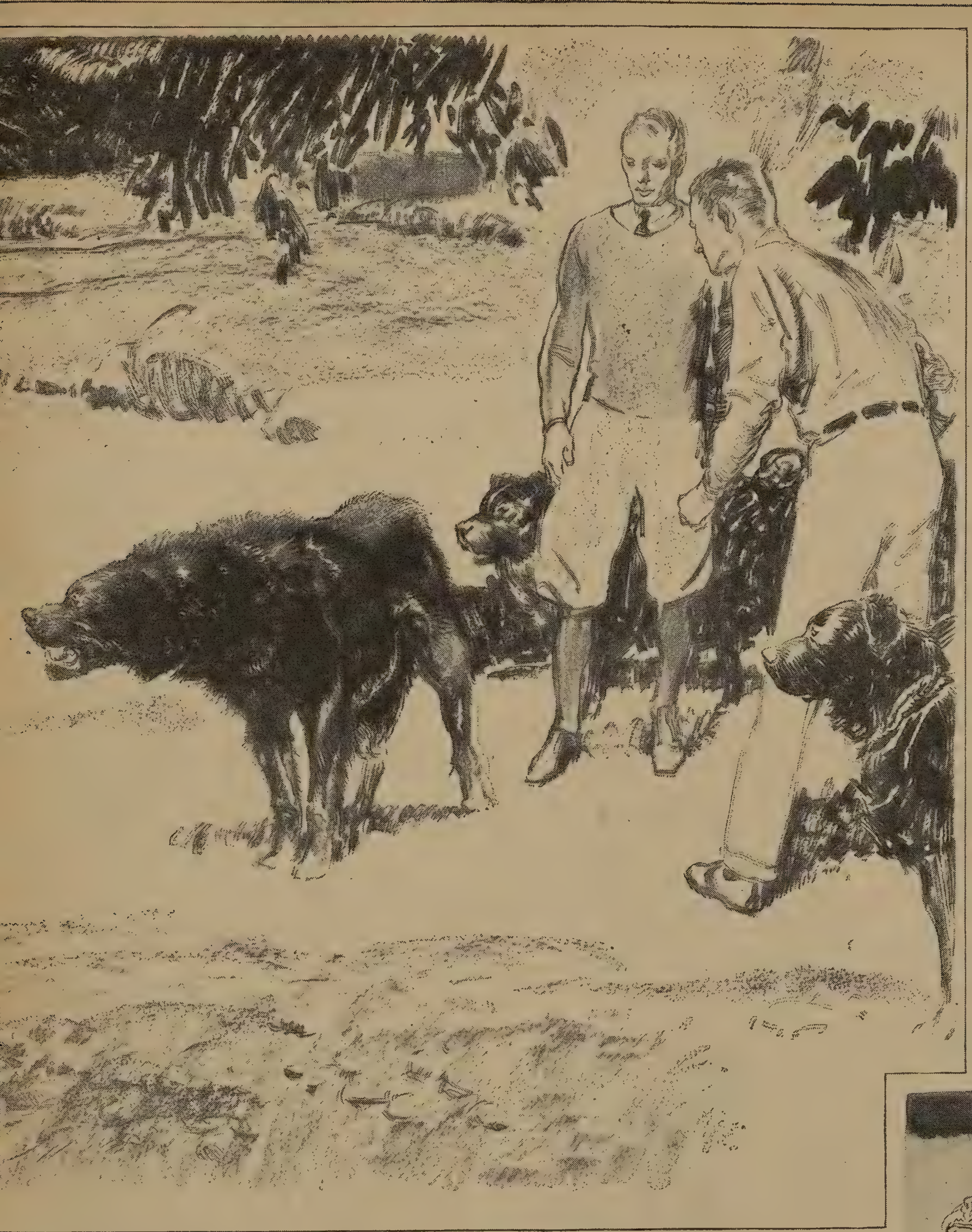
Bill was no liar.



Susquehanna Shipmate, Susquehanna Skipper, Susquehanna Life Guard, and so on.

I had been visiting Bill McAlpin's kennels. This Sunday was the third day of such a week-end as nothing but that noble word coronious will describe. At the McAlpins' coronious invitation, which I had hurried to accept with most unseemly haste, I had arrived at their delightful place along the Susquehanna, not far north of Harrisburg, late on a Friday afternoon, and for two days had reveled to the ears in dogs.

BUY NOW AND BRING
PROSPERITY BACK!



We were looking at some canine drama which neither he nor I could understand.

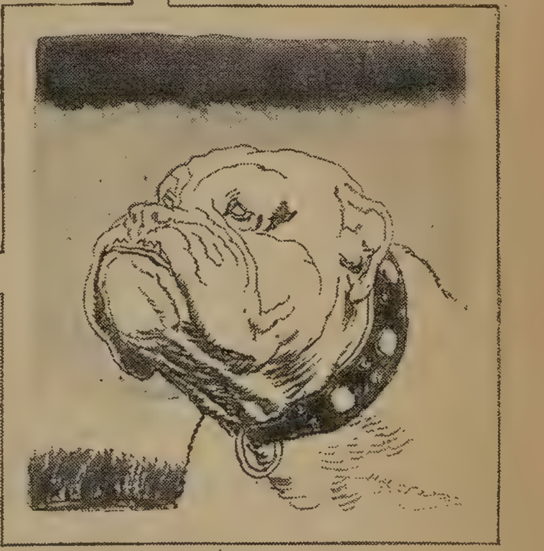
Even without dogs one would revel at Bill's place; revel in that majestic, luscious summer river; revel in natural Blue Ridge Pennsylvania beauty; revel in soaking sweats on Bill's sun-drenched tennis courts. Soaking? Well, maybe dripping would be a better word, there being nothing much to soak.

Bill's tennis layout was ideal. You played handball on it. At one end of it was a high practice wall, which, serving also for the handball backboard, left the court open to the river, but screened it from Bill's house, and his wife and his maidservant and everything modestly female that was Bill's, and from the motoring public on the river drive back of Bill's place, and allowed for the severest classical Greek in athletic raiment.

Maybe you play that honorable ancient Irish game. Or maybe, like a lot of us unacquainted with the hop on Bill McAlpin's serve, you just think you do. But until you work on Bill McAlpin's court, in a pair of shoes and an ultra-violet haze, and that's about all, you haven't really played. There is perspiration, brethren; sweat, what I have in mind, and worth a thousand dollars a quart in any man's money.

WHAT has this got to do with dogs? Nothing. Why should it? A steaming workout such as that makes the bones clean, and even tends to purify the pedicular human soul, and is a thing so delicate and rare as to rate a spot in any narrative whatsoever.

At any rate, for two days now, Bill McAlpin had been waxing me plenty on this handball court of his and in between drubbings shooting me so full of dog dope that I would certainly have wired to my secretary to be sure to change the oil in the typewriter pending my return—if I had had a secretary. And I was getting all charged up to go.



On the Friday I arrived, Bill had at once unloaded to me the history of his dog Barracuda, who couldn't swim, and who was perhaps the world's worst Newfoundland, as Bill proved by showing him to me, but who was yet the champion Newfoundland of them all. And on Saturday he had gotten another off his chest, demonstrating many things new to me in dog lore; for instance, that the Newfoundland dog is capable of magnanimity, and that the bulldog

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

BUY NOW! It's Bargain Time!

MAD DOG
Continued from page seventeen

actually lived who had not only signed peace articles with an enemy, but also had admitted a defeat.

Bill had, for two days, ladled the dog stuff into me; and I still had—heaven be praised!—a day to go. And we were taking a walk along the Susquehanna, on a lovely morning in midsummer, entirely incased in dogs.

There were ladies with us, too. It was, except for length, as I have possibly presented, a perfect Susquehanna, Sunday morning, summer walk. One of the ladies was called Susquehanna Mermaid, one was called Susquehanna Water Witch, and one especially beautiful young thing was named with especial beauty simply Susquehanna; as interesting and entirely charming a feminine trio as might well be wished for to complete the joys of any walk.

There were also various adolescents with us, whose names had not yet attained the canine social register, and who shall, therefore, not be mentioned in this very proper piece of belles (you'd be surprised) lettres. But anyhow, as young folks will, these unnamed ones spoke for themselves; and also, as young folks do in every age, they kept the older people galloping about and hollering their heads off.

BUY NOW!

So altogether, what with dashings headlong into the brush and burstings out again; and what with hurling thunderous challenges at man-eating squirrels which barked back brave defiances from seventy feet aloft; and what with four or five huge dogs together, aggregating a quarter of a ton, fearlessly and furiously mining into the horrid entrance of a mouse's burrow; and what with Shipmate and Life Guard trying to tear down a thick stone wall to unearth and destroy a murderous rabbit; and what with innumerable unanimous sudden rushes into the river for no good reason at all, raising a greater surge of water than attends the launching of a superdreadnought—what, I claim, with all these grand divertisements and a hundred more, I was having what was beyond peradventure the most successful walk since the invention of legs.

Nor, as we horn-rimmed, string-tied lads will have it, was this all. We were headed some place. We were going calling on a bulldog. And the bulldog's name was Donnerkopf, which, in the language of the Medes and Persians of southeastern Pennsylvania, means Thunderhead; a name, Bill said, which this dog righteously deserved.

“Bill,” I said, “you wouldn't kid me, would you? This here now Donnerkopf party once upon a time was your dog Shipmate's deadly enemy?”

“Fellah,” Bill answered, “I ain't told you half. Those two birds used to love each other just like fuse and blasting powder. The one would burn up to the other and then the infernal machine would go off. And I myself, in person—and I wouldn't kid you—have on more than one occasion gathered up twelve basketfuls of the fragments!”

“AND now they're friends!”

“And now,” Bill said, “they sticketh closer than mud to a government blanket. Like I told you. Shipmate rescued that Donnerkopf bully from drowning deader than a canned sardine beneath a house boat. It's gospel, mister.”

It wasn't this rescue Bill had told me of that had me doubting. I had seen that Newfoundland dive. I had dived with him, and watched him swimming under water as long as my lungs would hold out. He could make a rescue from beneath the middle of the bottom of the floating drydock Dewey. But I had yet to meet up with a bulldog who would sign peace articles. According to the best bulldog convictions, wars were not supposed to be ended with peace articles. Wars were supposed to be ended by extermination. Declaring war is not a bulldog specialty. He is a peaceful citizen of the world. But once war is declared, that war goes to the death, if left to him—and if it takes a hundred interrupted battles.

“I'll show you pretty soon,” Bill promised. “We'll soon be at Fritz Schermerhorn's place.” This Fritz was the Pennsylvania Mede who owned and who had named the Donnerkopf. “We'll soon reach Fritz's place,” Bill said, “and then you'll see those two dogs mixing sweet as Tom and Jerry. And you can get Fritz talking for an hour straight about their feud.”

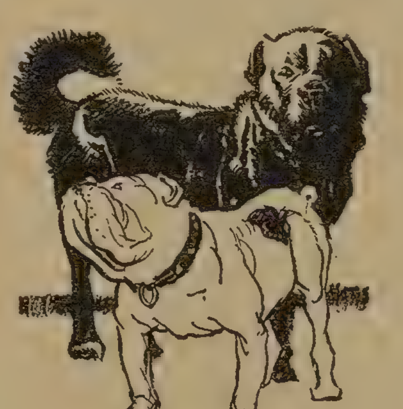
And so we walked on down along the river's edge toward Fritz Schermerhorn's. The water was at low-stage summer level. A stretch of delicately tinted river stones cobbled our path, whose width extended from a bank of brush and trees down to the bright, transparent stream.

STOUT shoes made the pebbly walking easy. Light clothing let the sun through. Back of the screen of growth we could hear, upon the river drive, that noise of whirring motors, squeaking brakes, and honking horns which mark all roads as now unsafe for animals who trust the care of people like dogs do. But let 'em ride, and fill up all day on monoxide. We walked, a pleasant, wholesome means of locomotion, whether you remember it or not; and we filled up with the breeze which blew in from the sun-drenched Susquehanna. And presently we came upon a sort of clearing. The shelving rock, through which the Susquehanna here had cut its age-old course, cropped up in view on shore, giving no soil; and for a space of several hundred feet the flat-sloped bank was bare of growth almost back to the highway, along which we now could see, through the thin scrub, the endless line of Sunday cars go by.

“Beyond that clump of trees which ends this bare space,” Bill said, “there where you see that pair of noble buttonballs towering up, is where this Donnerkopf feller lives. And, by my halidom, or whatever I got, if here doesn't come the old bulldogger now! How's that, I ask you, for a dog?”

That, I punch keys to tell a lop-eared universe, was all right for a dog. That was all right for a couple of dogs. That was, in fact, one of the largest quantities of bulldog I had ever seen inside one dog skin. Even at the best part of a hundred yards, I could see a tapered, tucked-up, pear-shaped, barrel-chested body, with a roached back that could have come from no other dam than old Valkyr III herself. And even at that distance I could see an underjaw that for breadth and strength and upsweep could have come down from no other sire than Glenmere White Monarch. Lord succor the poor bull who ever felt that bear trap snap shut on his nose!

A lot of dog. He sighted us, and his delicate rose ears came up on the back corners of that terrific block of a skull, and he broke into the grandest bulldog canter it has ever been my gladsome lot to clap an eye upon; one shoulder just a bit ahead of the other, back end swung over to one side a bit, his body not exactly pointing in his line of travel. He rolled his shoulders just exactly like the toughest pug you ever saw come down the aisle, through the howling house, to clamber through the ropes. His front paws flipped jauntily; but the back legs simply came along, the rear feet skimming stiffly, tiptoe, not seeming to help at all in the propulsion. A front-wheel-drive dog is your perfect bulldog.

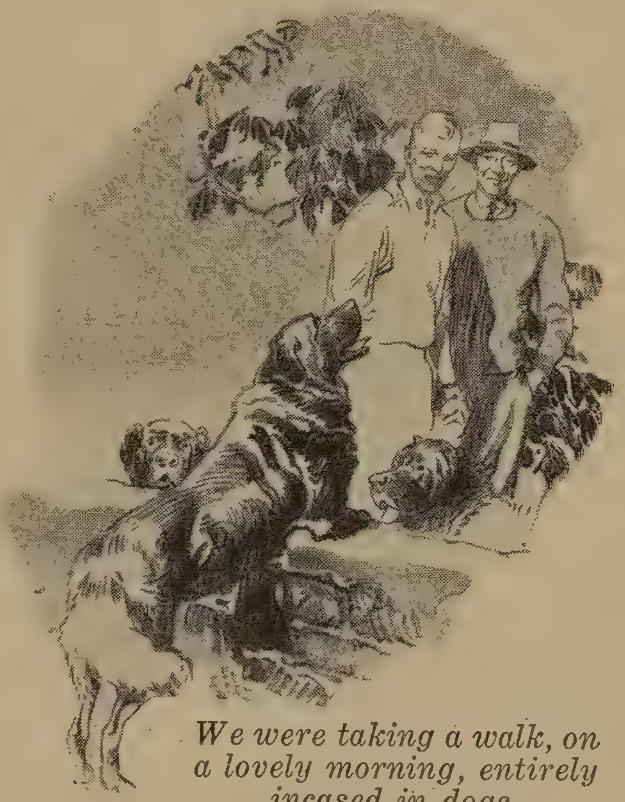


A little Ayreshire bull, he was. A little canine battle tank. At first sight, brothers and fellow men, I loved him—I ain't foolin'! For a given weight, I'd like to bet you, he stood above a broader piece of ground than any animal alive—unless it's that Wop heavyweight who wears the number twenty shoes.

As he came swashbuckling toward us, power and strength just radiated from him. And truculence and pugnacity. And poisonous ferocity. And that rare true sourness of expression which is neither truculence, pugnacity, nor ferocity. And knowing the bottomless good nature and the ineffable gentleness and sweetness of the doughty heart that thumped its love tune in that barrel chest and back of that grisly mask, my own heart simply melted in me at the sight of him.

Shipmate, of all Bill's dogs, was first to see him; and he broke into the loose-limbed, graceful, bearlike Newfoundland gallop, saluting that old battleship with an explosive bark. And instantly the other dogs were at his heels; a sight to see, that pack of great black fellows roaring down upon the lone white statue; for, as his breed often will in moments of excitement, the Donnerkopf had turned to marble in his tracks.

So, here and now there was to be demonstrated to me bulldog heterodoxy. Here was the bulldog's erstwhile deadly enemy charging at him. Here was the great dog Shipmate, with whom he had once waged bloody warfare. And this grim feud had ended, Bill had told me, short of death; the implacable hostility which a bulldog always holds for one who has challenged the courage of his kind had dissolved in friendship. The dogs were pals. Well, live and learn.



We were taking a walk, on a lovely morning, entirely incased in dogs.

Live and learn what? The two dogs met—almost! Live and learn, eh? In spite of what was happening, I stole a glance at Bill McAlpin. But I saw at once by Bill's dropped jaw and staring eye that he had not been guilty of fabricating wild yarns to delude an innocent and avid writing guy. I saw that what Bill had been telling me had been facts. Had been; for they were facts no longer.

For the thing that made Bill's jaw sag and his eyes pop was that his dog, as he came up to Donnerkopf, slid suddenly on his tail, lifted his lips in a wicked snarl, and then let go a terrible growl that froze the bulldog's wagging tail as stiff as an icicle.

I looked at once for savage bloody battle. But there was none. For, strangely, the Newfoundland swiftly wheeled, avoiding contact, and turned his bared fangs on the dogs, his friends and kennel mates, which trooped behind him. He lashed out at them. Mermaid and Water Witch, it happened, led. Regardless of their sex, he let them have it. He found the meat, for each cried out in turn as they leaped back. And the other dogs, seeing this unexplainable attack upon the bitches, pulled up as though before an acknowledged leader, which Shipmate really was, and turned and looked to Bill McAlpin, running up, for guidance in this unexpected turn of affairs.

"Heel!" shouted Bill. And, like the well trained animals they were, they all moved back of Bill and sat there awaiting further eventualities. All of them but one! Not Shipmate! He had turned again toward the bulldog, and standing at what seemed to me a most respectful distance, bared his fangs again and muttered murderously, deep down in his throat.

"Heel, Mate!" Bill ordered sharply. Then he looked at me.

"Well, I'll be damned!" Bill prophesied.

BUY NOW! It's Bargain Time!

For Shipmate did not heel. There came no movement in his huge black body except an ominous stirring of his hackle hair. He only stood, at his respectful distance, and growled that poisonous, warning growl at Donnerkopf.

"WELL, I'll be plenty damned!" Bill qualified his prophecy. "And I guess maybe you haven't got me marked down as the loveliest liar extant!"

And well I might have marked him down as just that very thing but for a few important observations I had made. First of all, it was the Newfoundland, not the bulldog, who was showing all this savage animosity. And second, in spite of all this savagery, Shipmate was afraid. And I happened to know that a Newfoundland dog is not afraid of any dog alive. Bill was no lovely liar. We were simply looking at some canine drama which neither he nor I could understand.

"See it?" Bill said.

"I see it, Bill," I said.

I knew what Bill meant. There, before us, Shipmate was displaying that Newfoundland trait which Bill had for two days been impressing on me as the outstanding characteristic of the breed. Not so much water prowess; not so much eagerness to rescue from the water; but a great urge to serve, protect, to rescue from all dangers—water, fire, enemies, earthquake, storm; to take care of all things that belong to him and his boss—wife, children, horses, ducks, goldfish, and the other dogs.

Just now he was shielding Bill McAlpin's dogs from something. I never would have believed that a face as benevolent as a Newfoundland's could show such venomous ferocity. But he was on the job. He was taking care of things. He was shielding Bill McAlpin's dogs from something of which he was dreadfully afraid himself. Standing and snarling unmistakable battle warnings at the bulldog, how did we know he was afraid? How do you know when any dog is afraid?

THE bulldog, following ancient bulldog custom, at the first onslaught of battle from this unexpected source, stood stock-still, trying to puzzle it all out. But if that snarling kept up, and if I knew bulldogs, this one suddenly would be exploding into terrible action. But I did not know bulldogs, it seemed. That vicious challenge to his courage went on, unaccepted. That warning to stand back stayed heeded. This bulldog, maybe, having overcome a century-old bias to make a friend, was just as stubbornly going to keep him for a friend. And he stood there, propped immovably on those wide-apart, straight, thick front legs, with his head cocked inquiringly to one side, and he said as plain as the wrinkles on his mug just what his friend Bill McAlpin had repeated.

And Bill repeated it once more.

"You and me both," I said. "And the bulldog! He'll be damned too, to judge by his expression."

"It's got me licked," Bill stated. "Maybe old Donnerkopf or you can figure this, but it takes a better brain than I got. Tell you what, let's try this: I'll get a leash on Mate, and then you call the bulldog to you, and we'll see what happens. The longer you know dogs, the less you know about them. Come here, Mate."

And Mate obeyed. But I noticed that Bill had not ordered him to heel. Any time that lad doesn't know his dogs! He gave no command that moved the dog from between him and old Thunderhead.

Mate came to him. But he came strangely. He came backing. And he came talking war talk to the bulldog all the way.

Bill snapped a leash on him.

Then I crouched down.

"Come here, you old gorilla," I said to the bulldog.

And that old black-nosed chunk of marble came to life, put his ears back ingratiatingly, and lost his puzzled look. Here, now, was something that a dog could understand. Here was a fellow calling you loving names. Here was a voice that promised a good roughing of the skin behind the ears and maybe even a good brisk rub at the root of the tail, to say nothing of the probability of a couple of those swell whacks in the ribs that would bowl over any dog of narrower gauge, but which are duck soup to a bulldog.

"Hey," I said. "What do you think you are, a pointer? Break that stand and paddle over here and get yourself a good swift poke on the nose."

A good swift poke on the nose, it seemed, was just about his favorite dish. He broke his statue pose and came a charging.

And so did Shipmate! Lucky that leash was stout.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

MAD DOG
Continued from page nineteen

It jerked Bill to his knees, and dragged him sprawling on his stomach, and pulled him bodily across the river stones, shouting a string of unobeyed commands, which were lost in the wicked roar with which Shipmate had launched himself at Donnerkopf. I was able, just in time, to snatch the bulldog up and jump away. Then Bill got to his feet and leaned back hard.

"Put him down!" Bill shouted. "Put him down, for the love of Mike! I can't hold this raging cannibal much longer. Put him down and step away. I don't think he'll come in."

That was the only way to keep that hundred-and-fifty-pound black fiend quiet. Again I saw it. I belonged to Bill. I was his master's. Part of Bill's establishment. Temporarily, perhaps; but temporarily, then, a thing to be looked after; taken care of. Saved, right now, from the hideous menace of that harmless, loving old bulldog which I held. Whatever fool idea put that wild ferocity, and that fear, which still was evident enough, into Shipmate's head, there was only one thing to do about it now, if hell on wheels was to be sidetracked. That was to put the bulldog down, and get away from him.

I put him down. I put him down with much misgiving. I didn't feel as sure as Bill that this old Thunderhead was not just on the point of striking like white lightning.

But, ready or not, that swift bolt never got a chance to strike. I put the bulldog down, but as I did a pleasant, firm voice said, "Here, Donnerkopf! Come here!" And a tall, blond young fellow leaned out of a saddle, got a handful of loose neck skin, and hoisted the bulldog up in front of him.

Bill's big black devil had been raising such a row that I hadn't heard the horse's shoes upon the river stones.

"They didn't get together, did they, Bill? Thank heaven for that! Gee whiz! I'm glad I found him right away. I thought he'd be along the river somewhere, the old grampus. Little too early for him to be afraid of water yet!"

"What?" I said. "How's that?"

With sudden impoliteness I exploded monosyllables at this man I had not met. And then Bill introduced me.

"You'll excuse his forwardness, Fritz," Bill said. "But this guy likes dogs a lot. And he writes. Words are his tools. He knows the Greek ones that mean 'water fear.' He only beat me to that 'What? How's that?' by a thousandth of a second. What's up, Fritz?"

BUT Fritz was looking down at Shipmate.

"Newfoundlands are the wisest dogs alive, I think," this man Fritz said. "And your dog Shipmate is the wisest of his breed. And, man, the guts he's got! He tried to mix it, eh? We had this old baboon shut up till the veterinary came. I'll never tell you how he got away. You evidently didn't hear the scare, or you wouldn't have your dogs out. I tried to get you on the phone.

"One of Sam Black's chows went haywire. Yeh. Got away from Sam's kennels, down at Harrisburg, early this morning, and started up the river road. You know how a rabid dog will run and run and run, just going, going; head down, drooling, taking a snap at every living thing as he goes by. Nobody knows how many dogs he got in twenty miles. No kids got in his way, thank God, far as is known. . . . Where was he last heard from? At my place, Bill. Less than half an hour ago. He took a cut at Donnerkopf as he went past our gate. Donnerkopf stopped him!"

I LOOKED at Bill. Bill looked at me. Then we both looked at Donnerkopf. We knew how Donnerkopf had stopped him. And there he sat, old Lord High Executioner, in front of his master, pleased as Punch, on the top side of a horse. Contented as a toad on a stump, as comfortable in the saddle as Bill Hart, as innocent as a perfumed Pekingese; but fairly reeking, to the fine nose of a Newfoundland, with the ghastly scent acquired at recent death grips with a rabid chow!

. . . . .

I have a letter in my files. It says:

MY DEAR MUNCHAUSEN: I'm writing this like I promised you. The incubation stage is over and old Donnerkopf has the run of the place again. It sure has been a tough spell for Fritz Schermerhorn and his wife, even if the veterinary never could find a fang mark on their dog. My hat is certainly off to that old monkey. Killing a chow is a job of work for any man's dog. I don't believe the bulldog ever lived who could kill a well one. But it took a hundred times the courage to kill that sick one. Dogs know rabies.

Just my luck, isn't it? You come to my place and I feed you all our new-mown eggs and Irish bacon and shoot you full of Newfoundland dope, and what you get out of that week-end is a whale of a bulldog story.

Well, hop to it, son. Fearlessness. That's something to write words about. And that's what a bulldog's got.

With high regards,
BILL McALPIN.

P. S.—You bet your neck. Pals again. All Shipmate wanted was for Donnerkopf to get that smell washed off.

Sure. Bill was right. Grand bulldog story. Call it Dreadnaught. There's a title.

But somehow I can't get the picture from my mind of Bill McAlpin's big Newfoundland, Shipmate, struggling to hurl himself on a dog whose scent was a hundred times more frightful to him than a rattler's buzz. Bulldogs are brave and fearless. Newfoundlands are just brave. Like a fury, Shipmate fought to break his leash, but as he did, he raised no battle flag, as dogs do, going into action. He was lunging forward, dreadfully afraid. I know. I watched.

A dog's face is expressive, and Shipmate's fangs were bared in a direful, wicked, honest battle snarl. But for a dog's real feelings you must watch both ends. I did. There waved no battle flag. The brave dog had it tucked up tight between his legs.

THE END

NEXT WEEK—

A glamorous reminder of the pioneer days of American aviation

Where Are the Early Birds?

By RICHARD CARROLL

—— AND ——

An actress-author's best short story

Perfect Confidence

By ELSIE JANIS

BUY NOW! It's Bargain Time!

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

1—In what states are the Guadalupe Mountains?

2—What is a potpourri?

3—In what state is Pike's Peak?

4—What is a ptarmigan?

5—How many quarts in a peck?

6—What is hydropathy?

7—Who was Don Quixote's sweetheart?

8—What are male and female goats called?

9—With what are cerebrum, cerebellum, and medulla associated?

10—What city has been called the Cradle of Liberty?

11—What is the Apocalypse?

12—What is a homograph?

13—How many feet in a rod?

14—What are sumptuary laws?

15—What is a panacea?

16—Greenland is a colony of what nation?

17—What is blood pressure?

18—What is a cicatrix?

19—What is the source of "The pen is mightier than the sword"?

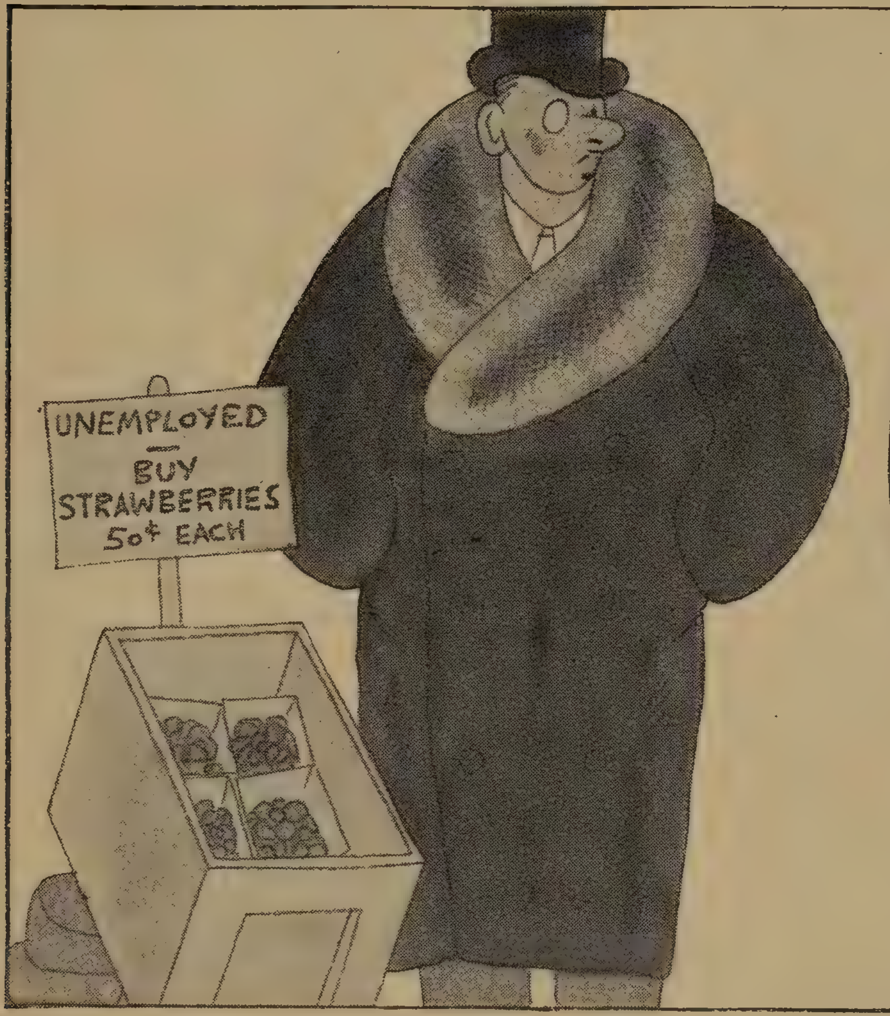
20—What German city is especially noted for china?

(Answers will be found on page forty-six)

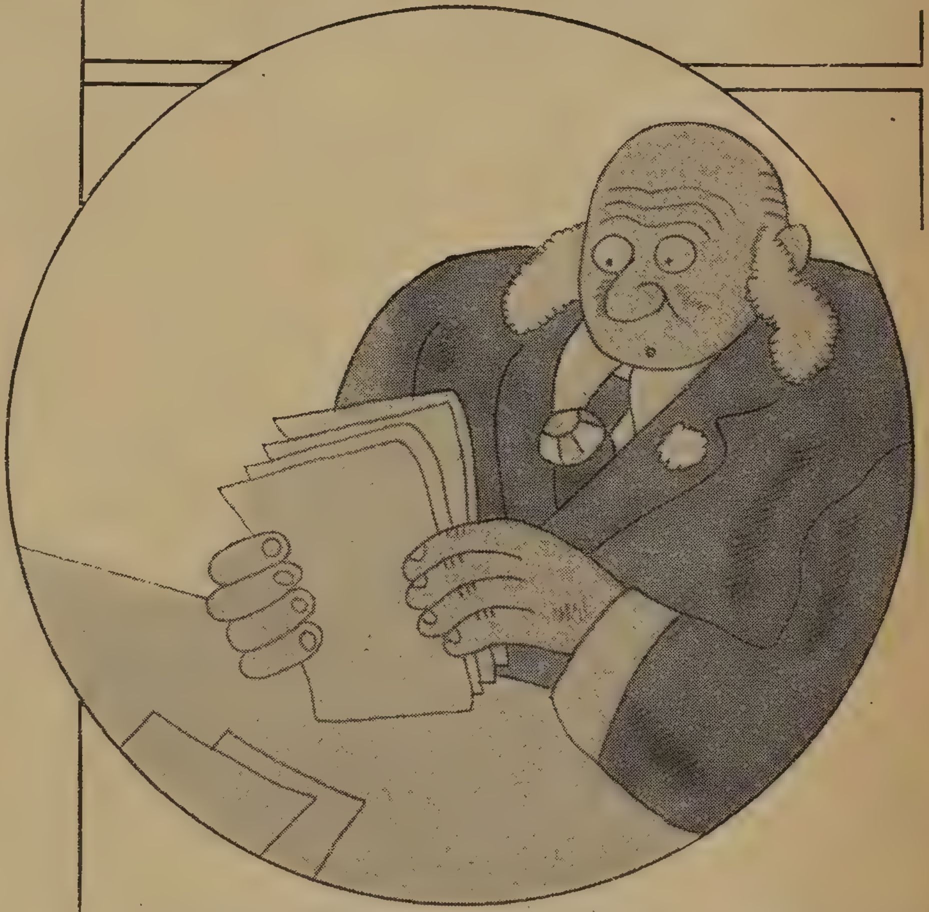
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

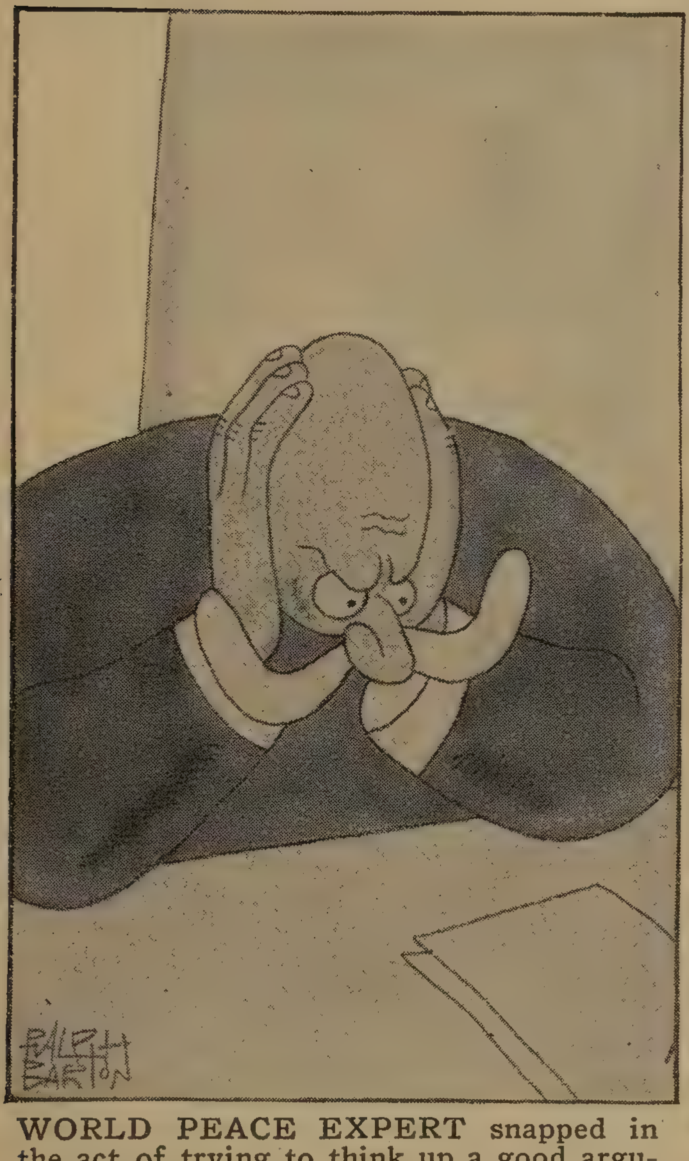
By RALPH BARTON


UNEMPLOYED
BUY STRAWBERRIES 50¢ EACH

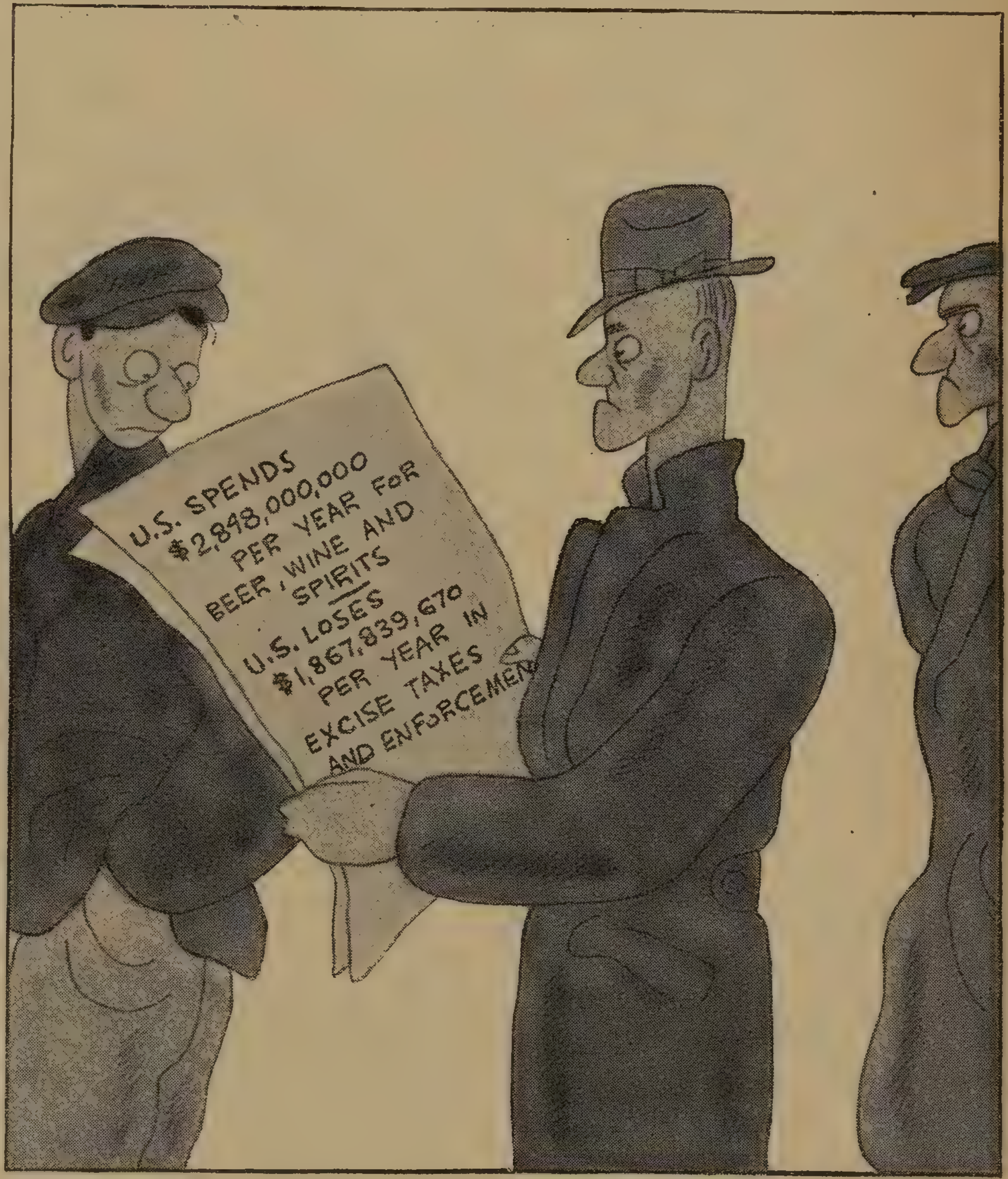
SUGGESTION FOR THE unemployed rich.



CHEERY THOUGHT FOR CHRISTMAS: large red-ink manufacturer receives report from his factory of overproduction for the month of December.


RALPH BARTON

WORLD PEACE EXPERT snapped in the act of trying to think up a good argument against the awful fact that war is more fun than peace.


U.S. SPENDS $2,848,000,000 PER YEAR FOR BEER, WINE AND SPIRITS
U.S. LOSES $1,867,839,670 PER YEAR IN EXCISE TAXES AND ENFORCEMEN

NEWS TO READ WHILE waiting in the bread line.

Newcomers

Fräulein Dietrich and Mr. Cromwell Arrive—and Pleasantly, Too

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

KATE CAMERON

(Reading time: 8 minutes 45 seconds.)

★ ★ ★ MOROCCO

CAST

Tom Brown	Gary Cooper
Amy Jolly	Marlene Dietrich
La Bissiere	Adolphe Menjou
Adjutant Cæsar	Ulrich Haupt
Anna Dolores	Juliette Compton
Mme. Cæsar	Eve Southern

Produced by Paramount.
Directed by Josef von Sternberg.

MOROCCO introduces Marlene Dietrich, the young German actress whose reputation as a beauty and charmer has been spreading over the land for months. Her appearance on the screen more than justifies her reputation. She is not only beautiful and charming, but is a talented actress and singer.

Amy Jolly, the heroine of Morocco, serves Marlene well, as she gives her a chance to display all of her many attractions. The story is without depth, but it is an entertaining one which has been adroitly directed.

All the action takes place in Morocco—city and desert—with the heat, music, and marches of the Foreign Legion beating a fitting accompaniment to the story of an unrestrained love. Gary Cooper is the Legionnaire. This is no picture to take the children to, but all the mammas, papas, uncles and aunts, and even grandmas and grandpas will find it entertaining.

A high moment in Tol'able David, as interpreted by Helen Ware and Richard Cromwell.

Morocco gives you Gary Cooper and Marlene Dietrich.

★ ★ ★ TOL'ABLE DAVID

CAST

David Kinemon	Richard Cromwell
Luke	Noah Beery
Esther Hatburn	Joan Peers
Alan Kinemon	George Duryea
Amos Hatburn	Henry B. Walthall
Hunter Kinemon	Edmund Breese
Rose Kinemon	Barbara Bedford
Mrs. Kinemon	Helen Ware
Iska	Harlon E. Knight
Buzzard	Peter Richmond
Galt	James Bradbury, Sr.

Produced by Columbia.
Directed by John Blystone.

More often than not the talking version of a successful silent film is a disappointment. Tol'able David is one of the rare second editions that comes up to expectation. The story has a universal appeal, since it is about the young, innocent, and helpless suffering cruelly at the hands of an insane tyrant. The story was simply but deftly plotted by Joseph Hergesheimer. And Benjamin Glazer, in adding the dialogue for the new version, kept to the spirit of the old. The scene of the story is in the backwoods of West Virginia. In their simplicity some of the people of this region are kind and generous, hard-working, and God-fearing, while others are cruel and vicious.

Richard Cromwell, who has had no previous stage or screen experience, handles the part of David intelligently and entirely without self-consciousness. He plays the part originally made famous by Richard Barthelmess. Every member of the cast is good and the direction is sympathetically done. The picture moved me to tears.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ LAUGHTER

CAST

Peggy Gibson	Nancy Carroll
Paul Lockridge	Fredric March
C. Mortimer Gibson	Frank Morgan
Ralph Le Sainte	Glenn Anders
Marjorie Gibson	Diane Ellis

Produced by Paramount.
Directed by H. d'Abbadie d'Arrast.

The outstanding feature of Laughter is the sparkling dialogue written by Donald Ogden Stewart. The second notable point is Fredric March's delightful impersonation of an irresponsible but charming composer

These unwilling guests of the law are Fredric March and Nancy Carroll. They're in Laughter.

Miriam Seegar and Eddie Quillan in Big Money.

whose love for the beautiful Peggy Gibson brings him barging back into her life after she has married another and richer man.

Peggy had met her millionaire while riding the glamorous Follies route. Paul's coming back disturbs the even tenor of her life as Mortimer Gibson's wife. She'd been contented, too, even with a grown-up stepdaughter.

The first half of the story doesn't take itself seriously, but the latter half, instead of breaking into an ironical smile, assumes a tragic mask and flops over into melodrama, and so spoils the fun.

★ ★ Big Money

CAST

Eddie	Eddie Quillan
Ace	Robert Armstrong
Tom	James Gleason
Joan McCall	Miriam Seegar
Mr. McCall	Robert Edeson
Leila	Dorothy Christy

Produced by Pathé.
Directed by Russell Mack.

Eddie Quillan is an engaging youngster. He does pretty well in Big Money, a gangster picture. The story is not taken too seriously by the director. Eddie is a messenger in McCall's brokerage house. He has a penchant for shooting craps and although he is lucky with the bones, they finally get him into trouble. He very nearly loses a lot of the firm's money, but he has hardly any trouble in winning the boss' daughter.

He accidentally meets a group of big gamblers and one of them, known as Ace, is attracted to the kid. Ace discovers that Eddie is a lucky player and backs him in a big game. Eddie turns gambler in a big way and he and Ace clean up. Joan McCall tries to persuade Eddie to give up gambling, but the kid doesn't listen until he is arrested and very nearly tried for murder. After he is cleared of the charge he does give up the racket and he and Ace go off on a joint honeymoon with their respective brides, Joan and Leila.

The intricately plotted picture, Brothers, presents Bert Lytell and Dorothy Sebastian.

BUY NOW! It's Bargain Time!

★ Brothers

CAST

Bob Naughton	Bert Lytell
Eddie Connolly	Bert Lytell
Norma	Dorothy Sebastian
Dr. Moore	William Morris
Prosecuting Attorney	Richard Tucker
Lorenzo	Maurice Black
Oily Joe	Frank McCormack
Mrs. Naughton	Claire McDowell
Colonel Naughton	Howard Hickman

Produced by Columbia.
Directed by Walter Lang.

This is a trick picture with Bert Lytell making his reappearance on the screen, after a long absence, by doubling in character. The picture has interesting spots, but it is the type of story that is hard to make believable. Coincidence is stretched almost to the breaking point.

It is about two brothers—twins—orphaned and separated in infancy. One is brought up in the slums by poor Mrs. Connolly and the other is adopted by Colonel Naughton and given every advantage. The poor boy turns out to be the nobler of the two.

Bob Naughton becomes involved in an illicit love affair which results in the killing of the woman's husband. By one of those strange coincidences of the picture Eddie Connolly is arrested for the murder. On the plea of a doctor who knows the history of the two boys, Bob Naughton, who is an attorney, agrees to defend Connolly.

He gets his brother off without involving himself, but he breaks under a strain of guilt and blackmail. Eddie masquerades as his brother to save Bob's foster mother the knowledge of his ruin. He even accepts Bob's fiancée, but the girl sees through the deception and, learning to love him, marries him.

The acting and production are not above mediocrity, but the doubling process is cleverly handled.

Do you know that—

One Heavenly Night has finally been selected as the title for Evelyn Laye's new picture, in which she will appear with John Boles, after Samuel Goldwyn discarded Lilli, Indiscretion, Escapade, and Queen of Scandal, all used at one time or another to identify the picture?

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—The Big Trail, The White Hell of Pitz Palu.

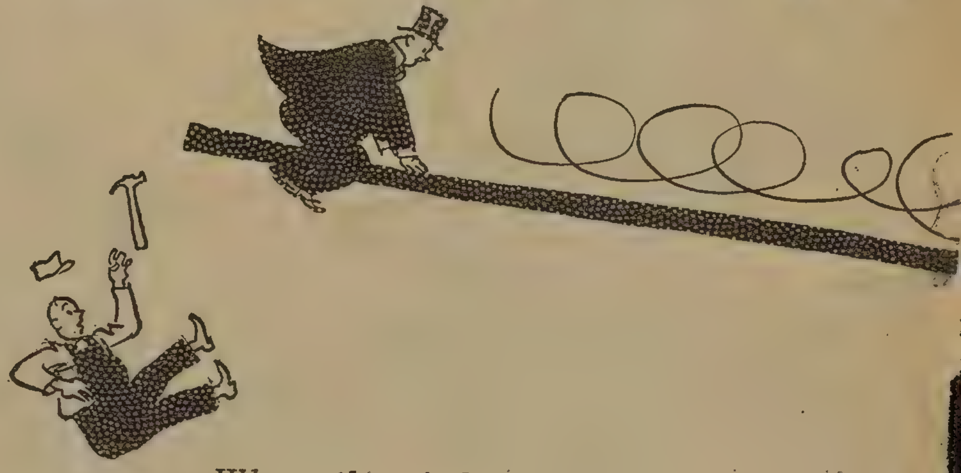
★★★—A Lady's Morals, The Doorway to Hell, Kismet, Check and Double Check, Playboy of Paris, Just Imagine, Murder.

HOME *Buying*

A Lesson from History

By HARPER LEECH

Pictures by GARRETT PRICE



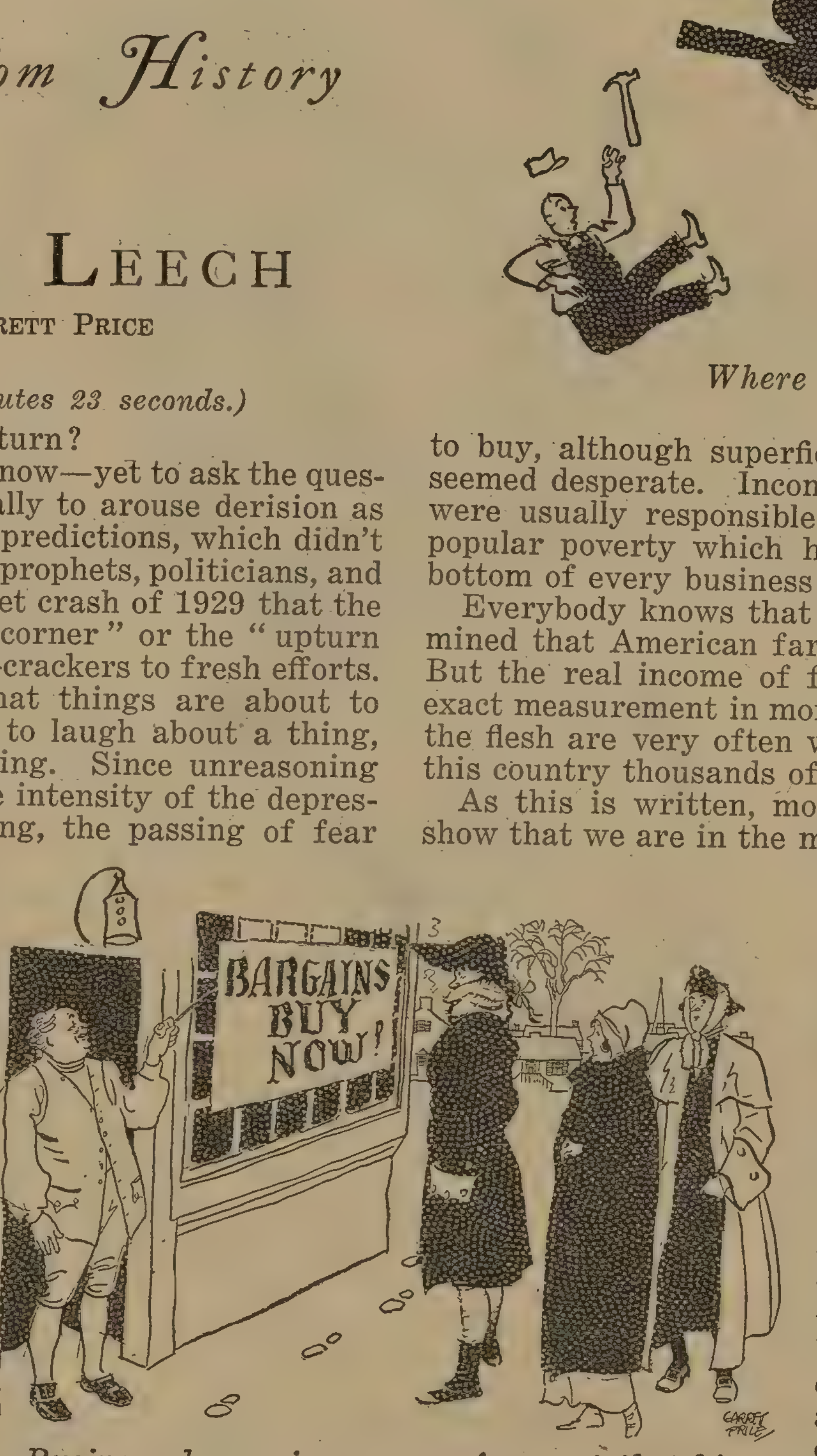
Where the nimble dollar rolls when big-time

(Reading time: 11 minutes 23 seconds.)

WHEN will prosperity return?

Everybody wants to know—yet to ask the question at this time is usually to arouse derision as well as interest. So many rash predictions, which didn't pan out, have been sponsored by prophets, politicians, and professors since the stock-market crash of 1929 that the mere mention of "turning the corner" or the "upturn in business" now stirs the wise-crackers to fresh efforts.

But that is one symptom that things are about to get better. When people start to laugh about a thing, it is a sign that fear is vanishing. Since unreasoning fears contributed no little to the intensity of the depression which we are now enduring, the passing of fear and the upsurge of wit are well worth noting.



Business depressions are so frequent that historians are not agreed on how many we have had.

To get things straight, let us admit too that as usual the intentions of our leaders and cheer leaders have been excellent all along. That their discussion and efforts have had no marked effect upon the real tide of business is nothing new. That has been the story of every period of hard times and recovery.

Yet this discussion is frankly bullish, because even as it is written there is tangible evidence that the American people are beginning to buy prosperity back.

How long it will take them is a question. However, we may get some hints of the probable course of this depression and of the probable time of recovery by taking a general view of former ups and downs of production and trade.

Business depressions have been so frequent that the historians are not even agreed upon how many we have had, but it is generally conceded that there have been as many as seventeen sharp and painful slumps of business in this country since George Washington became President. The annals of other countries show as many or more. If minor periods of dullness are included, it is probable that for every year and a half of abounding prosperity we have had one year of dull or receding business.

BUY NOW!

In no case is there any evidence that the conscious efforts of statesmen or business leaders have brought about revival of trade. In every case the return of good times was caused by the persistent retail buying of the great masses of people. In every case they had the means to buy, although superficially their condition at times seemed desperate. Incomplete and inaccurate statistics were usually responsible for the exaggerated ideas of popular poverty which have gained currency near the bottom of every business slump.

Everybody knows that it has been statistically determined that American farmers are pauperized peasants. But the real income of farmers is not subject to very exact measurement in money; so we find that farmers in the flesh are very often well off—and in many parts of this country thousands of men are founding new farms.

As this is written, most available statistics seem to show that we are in the midst of a very severe economic depression. Unemployment is indeed extensive, and much of it is concealed because of two rather unusual conditions.

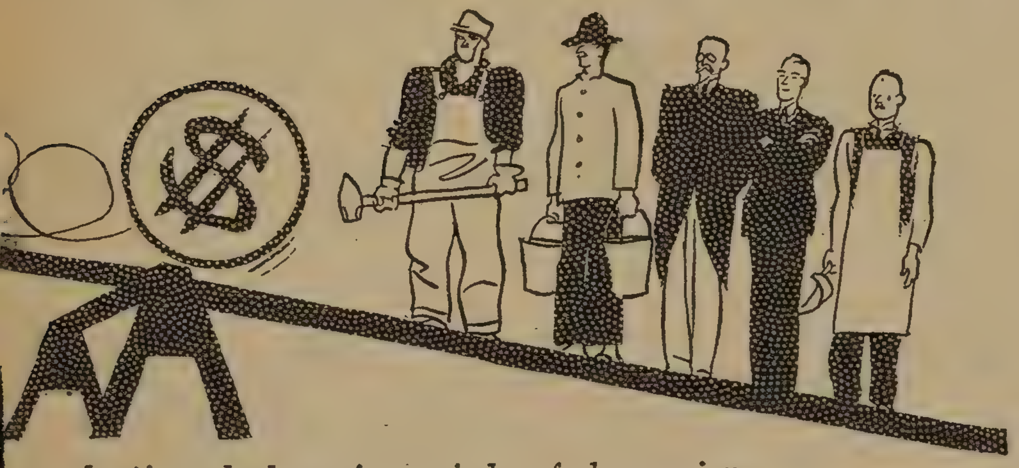
FIRST, employment of the white-collar salaried folk as a rule is steadier than that of wage earners—but lay-offs of clerical and office workers have been very heavy and some came long after the onset of bad times. Second, in depressions when we had free immigration, workingmen laid off could be seen milling about in the cities because many were unable to pay passage back to the old country; but today much factory labor comes from our farms, and hundreds of thousands of farm lads have lost their jobs and gone back to live with and on the home folks.

Nevertheless, important currents of trade which can now be traced in some contemporary business reports indicate that the tide is already turning. As always before, this signal of betterment is the extensive buying of those goods we use in everyday life, the importance of which in recent years has been overlooked because of the growing prominence of luxuries, semi-luxuries, and additions to national wealth in the form of buildings, highways, bridges, and industrial plants.

One reason why the severity of depressions has always been exaggerated is that this great backlog of American business has never been well measured.

For seventy-five years at least men believed that business had much more violent ups and downs than it really went through, because they looked upon basic

Will End Hard Times

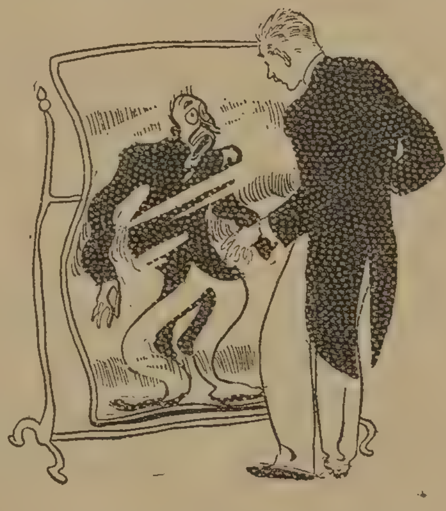


production slackens in periods of depression.

activities, such as the production of pig iron, as trade barometers. Today we know that they were very deceptive barometers.

This discovery of the real steadiness of general trade was made a few years ago by Carl Snyder of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York and other investigators. Subsequent research has confirmed it.

Writing in June, 1928, Snyder said: "The variations in trade from its normal or long-time rate of growth are nothing like so wide as had generally been assumed before. As good theory would suggest, the flow of goods to final consumers, the varied and intensified product of a highly diversified and mighty nation, goes on for the most part with an astonishing evenness and a steadiness of growth which almost provides us with foreknowledge of the future." The real differences between good and bad times, he points out, are differences of from two to three per cent—not ten or fifteen, as was once believed and is also assumed by many today from summaries based upon the highly variable basic industries. Says Snyder: "It is basic production which varies widely rather than the general trade of the country as expressed in the flow of goods to the final consumers."

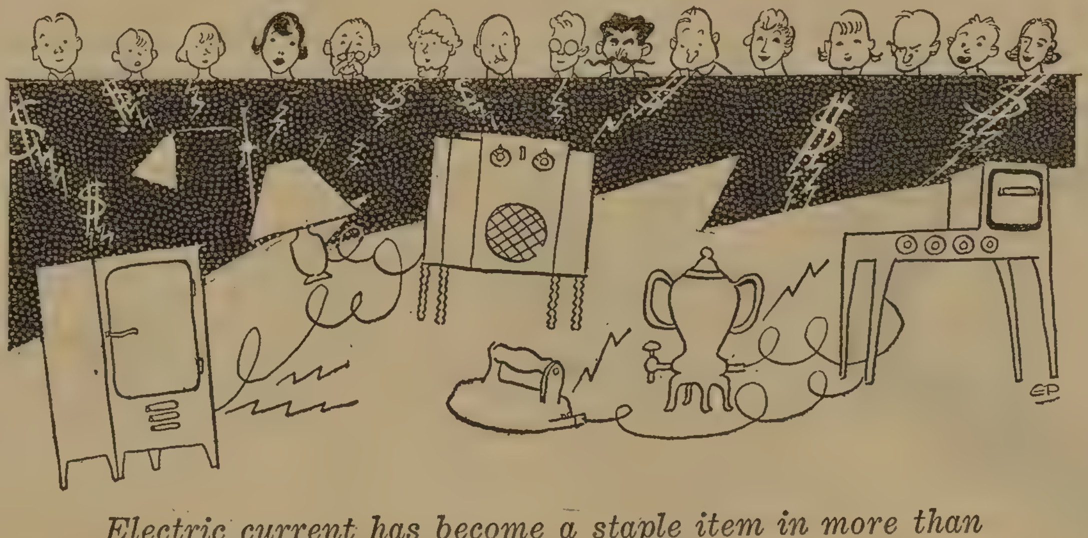


Inaccurate statistics were usually responsible for the exaggerated ideas of popular poverty.

In other words, we produce by fits and starts—piling up goods now and then in great heaps, which are carried away in a steady stream.

But it will be asked, How can the people buy the goods when the basic industries shut down or go on part time? The pay rolls of these industries supply the purchasing power which takes away the goods, do they not?

To answer that in detail would be complex and tiresome.



Electric current has become a staple item in more than 19,500,000 American homes.

IN outline, here is what happens in bad times: At opposite ends of the economic scale the rich and the unfortunates who lose their jobs suffer great decreases in income. But as the richest groups spend a very small part of their income on living expenses, this makes little difference in the markets for goods and services. They merely have less to reinvest. The middle groups—the workers who keep their jobs, the millions of farmers, professional men, government functionaries, small business men—suffer little loss. In fact, they frequently reap gains from falling prices, so that their actual incomes in terms of buying power are greater—and after they get over their fright they begin to buy what they want.

BUY NOW and Bring Prosperity Back!

In our last big depression—1920-21—our total national income seemed to decline by ten billion dollars in a single year. But when the fall in prices is taken into account, the decline in the buying power of the people was apparently not more than a billion dollars.

At that time many, if not most, economists were singing the Blues. Bankers told us that the world was out of joint—that the crisis was international, that America could never be prosperous until we had fixed up the whole world with loans, joined the League of Nations, and what not. But prosperity literally sneaked up on the prophets of gloom.

The chances are that the present depression will not last much longer than that of 1920-21. We are already about a year and a half from the beginning of the last decline.

SOME conditions are worse now than then—some are better. We do not have as big a deficit of building to make up—and the motor industry is nearer saturation now than then. The world at large is no worse off, although the decline in the price of silver curtails Oriental buying power more now than in the last depression. Also, there has not been as effective a resistance to wage-cutting here in America as there was in 1922, when a series of strikes and the masterly stroke of Judge Gary in raising wages for the steel workers at the right moment put a stop to it.

The volume of international trade year by year becomes less important relative to the domestic trade and production of modern industrial nations.

We have many industries, such as electricity, chemicals, radio, aviation, and long-distance natural-gas transmission, in a stage of rapid expansion.

There is no indication from history that depressions are getting shorter or longer with the march of time. The average elapsed time in the United States of a complete business cycle is four years. Since the end of our last boom we have already traveled much of the average "time-distance" to another.

[Concluded on next page]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

It is a good bet, then, that we are now about to start the upward climb to prosperity. Certainly there are no lack of indications that the American people have started to buy it back. It is refreshing to contrast some of the facts which show this trend to some of the poison-gas pessimism which has pervaded our financial districts in recent months.

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Authors and Authoresses!

Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

When September follows August there is normally a great increase in retail trade. What happened at this business crossroads point in 1930?

The trade of 635 large stores in 259 cities covered by a report compiled by the Federal Reserve Board increased by thirty-four per cent. But this is less than the usual seasonal gain of September over August and would seem to indicate a decrease of three per cent under the average.

EVEN so, such a small decline as compared to the much greater declines in basic industries like steel or a 30 per cent decline in automobile manufacture for this year as compared to 1929, would be reassuring, because it proves our contention that general trade is maintaining stability compared to the industries which are normally variable from year to year, like automobiles. But, as a matter of fact, the real meaning of the figures is that the people are buying as much or more goods at the stores than last year. In dollars and cents a decline is indicated. But as prices of goods have dropped at least ten per cent, and in some lines, like furniture, as much as 30 or 40 per cent, we can only conclude that the people bought more briskly this fall than in the fall of 1929 and have for the entire year 1930 bought almost as much as they did in 1929.

BUY NOW!

This is confirmed by the observations of many merchants, who report more sales by quantity, less in dollars and cents.

Electric current has become a staple item in more than 19,500,000 American homes.

Current sold by utility companies drives over half the machines in our factories. For the last month of 1930 for which records are now available, sales of electricity for home use showed a gain of 13.6 per cent over the same month of 1929, while use by big industrial plants declined for the same period 10.2 per cent, use by small plants increased 2.2 per cent, and electric current used by railways fell off 4.7 per cent.

Those figures, by the way, also mirror the well known fact that small industries are less affected by depressions than big ones—that fewer men proportionally are laid off by small plants than by big ones.

ONE large utility system serving several thousand communities in nearly thirty states reports an increase of residential sales of electricity for the first eight months of 1930 over the same period of 1929 amounting to 22.5 per cent; the increase in sale of current to farm homes for the same period was 46.6 per cent; while large power sales in its territories gained but 6.2 per cent. It is commonplace knowledge in the electrical industries that much of the gain this year in home use of electricity is the direct result of heavy buying of electrical refrigerators, more radios, and other household apparatus.

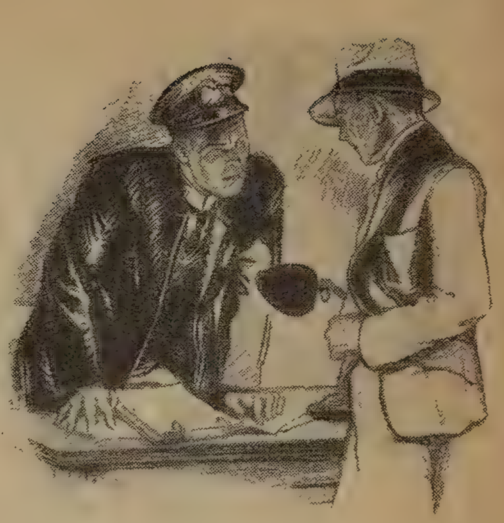
The accurate and complete statistics which these industries collect afford most interesting confirmation that home and family buying is not only splendidly maintained but is increasing.

That is the real rainbow in the business sky, because it shows that Americans have begun to buy back prosperity in 1930, just as they have sooner or later bought it back in every other period of dull business and hard times.

Industrial democracy of this sort is a fact—not a phrase or theory. It has been an outstanding fact of business history, and it is now not only a fact but a promise.

THE END

Another ROBBERY at Stalen's



A Short Short Story

By

GUS TRAVIS

a North Carolina newspaper man whose last previous appearance in Liberty was as co-author with Elliott White Springs (of South Carolina) of a story called Easy Street: No Parking. And as Mr. Travis of N. C. probably said to Mr. Springs of S. C.—aw, you write the last line.

(Reading time: 4 min. 49 sec.)

SERGEANT FENNER glared at the report he held in his hand.

"Tell Faison to come here," he snapped.

One of the officers on the bench hurried out to the lounging room. He returned in a moment with a small, wiry man clad in a somber gray business suit.

"What's the big idea?" grunted the sergeant, as Detective Faison stepped up to the desk. "You're supposed to be clever. That's why I put you on that Stalen Jewelry Shop case. You've been working on that robbery a week and now you hop-skip in with this report. And what does it say? So help me, it says, 'Another Robbery at Stalen's; No Arrest'! Whatdaya mean, Faison?"

"Just exactly what it says," explained Faison. "That old guy Stalen was robbed again this morning. I ought to know. I was right there when it happened."

Sergeant Fenner's face went purple. "And you let the damned crook beat it?"

"Yes, sir."

Sergeant Fenner pushed his cap back and mopped his forehead. "Look here, Faison, you know as well as I do that Stalen is the biggest churchgoer and the biggest law-and-order nut in town. Made a clean-up speech only yesterday at the Chamber of Commerce meeting. Threatened to have the whole force ousted. That robbery at his place last week was bad enough, but this one today will give him a cat fit. We might as well resign tonight."

"Not me," smiled Detective Faison. "In fact, sergeant, you won't hear any more about the crime wave from old Stalen."

Sergeant Fenner straightened with a jerk and stared blankly. "Say, you'll be telling me next we won't hear any more about Lindbergh. Come on! What's the joker?"

BUY NOW! It's Bargain Time!

"Well, see what this does to your acoustics," said Detective Faison. "I've been treeing too many bum suspects during the past week, so I decided to bark up another sapling. This morning I slipped into Stalen's Jewelry Shop on a sort of personal mission.

"ALL the clerks were busy. Nobody noticed me at all. Old Stalen himself was waiting on a customer. It was a woman, sergeant, a young woman. She was dressed in a crumby-looking black dress. Her face was white as death. I could see she'd been crying. In her hand was a ring—a big solitaire.

"'But I tell you,' she sobbed to old Stalen, 'I must get three hundred dollars for it! You see, my husband's dying! Only an operation can save him. And the doctor won't operate unless I pay him the three hundred in advance. Oh, surely you'll help me! It's—it's my engagement ring! It really cost nine hundred. Surely you'll give me a third of its value?'

"Old Stalen's eyes fairly bulged as he stared at that stone. I could see by its size that it was worth about what she said it was. But his face got as hard as rock.

"'I am very sorry for your husband,' he said. 'But business is business. Your ring is not worth a cent more than one hundred dollars. That's every dime I'll pay for it. Here—I'll give you the cash now.'

"The young woman's eyes filled with tears.

"'B-but surely,' she sobbed, 'you'll help me save my husband! A big diamond like this must be worth more than a hundred dollars!'

"'It's evident, madam, that you don't know the value of diamonds,' snapped old Stalen. 'Here, let me show you something.'

"And with that the old guy reached into his show case and pulled out a flashing blue-white dazzler that looked like an airport beacon.

"'You see,' he said, as he laid it on top of the show case, 'here is a perfect stone four times as large as yours. And the price, madam, is only two hundred dollars!'

"THE girl picked it up in her fingers and held it toward the sunlight.

"'Only two hundred dollars!' she groaned, and there was a look of despair in her face.

"'Only two hundred dollars!' chuckled old Stalen.

"'Well,' sighed the girl—and like a flash she dropped the big diamond in her purse—'I'll take it!' And before old Stalen had time to change color she had flashed a roll of greenbacks, peeled off a couple of centuries, and planked them down on the show case! Then she started for the door.

"Old Stalen leaped over the counter like a traveling salesman out of the farmer's bedroom window.

"'Police! Police!' he bellowed.

"And right there, sergeant, is where I stepped up!

"'I'm the police,' I grinned. I showed my badge.

"'She took—she took—' stuttered old Stalen. Then he suddenly went whiter than ever. He realized I'd heard every word of it.

"'She took,' he moaned, 'a mighty good bargain!'

"'Yeah?' I laughed. 'Three grand if it's worth a nickel!'

"With that I walked out of the store.

"And you can take it from me, sergeant, when old Stalen razzes this force again Eskimo flappers will be wearing summer lingerie!"

Sergeant Fenner grinned broadly. "I'll say that was a lucky break for us," he laughed. "Ha! Ha! I'll bet that skirt didn't even have a husband!"

"Oh, yes, she did, sergeant! You see, I happen to be the husband. During the last week I've trailed a half dozen poor down-and-outers to old Stalen's shop, and I'd seen him pull that lousy diamond trick on every one of them. That clean-up speech he made at the Chamber of Commerce yesterday decided me. So this morning I got the weaker half to put on a shabby old dress, go down, and call his bluff. A nice little investment, eh, sergeant?"

THE END

South America

Some Whys and Wherefores of the New Latin Turmoil, and What It Means to Us

By

LOTHROP STODDARD

who wrote The Rising Tide of Color Against White World-Supremacy and many other books dealing with racial and governmental situations. He has also contributed a number of articles to Liberty on affairs of world moment. He lives in Brookline, Massachusetts.

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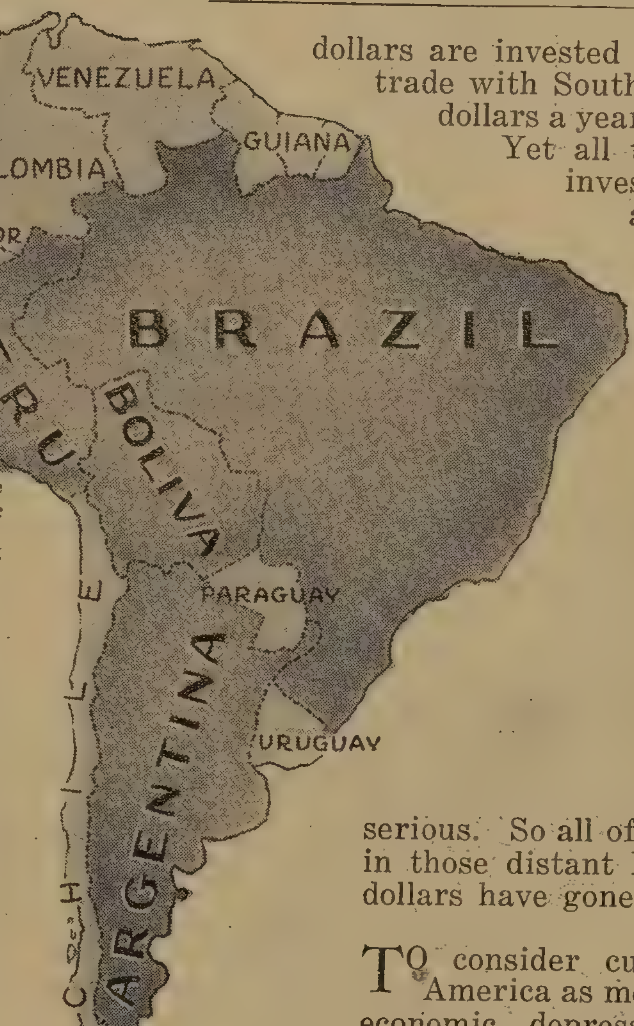
The statue of Simon Bolivar, liberator of South America, in front of the Senate at Lima, Peru.



The darkened area on this map shows the countries under revolutionist rule.

(Reading time: 11 minutes 35 seconds.)

"SOUTH AMERICA is ungovernable! We who labored for the Revolution have plowed furrows in the sea."

Thus wrote Bolivar, the Liberator, a century ago, after he had freed South America from Spanish rule. Driven into exile, the George Washington of the southern hemisphere sadly watched his native continent split into jarring "republics" misgoverned by dictators and harried by civil war.

This melancholy cycle of alternate despotism and anarchy persisted for many years. Then some of these young nations appeared to be evolving toward better things. In those favored lands, revolutions became rare, prosperity grew by leaps and bounds, and the bad old days sank into the background. It was widely assumed that South America was settling down into peace and stability.

The last few years, however, have witnessed an ominous change. Almost everywhere in South America a political ferment has emerged, complicated by perhaps even graver symptoms of social unrest. Political plots, mob riots, military revolts, and iron-handed dictatorships have become more and more frequent. The recent wave of revolution, which has swept the continent like a sinister contagion, raises disquieting doubts as to the future and recalls Bolivar's lament.

To us North Americans, the seriousness of all this cannot be overestimated; for our stake in those southern lands is immense. South America is a huge continent; it is the richest undeveloped area in the world. Alive to their opportunities, our bankers, merchants, and manufacturers have been so active during the past decade that today nearly five billion American dollars are invested south of Panama, while our trade with South America averages a billion dollars a year.

Yet all this structure of trade and investment is based upon peace and stability. If South America is now entering on a new cycle of turmoil, our holdings there will suffer.

Political disturbances instantly cut down investment values. See how Brazilian government bonds (heavily held in the United States) tumbled one-third in the open market almost overnight, when the recent Brazilian revolution broke out. Any widespread shrinkage of our South American trade and investments would be serious. So all of us have a very live interest in those distant lands where our goods and dollars have gone.

TO consider current upheavals in South America as mere effects of the world-wide economic depression is shortsighted. Of course, South America, like the rest of the world, is afflicted with "hard times." All its principal exports, from coffee and rubber to copper and tin, have slumped in price, and that spells bad business.

Yet bad business, of itself, does not necessarily entail revolution. We in the United States also are suffering from hard times; but you don't see rebel bands spring up, troops mutiny, and the government overthrown amid the wild hurrahs of surging mobs. No; South America's revolutionary epidemic is the result of deeper causes, which have long been at work and which had begun to reveal themselves even during the recent years of high commodity prices and material prosperity. More than economics is involved. Other causes—political, social, racial—handicap South America's progress and threaten its future.

BUY NOW!

In the first place, we must remember that South America was the victim of a bad start. Few peoples were less fitted for nationhood than were the young republics which threw off the yoke of Spain a century ago. Spanish rule had been a corrupt and inefficient despotism that taught only evil political habits. After the struggle for inde-

EXPLODES

pendence, a few enlightened leaders framed good laws and constitutions. But the people could not make these work; because "the people" was a discordant mass of ignorant half-breeds, Indians, and Negroes. Above the backward masses stood a small white upper class which, though better educated, was too selfish and ambitious to work for the common good. So the enlightened constitutions remained a beautiful dream, while the grim reality was a welter of bloody civil strife.

BUY NOW! It's Bargain Time!

Another evil legacy of Spanish rule was the absence of a middle class. There were no independent farmers or self-respecting shopkeepers and artisans to bridge the gulf between the white aristocracy and the servile masses. Indeed, work of any kind was despised. The only careers open to a "gentleman" were landowning, the army, and the church.

International Newsreel photo

Part of the crowd that jammed the public square at Buenos Aires to see General Uriburu take the oath as Argentina's ruler.

P. & A. photo

José Evaristo Uriburu, provisional president of Argentina

Keystone photo

Hipolito Irigoyen, overthrown as Argentina's president-dictator.

In colonial days the native whites had been debarred from politics, all government offices being filled by Spaniards. But as soon as Spanish rule ended, every ambitious man tried to get into politics; because that was the surest way to make big, quick money. And since there were not enough jobs and graft to go round, the politicians split into rival factions which wrangled endlessly for power and its attendant spoils. There, stripped of all fine phrases about liberty and democracy, you have the essence of South American politics—a perpetual struggle between the "ins" and the "outs," waged, not at the ballot box, but by revolution.

THOSE turbulent conditions prevailed throughout South America a century ago. And in the "banana republics" of the Caribbean tropics they still persist. There, revolutionary outbreaks are checked only by foreign intervention or the rule of strong dictators like Gomez of Venezuela.

In the southern part of the continent, conditions gradually improved. Argentina, Uruguay, and southern Brazil, with their temperate climate and fertile soil, attracted a great influx of European immigration and foreign capital. Those immigrants and business men had come thither to make money by hard work, and they objected strenuously to chronic revolutions which destroyed the fruit of their labors. For Latin-American revolutions

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

are not the comic-opera affairs which we have sometimes been led to suppose. There are real battles, plenty of dead and wounded, wholesale destruction of property, and business shot to pieces. So *revolutionitis* had to go.

Yet the recent outbreaks in Argentina and Brazil show that the revolutionary tendency, while modified, still persists. And the reason is that the evil political and social traditions of the past are not yet obliterated.

The Argentine Republic ranks as one of the most progressive nations of South America, and its capital, Buenos Aires, is a magnificent metropolis with more than 2,000,000 inhabitants. Yet Argentine politics retains much of the old arbitrariness, favoritism, and corruption. Hipolito Irigoyen, the recently deposed president, was a masterful old man who became more crabbed and dictatorial with advancing years. When hard times hit Argentina and set everybody's nerves on edge, the discontented saw their opportunity. A popular general, Uriburu, joined the conspiracy and engineered the revolt almost without bloodshed and with popular approval. So Argentina experienced the first revolution she has had in many years.

BUY NOW AND BRING PROSPERITY BACK!

Of itself, this revolution means little. There is a danger, however, that resort to such violent methods may tend to unleash forces of social unrest which exist beneath the surface of Argentine national life. For, despite wealth and material prosperity, the social fabric is none too stable. The working classes of the cities are mainly Spanish and Italian immigrants, many of whom are extreme radicals with anarchist or Bolshevik leanings. The countryside is for the most part in the hands of great landed proprietors who refuse to divide their vast estates into small holdings. This prevents the creation of an independent farming class—always a bulwark of social stability. A Red revolution in Argentina is not impossible. And that would mean ferocious social war which would jeopardize all foreign capital, including our own large investments.

The recent Brazilian revolution was on a much larger scale, and it involves far-reaching possibilities. Brazil stands in a class by itself. In the first place, Brazil is a huge country, covering almost one-half of the South American continent. It is actually larger than the United States, exceeding our area by a quarter of a million square miles. Furthermore, Brazil is not Spanish-speaking, like the other South American nations, but is Portuguese in language and culture. Lastly, Brazil has had a less turbulent history than its neighbors. The separation from Portugal was peaceful, and the country has undergone comparatively few revolutions.

Brazil is a lumbering colossus, stretching from the tropics far down into the south temperate zone. Though it contains over 30,000,000 people, Brazil is still thinly settled, much of its territory being unexplored wilderness inhabited by savage tribes. The bulk of the population is concentrated along the Atlantic seaboard, especially in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil's splendid capital, and in the adjacent state of São Paulo.

THE immediate cause of the Brazilian revolution was undoubtedly the slump in the price of coffee. Brazil produces over two-thirds of the world's supply. Coffee is Brazil's chief export, and on it the nation's prosperity depends. When the price of coffee began to decline some years ago, the Brazilian government undertook a daring financial experiment. It "valorized" the coffee crop, buying up the surplus and holding it for a better price—much as our Farm Board did with wheat last year.

But the price of coffee continued to fall, and last summer the Brazilian government gave up the struggle to peg the aromatic bean. Unfortunately, it had contracted a big foreign loan and gone badly into debt in its rash effort to defy the economic law of supply and demand. Both the national prosperity and the government's financial standing had thus been dealt a heavy blow.

This not only aroused public opinion but focused its anger upon the government. Most people felt that the coffee valorization scheme had penalized the whole country for the benefit of the state of São Paulo, where most of the coffee is grown. The other states believed that the federal government was being run by, and for, São Paulo. And in this they were substantially right. Washington Luiz, the ousted president, is a São Paulo man who frankly favored the interests of his state, and another São Paulo politician had been slated to succeed Luiz in the presidential chair. The rest of the country refused to tolerate the idea of a São Paulo "dynasty."

The revolutionary league has triumphed, and São Paulo has lost its federal mastery. But how will the other states apportion the spoils? They are jealous, and at any moment they may be at one another's throats.

Indeed, Brazil's national unity may conceivably be at stake. For many years, predictions have been made that the loose, unwieldy Brazilian Confederation would eventually break up into two or more groups of states, along geographical and racial lines.

The upheavals in Peru and Bolivia were real old-time Latin-American revolutions. Both these countries are still politically and socially backward. Although much foreign capital has flowed in of recent years to develop the rich tin and copper mines of the Andes, there has been no corresponding influx of European immigration. So today, as in the past, Peru and Bolivia are ruled by small white or near-white oligarchies, lording it over half-breed and Indian masses. The factional struggles of the white oligarchs denote little more than a rotation of "ins" and "outs."

FOR more than ten years, Peru had been ruled by a soft-spoken but heavy-handed dictator named Leguia. President Leguia had undertaken many useful public works, such as harbor improvements and good roads. He had encouraged the investment of foreign capital, and was especially friendly to the United States. But he was ruthless toward his opponents; the jails were filled with political prisoners, and many prominent Peruvians languished in exile. All the good political jobs were held by his henchmen, and his enemies assert that an inordinate amount of grafting went on. Some months ago, a combination of circumstances favored a well laid conspiracy, and Leguia fell, almost without a struggle.

The Bolivian revolution, on the contrary, was highly dramatic, with lots of shooting and other features worthy of first-class melodrama. The heavy villain of the piece was a stiff, gray-haired Prussian officer named Kundt, who was generalissimo of the Bolivian army and the dictator's right-hand man. General Kundt kept the army under true Prussian discipline, and all went well until the fall in the price of tin. That disrupted the national budget; and as the treasury got empty, the army ceased to be regularly paid. Now, whatever else a Latin-American dictator may do, he must pay his army.

As soon as news of provincial revolts reached the capital, all the discontented elements, from politicians to college boys, started rioting. General Kundt tried a bit of Prussian "frightfulness." Motor trucks crammed with soldiers and gendarmes swept the milling crowd with machine guns. At the first bursts, a beautiful girl and a handsome young university student fell dead; and the plaza was soon littered with killed and wounded.

But the revolution could not be stayed. Soon, rebel troops neared the capital; the mob again rose; the president abdicated; and General Kundt sought refuge in the German legation.

These four successful revolutions tell the story of South America's current unrest only in part. Almost all of its ten republics have felt the ground swell of revolt in conspiracies, military mutinies, and attempted assassinations. Each government is today on the alert, and no one can say where trouble will break out next.

The continent which we had hoped was fairly stabilized has proved dramatically that it is still in the political earthquake zone. The century-old strife of factions, castes, and colors is not yet ended. And whenever a South American republic goes on the warpath, our goods and dollars must foot a substantial part of the bill.

THE END

“’Twas the Night Before Christmas”

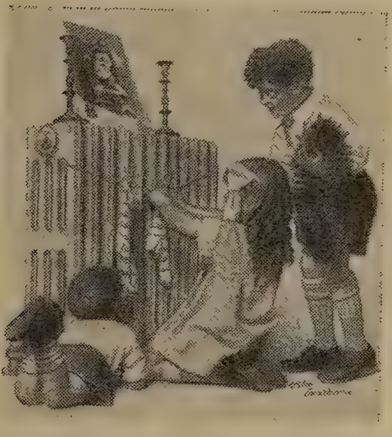
A New For the Love o’ Lil

“CAN I come in?” Gwendolyn Smithers asked as she pushed open Lil’s kitchen door.

“Can I come in?” Red Hancock asked.

“Well, you’re both in now,” said Nannie, “so you might as well stay, but I should think you’d be wantin’ to stay home the afternoon before Christmas. When I was a gerrrrrrrl in the old country—”

“Don’t tell us,” Gwen giggled. “That was so long ago you’d get all mixed up. When I was a baby—”


This week’s cover picture.

“You’re one now,” Red laughed at her. “All you need is a pacifier, an’ a bottle, an’ a little lace cap to keep your ears from sticking out.”

“He’s got red hair!” Gwen flared. “He wouldn’t dare tell me I needed a bottle if he had ordinary hair. He knows I’d knock his head against the wall until—”

“Until what?” little Ulysses wanted to know. He stood at the pantry door and looked in timidly.

“Never mind,” Gwen giggled. “We came over for some fun—not to talk about redheads. Have you opened any Christmas bundles yet? Is your tree trimmed? What didja get for your mother and father?”

“All the Christmas bundles in this house,” Nannie informed her, “are locked up in closets, so don’t go huntin’ for ’em.” And she stuck her head in the oven door to spy upon her cottage pudding.

“Shut the door,” Gwen whispered. “Shut the door an’ burn her up!” She rushed out into the hall.

“Pest!” Nannie yelled so savagely that the two boys ran out, too. “I’ll tell Santa Claus.”

“No, she won’t,” Gwen told the others as they met on the landing. “He’d forget to come around an’ she wouldn’t get anything neither. Say, where’s your tree?”

“The tree’s down cellar,” little U. said, “an’ my father’s goin’ to trim it after supper. It’s a big one. Why don’t you go home and trim your trees?”

“Our trees are all trimmed,” Gwen told him. “They’re covered with red an’ yellow an’ sky blue pink balls an’ silver rain. I’ve hung up eight of my stockings an’ now I’m goin’ to hang up some for you.”

They went trooping into the nursery and the inquisitive Gwen lost no time before snooping around.

“No fireplace,” she said, “but they’re out of style now.” She took the candlesticks from the bureau, set them on the radiator. “There’s a new style fireplace! When Santa sees that one, he’ll feel so proud of *me* that he’ll give *you* everything in his pack.” She found clothespins in a basket and string on a shelf. “Get some holly,” she ordered, “an’ make this dumb place look gay.”

U. ran downstairs and stole one of the wreaths which Lil had bought for ninety-nine cents and was keeping fresh in the ice-box room. He ran upstairs—and there were two of his socks hung up waiting for midnight! He handed the holly to Red and flopped down on his stomach.

“Now, there’s some Christmas spirit around this joint,” Gwen laughed. “If it wasn’t for me Santa’d think just stupid rich grown-ups lived here. You can give me half of whatcha get, see? An’ if you want to hear me recite poetry, I’ll tell you about Comet an’ Cupid an’ Donder an’ Blitzen. ‘’Twas the night before Christmas—’”

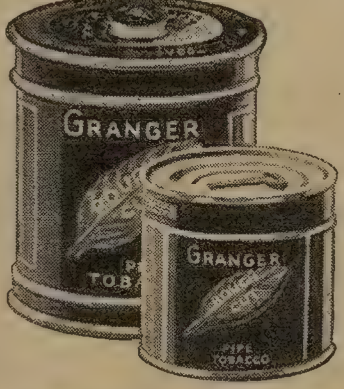
(Next week’s cover adventure: Happy New Year!)

GRANGER
ROUGH CUT
PIPE TOBACCO
GRANGER ROUGH CUT

No “pipe static” in this smooth smoke

SMOKERS tell us that after its rich, mellow flavor, the thing they like best about Granger is the way it *smokes.* Smooth, slow burning and cool.

Pipes are *cleaner,* too, they say—cleaner, sweeter and cooler than they ever were before. “A cooler smoke and a drier pipe”—thanks to our exclusive Wellman Method and the shaggy, flaky Rough Cut. No, there *is* no “static” in Granger. Tune in once and see!



“Pipe tobacco that IS pipe tobacco!”

GRANGER ROUGH CUT

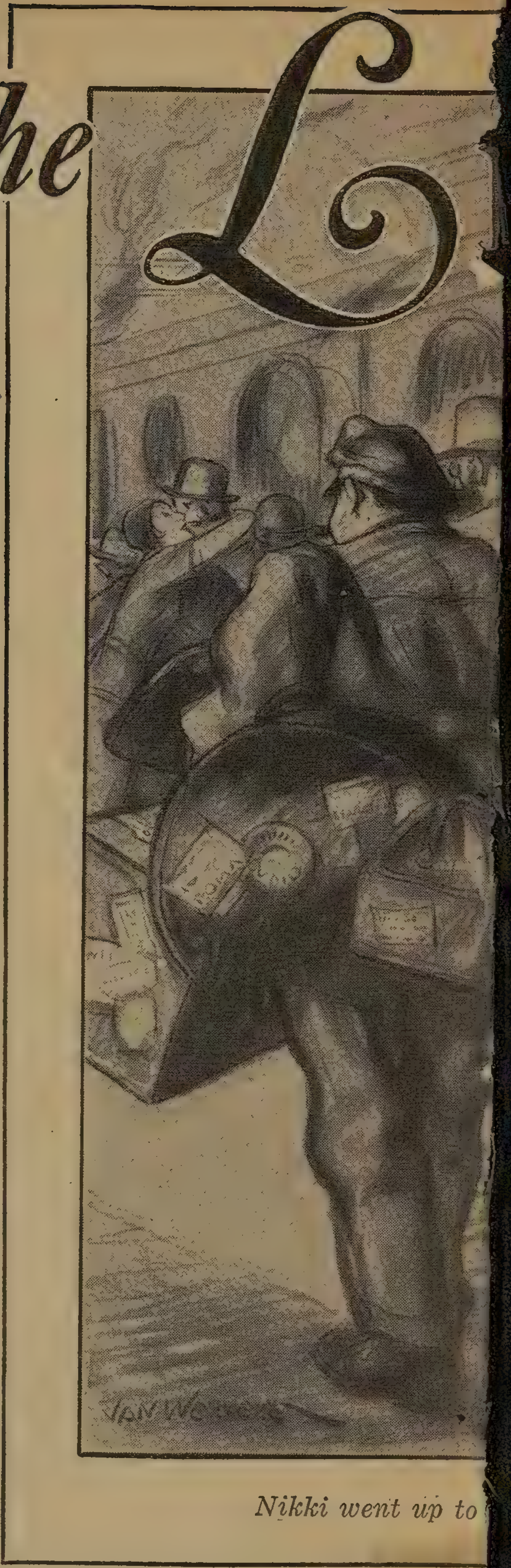
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

The Episode of the L

Another Story of NIKKI AND HER WAR BIRDS

By JOHN MONK SAUNDERS

Pictures by GEORGE VAN WERVEKE



Nikki went up to

(Reading time: 29 minutes 10 seconds.)

THE Sud Express (Train de Luxe) quotidian leaves the Quai d'Orsay, Paris, for Lisbon, Portugal, at ten-forty in the morning.

On the fifth floor of the Carlton Hotel, an hour before train time, Shepard Lambert was organizing a Portuguese expedition. He was, after several brief excursions downstairs to the bar, marvelously alert and efficient.

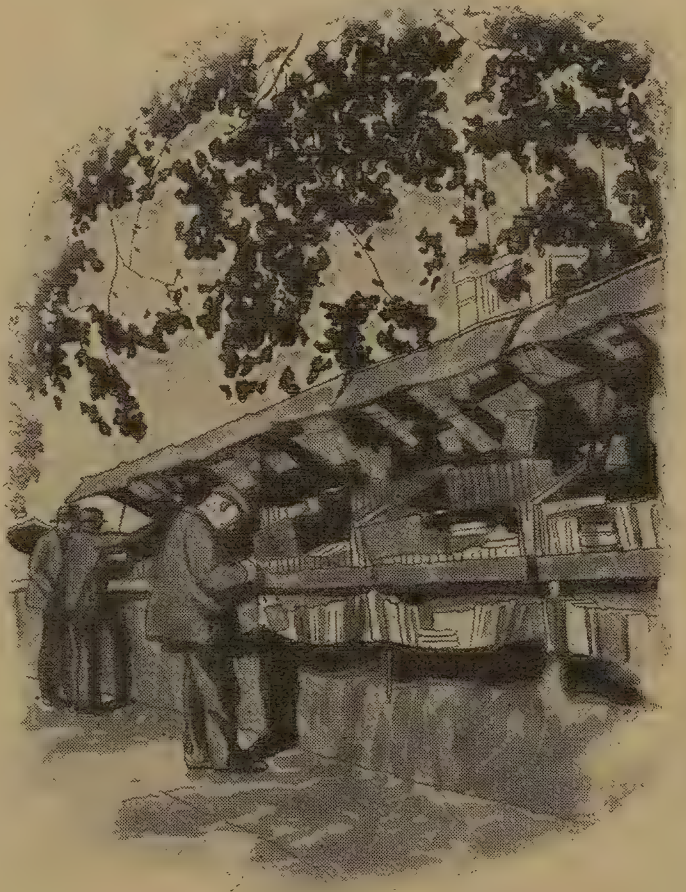
Since Nikki was going, it had taken no persuasion to induce Bill Talbot to come along. The Washout, who seemed to soak up vitality from Bill, couldn't be left behind. The presence of The Washout would make Bill uncomfortable, but Shep took a certain sly pleasure in Bill's discomfort.

The whole idea of the expedition, Shep explained, was a Big Joke on Cary. Here ol' Cary was aslippin' off to Portugal to find a feller with a sockful of diamonds. So they would all go along, too. Ain't we got any rights?

But Nikki was going on account of Cary, and Bill was going on account of Nikki, and Francis was going on account of Bill, and the whole enterprise was the sum of their several motives.

To every question about how or why or what about passports and transportation and luggage and everything, Shep would reply stiffly: "*C'est commande.*" His fifteenth man, he said, was attending to all that. As a matter of fact, Shep had collected the passports the night before and placed them in the hands of an agent of a travel bureau (of which Shep was a valued client), who was at this moment collecting the proper visas. Shep's operative would no doubt be at the station with the papers and space.

In the meantime it was important to get Nikki organized. Shep went to her rooms and assured her that he would be a Big Help. Maria the maid, in her dark, silent, Austrian manner, was folding and packing Nikki's things with quick, expert hands. Nikki moved helplessly about. She was no good at packing, because she couldn't put her head down. The walls started wheeling about, she said.



Although she paid no attention to him whatsoever, Shep was at great pains to explain the whole idea to Maria. They were taking Nikki down to the Portuguese Riviera, Shep said, on account of she looked so poorly. She'd been in the hospital, d'you see, and had gotten all wan and pale, and she needed some fine Portuguese air and sunshine. Swim-in-the-sea sort of thing.

"We'll only be gone a minute or two," he assured Maria over and over, "and we'll bring her back the very pitcher of health." This was Shep's way of letting Maria know that she wasn't being taken along.

Nikki's bags were now ready an Maria rang for the porters.

"Keep a light burnin' in the window, Shep told Maria. "It might be dar and stormy when we get back."

Shep started for the door and the stopped and turned around for a last loo at the apartment.

"Play me out with music," he sa suddenly. "Play me out with music.

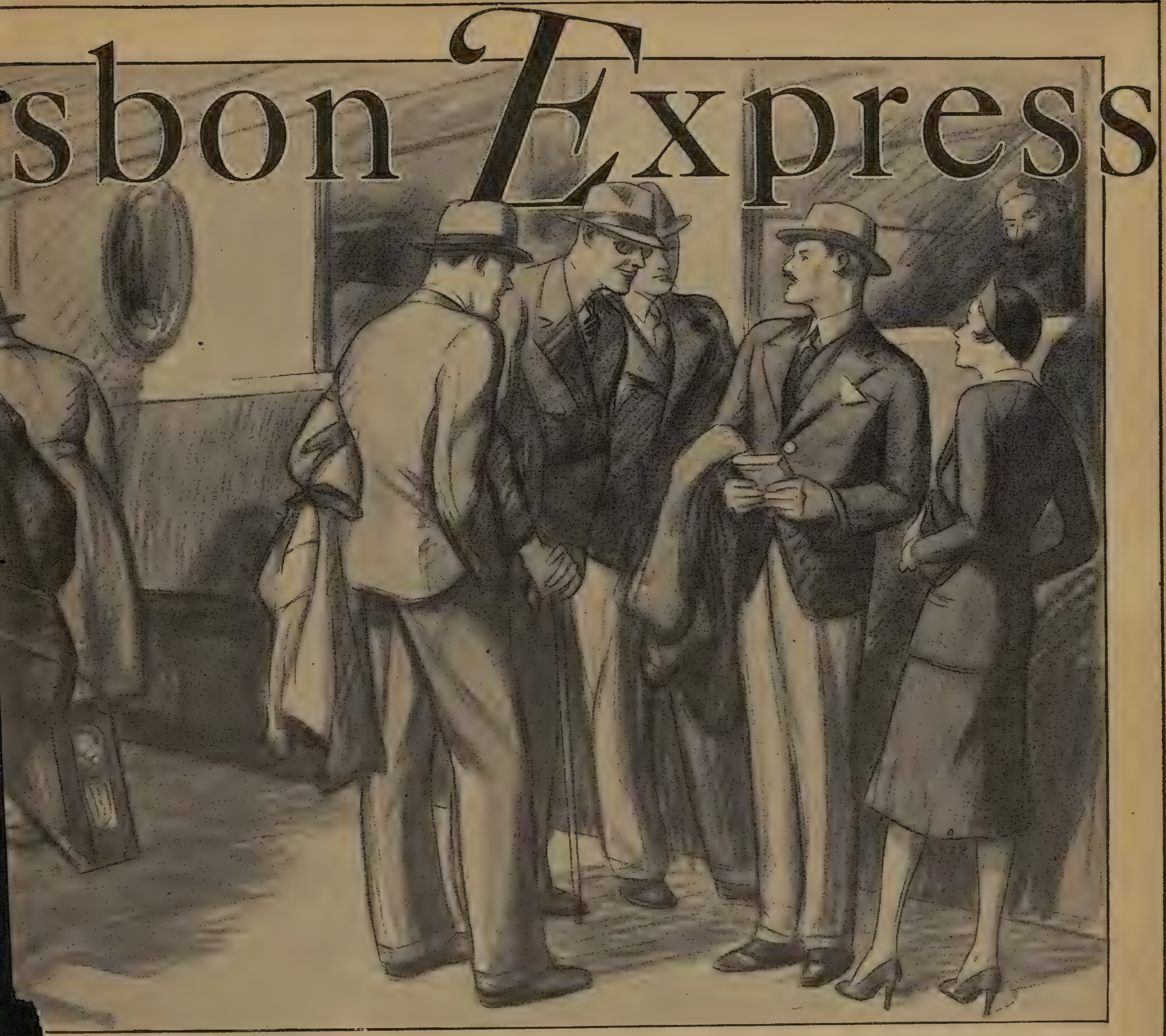
Nikki said please could they go befor they missed the train. But Shep was unaccountably obstinat He insisted on being played out with music.

Nikki went to the victrola, wound up the spring, tripped th release, and set the needle down on a record.

"Co-me un so-gno d'or scol-pi-toé nel co-re
Il ri cor-do an-cor di quel—l'a—mor
Che non e-si-ste più . . ."

It was Toselli's Serenade, that strange, sad composition tha haunted Europe at the close of the war.

sbon Express



Hello, Cary." Cary looked up in astonishment. "Well—hello!" he said. Then he saw the others.

Shep stood listening to the music while the porters cleared Nikki's bags out of the room. "My, my!" he said to Nikki. "But you play me out with sad music."

> ". . . *cu-poé l'av-ve-nir—sem-pre piú tri-stii di*
> *La gio-ven-tú pas-sa-ta sa-rá* . . ."

Nikki took Shep's arm, turned him around, and walked out of the doorway with him. Bill and Francis were coming down the hall. They all moved along the corridor to the lift. Bill rang the bell and the cage came up for them. The boy opened the grilled cage door.

For a single instant, before she stepped into the cage, Nikki was seized with a queer panic. Where was she going? What was she doing? The vague dread of leaving Paris, which Shepard Lambert felt, was fleetingly communicated to her. She suddenly felt terribly guilty and responsible for Shep. She wanted to take him by the hand and turn him around and lead him back to her rooms.

From far down the empty passageway came the last strains of the Serenade.

Nikki stepped into the cage. The others followed her and the door clicked behind them. They were descending. A low-swung cab was standing outside the hotel. They climbed in. Another taxi followed with the luggage. Nikki had so many bags. She had insisted on taking her two turtles along in a basket.

The signs of Paris stared down upon them as they passed across town. Cinzano. Société Lattiere de Blanc. Grand Marnier. L'Echo de Paris. Cyber. La Grande Maison de Blanc. Comptoir Nationale. Ripolin. Chocolate Suchard Cacao. Dubonnet. Citroen—Aïda AIDA Aïda—

"This is your idea of a joke on Cary, is it?" Bill inquired.

"Yep," said Shep, looking sidewise at Nikki. "This is my idea, all right."

"Do you s'pose he'll be mad?" Nikki queried innocently.

"Sure he'll be mad," Shep said.

"I still don't believe all that about the diamonds," Nikki said. "I think it's a forgery."

"If Cary's at the station, will you believe it?"

BUY NOW! It's Bargain Time!

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE EPISODE OF THE LISBON EXPRESS
Continued from page thirty-three

"Maybe."

The cab pulled up at the curb in front of the Gare d'Orsay. Behind them came the second with the bags. They all unloaded on the sidewalk. Shep took command and engaged the porters. His agent, a multiloquous little chap in a black suit and bowler hat, was standing at the gates with a long, pale manila envelope.

The two conferred importantly and the whole party passed through the gates and on to the station platform.

"Now, if Cary isn't here . . ." Nikki began apprehensively.

Halfway down the platform, standing beside a coach, was Cary Lockwood. He was dressed in gray flannel trousers and blue single-breasted coat with white mother-of-pearl buttons. He was wearing a gray felt hat and his ashwood crook stick hung from the curve of his arm. He was cutting the leaves in a paper-back book.

BUY NOW AND BRING PROSPERITY BACK!

Nikki went straight up to him. He looked quite thin and brown and a little tired.

"Hello, Cary."

Cary looked up in astonishment.

"Well—hello!" he said. Then he saw the others.

"Well," said Nikki, "you still have your white teeth."

"Thanks. You're looking very lovely."

Nikki curtsied. She was very trim in a black canton traveling suit with a severe little coat with wonderful big dull silver buttons. She had on a close-fitting black hat and her feet were incased in small round-toed gun-metal pumps.

Shep went down to the end of the coach with the porters and, unbeknownst to Cary, directed the distribution of the bags inside.

Cary appeared puzzled and uncertain. "I say, what are all you chaps doing down here?"

"You're going to Portugal, aren't you?" Bill said.

"That's right."

"Well, we just wanted to put you on the train."

"Very thoughtful of you," Cary said.

"Have you got a nice seat on the train?" Bill inquired solicitously.

"Right by a window," Cary said.

"Let's go in and see Cary's space," Bill suggested.

Bill took Cary by the arm and led him to the end door of the coach. They all followed him inside.

"Well, well!" said Bill. "What a swell train."

"My boy," said Shep, "this is the Sud Express, Train de Luxe."

Nikki sat down at a table for four across the aisle from the table for two occupied by Cary.

Cary was looking at his wrist watch. "I think you all better get off," he said.

"Get off!" Bill said. "Hell, no! We like this train. This is a train de luxe. We like trains de luxe. Don't we, Nik?"

"That's right," she agreed.

CARY was getting anxious. By now the coach was filled up, with the exception of the table where the four sat.

Cary got up. "Well," he said, "the train's going to start."

"Let 'er start," Bill said. "Who cares? Let 'er go Gallagher."

"Who cares?" echoed the others. "Who cares?"

"Look," said Cary, "you better get off."

"Can you imagine that!" Bill said. "Trying to put us off the train. We ain't going to get off no train. Not for you nor anybody like you."

"Suit yourself," said Cary. "Only there goes the whistle." The train had begun to move. Cary looked at them in dismay.

The People *in the* Story

NIKKI, an American girl, who has found her way into the lives of four American war flyers left astray in Europe after the Armistice. And the flyers—

SHEPARD LAMBERT, BILL TALBOT, FRANCIS (known as The Washout), and

CARY LOCKWOOD, Rhodes scholar at Oxford, who has precipitated this episode by declaring his intention of going to Portugal to hunt for a fabled cargo of sunken diamonds.

"Isn't this fine?" Bill told Shep. "We're all going to Portugal with Cary."

The perfect composure with which they all took the departure of the train told Cary that it was a conspiracy.

"Honestly," he said, "you all ought to be ashamed. What's the idea?"

"We thought we'd just come along is all."

"I see."

"None of us has ever been to Portugal and Nikki here needs the sea air—she's been ill—and, besides, we want to help you find the man with the diamonds."

Cary winced a little at that last.

"Nikki ill?" he said.

"Nikki's been very ill," Nikki said. "Nikki was in the hospital."

"I'm so sorry."

"She's all right now," Shep said. "She's fine."

Cary saw the deep purple crescents under Nikki's eyes.

"She's fine now," Shep said, "only her legs are thinner."

Nikki extended her legs out into the aisle and surveyed them. "They *are* thinner," she agreed after a careful scrutiny.

"Well," said Shep, "thin or fat, hot or cold, wet or dry, they're still the best legs in the world—in *my* estimation."

Nikki thanked him warmly.

"ARE you really all going to Lisbon?" Cary asked as the train left the station.

"That's right," Shep said.

"You have to have tickets and passports and things," Cary reminded. "Have you got passports?"

"Sure," said Shep, reaching in his coat pocket. "What kind of passports do you like?"

Nikki and Bill sat on one side of the table and Shep and Francis on the other. Cary sat across the aisle. At his table sat a young chap in a gray tweed cap, reading a French journal. They all arranged themselves comfortably and looked out of the window.

It was hot. They found that out as soon as the train pulled out of the shadow of the Gare d'Orsay.

Cary opened a brief case, got out some maps and folders, spread them on the table in front of him, and began to study them.

"How long does it take to get to Lisbon?" Nikki asked.

"Thirty hours," Cary said without looking up.

Bill took off his coat and his tie.

"Those certainly are sporting braces," said Shep admiringly.

"Very fruity," Bill agreed.

The Washout sat with half-closed eyes, looking out of the window. No one ever knew what he was thinking about.

Shep was thinking about his next drink. Like a diabetic who must weigh his ounces of food in order to keep an exact balance, so Shep had to measure his drinks to maintain the proper degree of intoxication.

Once out in the bright noon sunlight, the interior of the coach became smotheringly hot. The fat man in the black suit behind them took off his collar and began fanning himself with his hat.

Shep looked at Bill, miserably hot and perspiring.

"You know what I could go for?" he demanded.

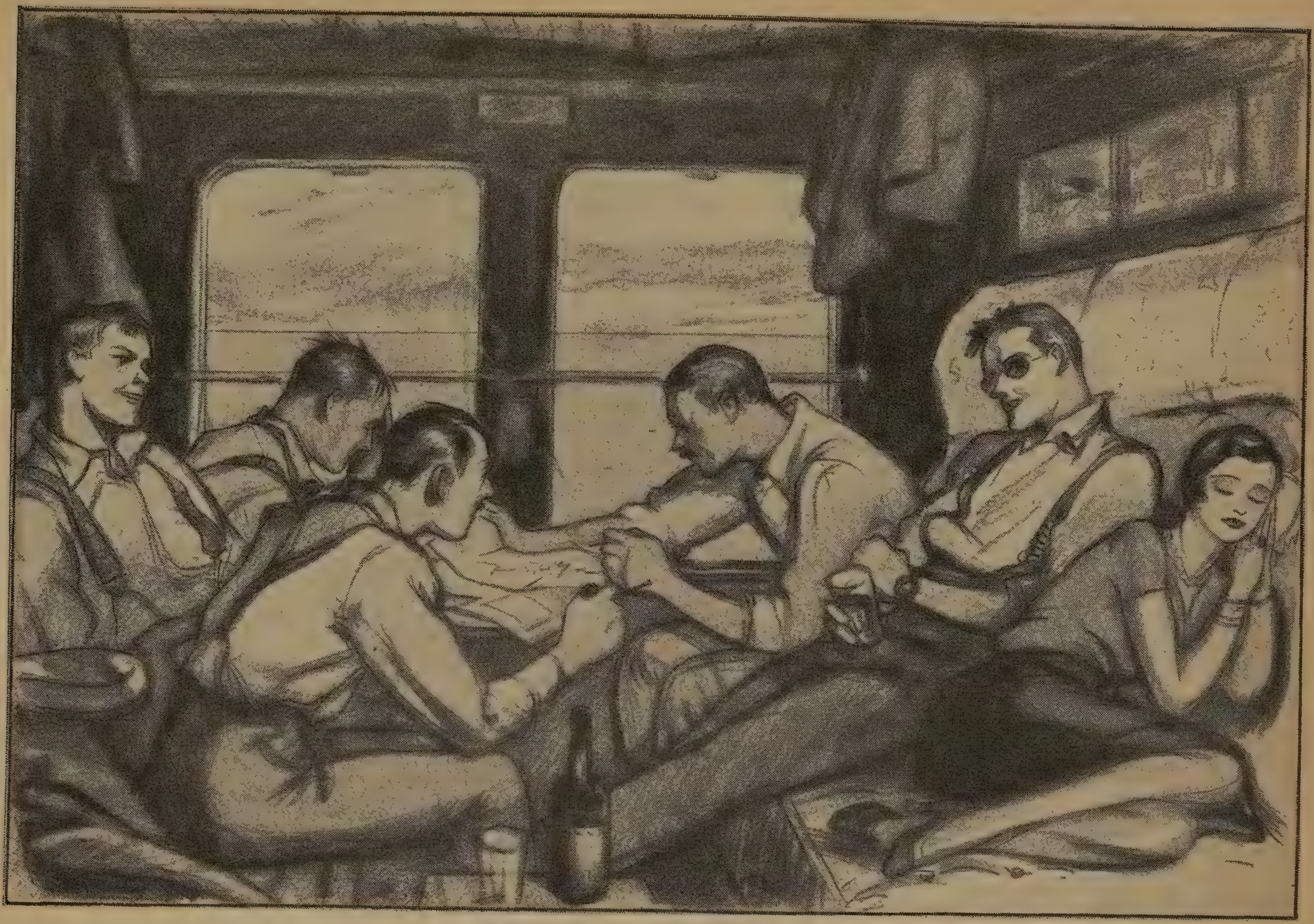
"What could you go for?"

"A bottle of beer. A nice cold bottle of beer."

"So could I," cried Bill.

Shep pushed the little mother-of-pearl button under the window. After a while a waiter came down the aisle.

Nikki said she wouldn't have any beer, just some mineral water. Shep ordered four bottles of beer. He asked



Nikki was sleepy after lunch, so without the slightest trace of self-consciousness she curled up on the seat.

the chap across from Cary if he wouldn't have a bottle of beer, too. The chap said yes, rather. "Have a gasper?" he invited, holding out his cigarette case.

He introduced himself as Lennox and presented his card. Lennox was the European Representative of the Chase Thrashing Machine Company of Racine, Wisconsin. He said he was on his way to Morocco to sell tractors. He had the blue and white of the D. S. C. in the buttonhole of his coat lapel.

When the beer came it was ice-cold and beaded with perspiration.

"Oh baby!" Shep said and took a bottle in his two hands. It was Bière de la Meuse, a pale cold beer, refreshing beyond all description. It had a nice oval brown label with a lovely young girl seated beside a gushing fountain. The waiter ripped the caps off the bottles and set them down. Bill poured out a glassful.

"Well, men," he said, holding up his glass, "fire and fall back."

Shep told Lennox, confidentially, that Bill was an old Civil War drinker and pay no attention to him.

BILL rang for more beer. "This is a fine day for beer," he said. "How come you to think of it, Shep?"

"I can't explain it," Shep said. "It was really just like I seen a message in the sky. Letters of fire in the sky. Couldn't you go for some nice cold beer, Nikki?"

Nikki said she couldn't go for beer.

"Nikki is a fancy drinker," Shep pointed out. "She only goes for fancy drinks. We like our beer, don't we Bill?"

"Don't we just," Bill agreed.

"We can do fancy drinking, too," Shep said, "only we can do plain drinking, also. Plain *and* fancy drinking is what we can do."

"That's right," Bill said and burped a little.

"Now, Bill," Shep said, "no plain and fancy burping. You can have all the beer you like so long as you don't burp."

"'Scuse me," Bill said. "I didn't mean to. Did you ever hear about the man who burped during the Two Minute Silence?"

"No, what about it?"

"Well, that's all there is to it."

Nobody appeared impressed, so Bill, crestfallen, subsided in his seat.

"I guess a boy's best friend is his mother," he concluded.

CARY and his English friend drank their beer moderately, but Shep and Bill addressed themselves earnestly to the business.

Cary kept studying folders and Lennox read and The Washout slept gently, and Bill and Shep drank beer, and every little while Nikki leaned over and sprinkled her turtles with mineral water. She had them in a shallow little square basket with straw on the bottom and a crisscross network of twine over the top.

In an hour and a half they were in the huge station at Orléans. Shep and Bill got out and went to a bar along the station platform. "All that beer left a sweet taste in my mouth," Bill said.

They had a couple of Amer Picons to fix the taste before they got back on the train.

"This is a hell of a big place," Bill said. "I thought all the Frenchmen were supposed to be in Paris."

Cary managed to get tickets for all of them for the première service, so they trooped back to the *wagon* restaurant together.

The four of them—Shep, Bill, Nikki, and Cary—sat together. They put Francis with the Englishman.

A woman in a uniform came down the aisle. "*Coqtail! Coqtail!*"

BUY NOW!

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE EPISODE OF THE LISBON EXPRESS
Continued from page thirty-five

Shep hailed her immediately. He found he could get Martinis, so he ordered six.

"This is a fine train," he said. "Isn't this a fine train, though?" he asked Nikki.

"Practically perfect."

He ordered three more Martinis before the hors d'œuvres came. As soon as he'd eaten a sardine, Shep called for the wine card.

"What are you trying to do, get us all tight?" Nikki said. "In the middle of the day?"

"That's what I'm trying to do," Shep agreed, "get you all tight in the middle of the day. On a train."

BUY NOW! It's Bargain Time!

"Beautiful thought," Bill said. He was beginning to look a little sleepy.

"Will you all leave me order the wine?" Shep asked.

Nobody objected, so Shep ordered two bottles of Turpin Monopole. "It's a fine Sauterne," he said. "Not too sweet and not too dry. Make you bark like a fox."

When the omelette came, everybody was hungry and they enjoyed it.

"Well," said Bill, when the omelette was taken away and they brought in the *escalope Viennoise*, "they give you enough to eat."

"You have to have something to go with the wine," Shep pointed out.

They all thought the lunch was over when the cheese appeared, and then came the fruit and then the small blacks. Nikki cut some slices of apple for her turtles.

The wine woman went by with a large basket of corks under her arm. *"Liqueurs?"*

Shep asked Nikki if she would have a liqueur.

"Could you go for a benedictine?"

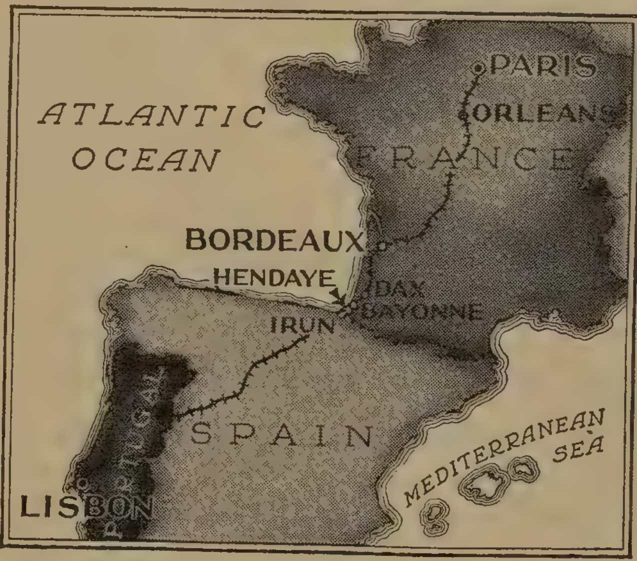
"Oh, sure."

Bill said he could go for a kümmel, so they all had liqueurs. The bill for the drinks wasn't so stiff, considering, and Shep insisted on paying. "You'll all get a chance later," he said.

The coach seemed hotter than ever when they got back to it. The fat man in the black suit unlaced his shoes and took them off. Shep gave him a disgusted look and got up and went off.

At Angoulême, where they stopped four minutes, he found the *chef de train* on the station platform and went into a huddle with him. A hundred-franc note passed between them. Back in the train, Shep led the troupe back into an empty compartment. He invited Lennox along, too.

It was much nicer in the compartment. They all took off their coats and neckties and opened their shirts at the throat. Nikki took off her hat and jacket and revealed a flame-colored blouse.



"You're so cute," she told Shep. "You think of everything."

"Aren't I just."

THEY had the compartment to themselves all the way to Hendaye. Lennox turned out to be a hell of a fine chap. They called him captain right away, but he said he wasn't a captain. He'd been a sergeant major was all. He said he'd been offered a commission many a time toward the end of the war, but he didn't want to leave his pals.

He started out with some chaps, d'you see, and they'd been together a long time and he wanted to stay with them. They all agreed that he'd done right. What the hell was a commission if you have to leave your pals? They called him captain anyway.

Nikki was sleepy after lunch, so without the slightest trace of self-consciousness she curled up on the seat with her face to the wall, and went to sleep.

The sight of Nikki lying asleep on the seat gave the boys a strange sense of pride and responsibility. She seemed so utterly helpless lying there fast asleep on an express train headed for Portugal. Her pleated skirt fell away from her legs; you could see the back of her knees smoothly incased in filmy silk stockings. Her legs looked long and patrician from the tip of her gun-metal pumps to where they disappeared under her dress. There was a nice curving line from her hip to her shoulder. She slept with one hand under her cheek and her head resting on a tiny lace-and-satin baby pillow she had taken out of her traveling case.

The presence of the sleeping girl in the compartment was exciting. *Elle dort comme un enfant*, peacefully, gently; you couldn't tell that she breathed. From her hair and from her person there rose a faint aromatic fragrance, like fresh gardenias, that refreshed the dust- and smoke-filled interior of the compartment. In sleep, with her black, nearsighted eyes closed and her hand under her cheek, she seemed so pathetically alone and unprotected, dependent upon the presence of all of them. She belonged to all of them and she belonged to none of them. "She's not very good-looking," Shep said to the Englishman, "but her mother always said she had the nicest hair ribbon."

LENNOX said, on the contrary, he thought she was stunning.

Shep said, "Well, she has got eyes like an Assyrian queen. She's got eyes like an Assyrian queen has got eyes," Shep said.

"Assyrian queen!" Bill scoffed. "You don't know no Assyrian queen. You never even saw no Assyrian queen," Bill challenged him. "You don't know what you're talking about. You're just amakin' that up."

"I did so see an Assyrian queen," Shep retorted stoutly.

"In whose gray fedora?"

"In the Metropolitan Museum's gray fedora. That's whose gray fedora."

"What was her name?"

Shep said he didn't remember. "It was only a head," he said, "carved in ivory and painted."

"Semiramis," Cary Lockwood said, looking up from his book, "and she was noted for beauty, wisdom, and voluptuousness."

"There you are!" Shep cried triumphantly.

"All right," Bill said, miffed. "I can't stand off the two of you."

Lennox accepted Nikki's presence among them in the same spirit that he accepted the whole thing. He was an Englishman and not inquisitive. They were jolly good company and he was glad of it.

Shep found that he had caught a fine drinking companion in Lennox and he was delighted. Following a suitable respite after lunch, Shep had proposed a nice cold bottle of beer as a refreshment. But Lennox had somewhat apologetically expressed his preference for Scotch and soda. He found beer came up in his throat a little.

So they got in a bottle of White Horse Cellar and some Schweppes and went to work on it. Bill stuck to beer.

"He's the type," Shep explained.

Cary sat quietly in a corner going over papers in his brief case, and Francis slept quietly in another corner.

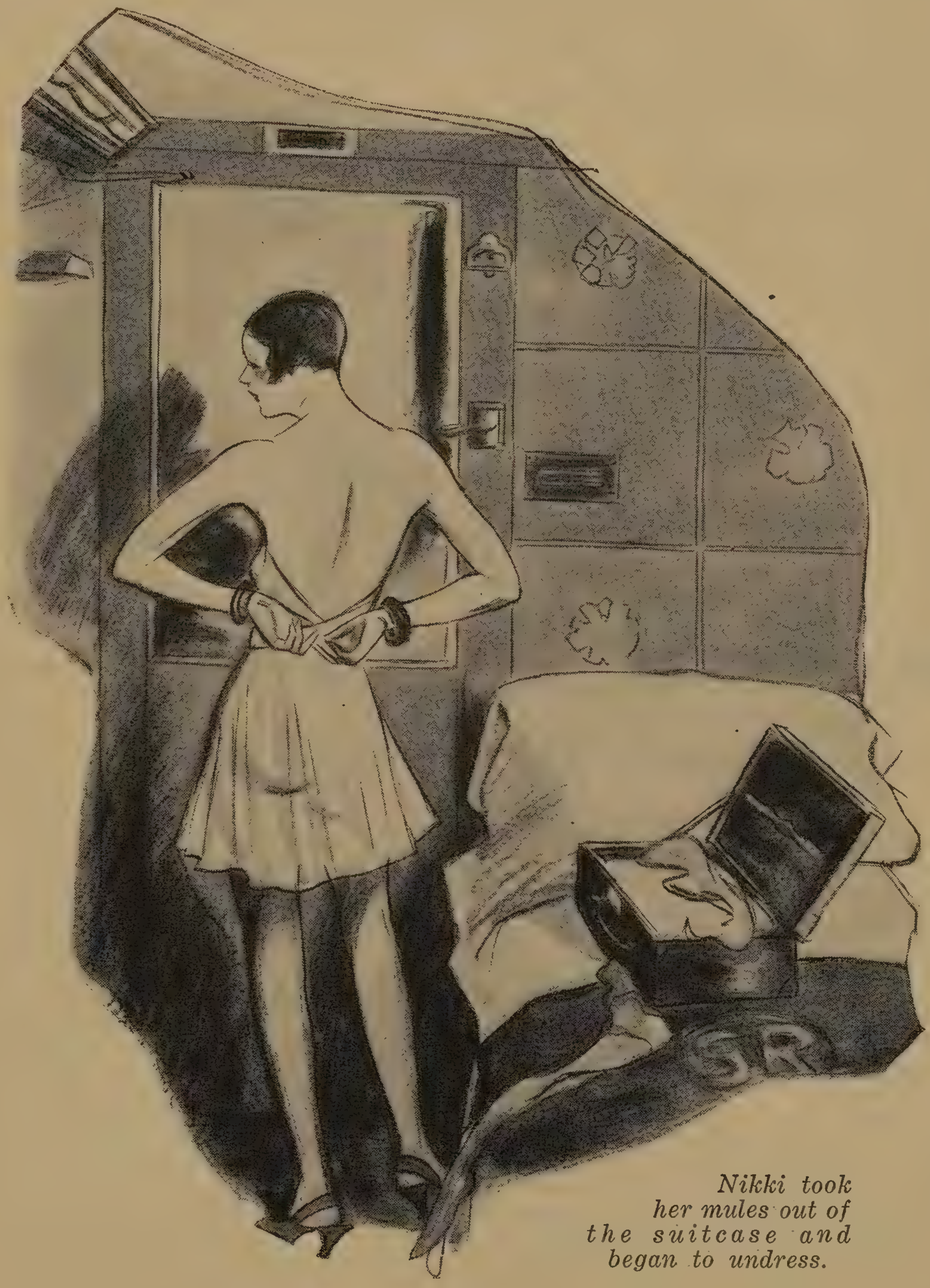
Suddenly the chiming watch in his waistcoat pocket went off. Francis sat up, leaped to his feet, reached for his hat, and started off.

"Hey!" Shep said. "Where you going?"

Francis blinked uncertainly.

"You aren't going anywheres," Shep said. "Sit down."

Francis, suddenly conscious of his surroundings, blushed and sat down.



Nikki took her mules out of the suitcase and began to undress.

"You're on a train," Shep said.

"Tsorry," said Francis and went back to sleep.

It developed that Lennox knew Portugal and spoke French, Spanish, and Portuguese. "What made you chaps ever start for Portugal?" he asked.

"I don't know," said Shep. "It seemed like a good idea at the time." Lennox laughed.

"As a matter of fact," Shep said mysteriously, "we're on a big treasure hunt."

Cary looked up sharply.

"We're looking for some diamonds," Shep went on regardless.

"Diamonds in Portugal?"

"Certainly. Why not? Portugal is practically full of diamonds."

"How so?"

"Big shipwreck off Portugal during the war," Shep said. "Boatload of diamonds. Feller landed in Portugal with diamonds. We're lookin' him up."

To Shep's surprise Lennox didn't laugh. Instead he said thoughtfully, "I heard somethin' about that. Torpedoed, wasn't she?"

"That's right," Shep said.

"French or Belgian?"

"Belgian."

"What was her name?"

SHEP looked at Cary.

"The Belleville."

Lennox looked at Cary with new interest. "You figure the diamonds are in Portugal?" Cary shrugged his shoulders. He was annoyed with Shep.

"They have to be," Shep said. "They're not in the ship. He found the ship and raised the safe and cracked her open. Empty."

"I read somethin' about that, too," Lennox said. "So you're the chap, eh?" Cary made a wry grimace.

"For God's sake, Shep, what's the idea?"

"He'll find the feller all right," Shep went on unperturbed, "unless he's at the bottom of the ocean." Shep was very proud of Cary's pertinacity. Incapable of any sort of sustained effort himself, he admired Cary no end.

Lennox could see that Cary was studying road maps of the coast of Portugal.

"Goin' to do it by motor, eh? You'll find it rough enough."

"I expect so."

Lennox went over the thing in his mind. It wasn't such a needle-in-the-haystack quest as it sounded. The length of the coast line of the narrow little country was but three hundred and fifty miles. It was only a hundred and thirty miles wide, less than half that distance. He might pick up a trace of a castaway somewhere along the coast.

At Bordeaux they all got out and had a couple of quick ones at the station bar. They had a couple of quick ones, too, at Dax and at Bayonne and La Negresse. They had to be quick ones because the train only stopped four minutes.

LENNOX said they ought to go to dinner right after they left La Negresse because they got you out for baggage and passport examinations. So they went back to the *wagon* restaurant and started in and began ordering dry Martinis. As a special favor, Shep treated Nikki to a *demi-bouteille* of Mumms' Cordon Rouge. "Not too sweet, not too dry," he said. "Make you leap like a tuna."

Nikki said she really didn't want to leap like a tuna.

Shep said he knew how to make a Big Joke about tuna. "When the waiter comes you say, 'Waiter, have you got any tuna?' and the waiter says, 'No, sir, I'm all out of tuna,' and you say, 'That's what I thought,' and you see," Shep said, "that's how you make a Big Joke." He looked very pleased with himself.

Nikki looked at him very sadly and asked him if he really had to go to all that trouble.

More food was offered at dinner than at lunch. "Boy!" said Shep. "Don't the French eat on trains, though."

They all had to get off at the Spanish border to show their passports to a little Frenchman seated at a deal table in an office at the station. This baggage and passport examination was an ordeal for Shep. He had a morbid hatred for all officials. He didn't like being questioned or having anyone go poking about in his things. The double ordeal—the French at Hendaye and the Spanish at Irun—put him in a state. Nikki didn't seem to mind. She had six cases altogether, besides the

BUY NOW AND BRING PROSPERITY BACK!

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE EPISODE OF THE LISBON EXPRESS
Continued from page thirty-seven

turtle basket, and, although she just drifted dreamily along paying no particular attention, still she never seemed to lose anything.

At Irun they passed through the station, showed their tickets at the gate, and boarded the *wagon-lit* for Lisbon.

Nikki had a compartment by herself, Shep and Bill were together, and Cary and The Washout were alone. There were few passengers on the train.

It was still oppressively hot. Shep and Bill went into Nikki's compartment to see that she was all right. Shep lifted up Nikki's overnight case and opened it for her on account of Nikki couldn't put her head down. She couldn't pack or unpack. She wouldn't have anything more to drink, so Shep got a bottle of mineral water and a glass full of ice for her.

BUY NOW!

"If you need help, darlin', just pull the emergency cord," Shep advised her, "and stop the train."

Nikki gave him a tired smile. It had been a long, hot, jolting day, full of dust and cinders, and she was exhausted.

Shep showed her how to open the washbasin and then they said good night to her.

When they had gone, Nikki could not help but marvel at Shep. He was so tight and so alert and so thoughtful of her. Who else but Shep would remember that she couldn't put her head down after she had been drinking, or that she'd never figure out that Spanish collapsible washbasin that you pulled out and down?

Nikki locked the door of her compartment. She took her mules out of the suitcase on the bed and laid out her kimono. She began to undress, taking off her blouse first, undoing the snaps along the left side, beginning at the bottom. She unhooked her skirt at the waist, dropped it over her hips, and stepped out of it. She hung her blouse and skirt under a sheet to protect them from the dust that filtered into the compartment from the dry roadbed.

She sat down on the side of the bed and took off her pumps and undid her garter clasps. She peeled off her stockings and slid her bare feet into her mules. She unbuttoned the single button that held her brassière together at the center of her back and slipped it off. She got out of her step-ins, and, taking a small silk bag from her traveling case, she stuffed the lacy, discarded lingerie into it and put it back into the case.

TURNING on the high, pointed heels of her mules, she caught the reflection of her white naked figure in the glossy black glass of the train window. Unconsciously she arched her back and lifted her chest and surveyed herself. She had fine lines in the dark window glass. The contours of her body appeared much rounder and softer than in a mirror. It did not occur to her to draw down the curtain. The train was rushing through the darkness.

The words of Toselli's Serenade, heard in the morning, kept recurring in her head, like a solemn litany. She wished she had played something else, when they left.

"... *all be-yond is dark*
And sad-der ev-'ry day,
For youth it-self will
soon pass a-way ..."

Nikki slipped on her kimono and took a small red leather case filled with toilet articles from her bag. She sat down by the washstand and took them out, distributing them haphazardly about: creams, soap, mouth wash, toothbrush, tooth paste, eye wash, witch-hazel, talcum, and eau de Cologne. The train lurched about so it was hard to keep them in their places. She tore the paper wrapper off the soap and washed her hands in the bright metal washbasin.

She combed her hair straight back from her forehead so that she might cream her face easily. She let her kimono slip off her shoulders.

As she removed the cream from her face with a soft cloth, she kept turning to look at her reflection in the window glass. I like myself best in a train window at night, she thought. And then she wondered if other people liked themselves in train windows, too.

"... *la-ment-ing re-mains*
a-lone,
My tears and bit-ter grief of
heart ..."

Suddenly the blackness outside was streaked with a long, blue-green lash of lightning. A clap of thunder shook the train and the window glass was spattered with raindrops. Startled and frightened, Nikki instinctively drew her garment about her shoulders. She thought, of course, the train would stop, but it kept right on plunging through the rain and the winds and the darkness. Over the rumble of the trucks beneath her feet she could hear the roar of the thunder. The window was washed with rain.

NIKKI, who could scarcely endure being alone, found herself alone at night in a strange compartment on a strange train, ripping through an electric storm on the way to a strange destination. She was filled with wild panic. She wanted to rush out and summon the others, but in some mysterious way her panic graduated into a queer ecstasy. She felt that she was being carried along to swift, splintering destruction. The roaring rhythm of the car wheels, the rush of the wind, the battering of the raindrops against the glass, acted upon her like the crescendo of a powerful symphony. And together with the stunning, bewildering cacophony of sound was the thrilling knowledge of Cary's presence near her. They were plunging to destruction together and there was something terrible and exciting about that.

She wanted to sing, to cry out, to dance. She understood what Shep Lambert had meant when he told her he liked to yell and scream and whistle and sing and curse when he was flying an airplane at night. The sense of loneliness and speed and power was almost unbearable.

Nikki's hysteria diminished as the fierceness of the storm died away. She scrubbed her teeth and poured a few drops of the red dentifrice *(du Docteur Pierre de la Faculté de Médecine de Paris)* in a water glass. It clouded the water white and tasted a little like licorice, but it was very refreshing and took away the dull taste of cigarettes. She washed her eyes in the eyecup and patted away the lotion that ran down over her cheeks and dripped on her throat. She stood up and slipped off her kimono and bathed her throat and arms with witch-hazel from the bottle.

"... *O rays of the sun-shine,*
Upon my way, a-las, ye shine no more ..."

Nikki put talcum on her skin with a huge puff and sat down on the bed to comb her hair.

She took off her kimono and slipped a chiffon nightgown over her head, tying a coral ribbon around her waist in a bow at the left side. She put the fan at second speed, fixed the pillows, slid her feet out of her mules, swung her legs under the sheet, and switched off the light.

Next week: Another story of Nikki and her war birds—The Episode of the Bull with Padded Horns.

Bright Sayings of Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

No Columbus, No Holiday

While lunching at my aunt's on Columbus Day, I asked my small niece:

"Where would you be today if Columbus hadn't discovered America?"

"Why, I guess I'd be in school," she replied.—Miss Charlotte Eder, 31-73 Tenth Ave., Long Island City, N. Y.

* * *

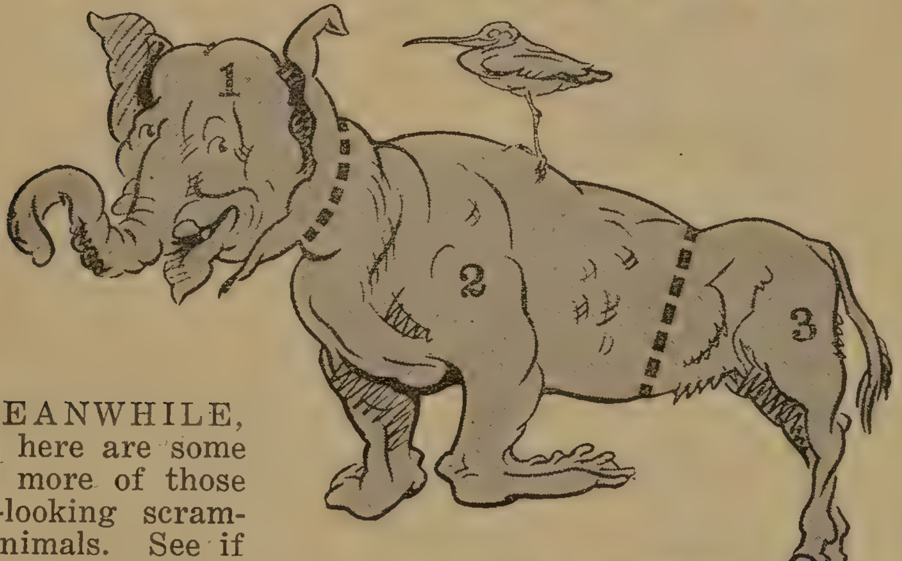
Wise Child

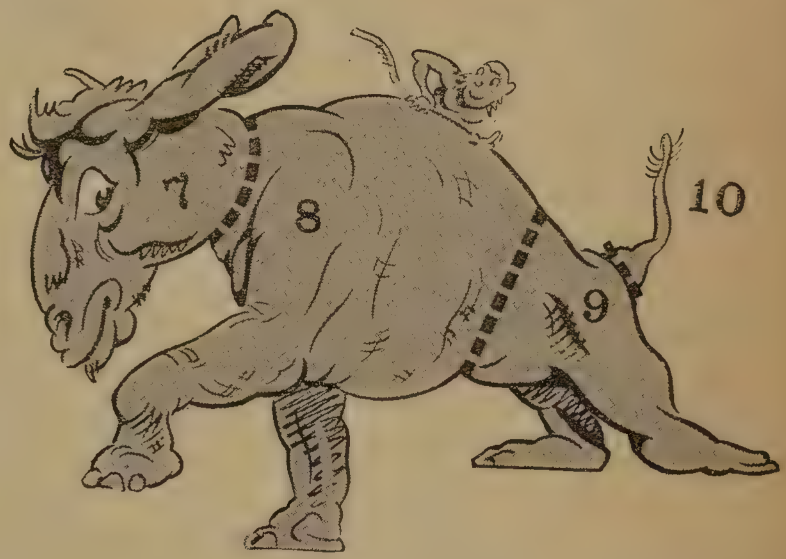
It was Aggie's first day at school. When asked to read, she refused. Asked for a reason, she said:

"I'm not going to read till I know how."—Mrs. Ed. Miller, Box 27, R. 1, Willits, Calif.

Next Week We Begin Announcing the Prize Winners in the Game of

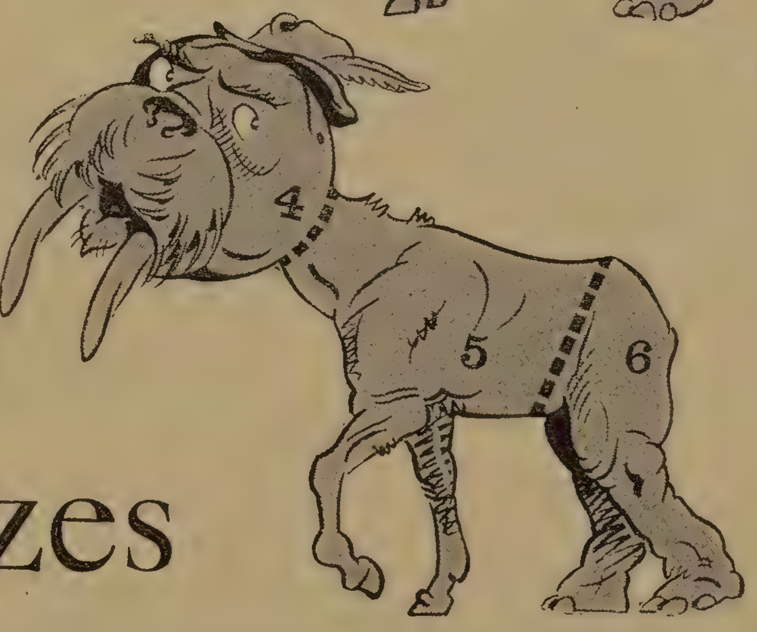
The Great What-is-it?





MEANWHILE, here are some more of those funny-looking scrambled animals. See if you can cut them apart on the dotted lines and put them together again correctly.

A set of these animals is now appearing in each issue of Liberty. And each week Liberty is offering



$500 *in* Prizes

to those who do three things best—FIRST, cut out the animals and put them together as they should be; SECOND, name them; and, THIRD, write a rhyme of either two or four lines about any one of the animals that appear when the pieces are properly matched.

For instance, if you find an elephant among the pieces on this page, you might write:

ELEPHANT

The elephant, where'er he goes,
Must take a trunk—but it's his nose!

Of course you can't use this verse—this is ours—but it gives you the idea. The rhyme doesn't need to be serious; the funnier and more clever it is the better your chance for a prize will be.

Now read the rules on this page, get out the old scissors (or, if you prefer, make a tracing of the picture), and see what you can do.

Entries for this week's prizes must reach us before midnight, January 3. The first announcement of What-Is-It prize winners will be made in Liberty next week.

The Prizes

will be divided as follows

First Prize	$100
Second Prize	$50
Third Prize	$25
Twenty prizes of $10 each, making	$200
Twenty-five prizes of $5 each, making	$125
Total each week	$500

The Rules

Every week until further notice Liberty will publish a set of composite pictures under the title, THE GREAT WHAT-IS-IT? The pieces of each set, when cut apart and put together correctly, will make a number of animals.

To play the game of THE GREAT WHAT-IS-IT? you must do three things—

First, cut the pictures apart on the dotted lines, put the pieces together so that they will make properly formed animals, and paste the animals on a sheet of paper.

Second, write the name of each animal under its picture.

Third, write a rhyme of two or four lines about any one of the animals you have made. The rhyme may be on the same sheet of paper with the picture, or on a separate sheet.

When you have finished, send your pictures and rhyme, with your name and full address, to WHAT-IS-IT, P. O. Box 612, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

For the pictures which are most neatly and accurately put together and named, and accompanied by the cleverest rhymes, Liberty will pay $500 in cash prizes each week, the prizes to be divided as indicated elsewhere on this page. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant.

You don't have to use the pictures on this page unless you want to. They may be copied or traced on another sheet of paper. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

This game is open to everyone, everywhere, except employees of Liberty and their families. The judges will be the editors of Liberty, and their decision will be final. WE CANNOT UNDERTAKE TO RETURN ANY ENTRIES OR ENTER INTO CORRESPONDENCE CONCERNING THEM.

BUY NOW!

Vox

A Texan Speaks His Mind

GAINESVILLE, TEXAS—Since when has America and Rome, or Italy, gone in partnership? That bird has his nerve who signed a letter to Vox Pop " American Roman Catholic " when he knows everything Pope Pius XI says for him to do, he'd slide on his nose a mile to do it, regardless of the laws of this country.

That's one reason the prohibition law is not enforced in the north and east. For don't nearly all the " good fathers " advocate repeal of the pro. law, and urge their members to defy it? They do down here.

Oh, I hear some say, " But isn't this a free country? " Yes, and we want to keep it free. How long would it be free if it were turned over to the Pope at Rome? It wouldn't take but one guess as to what he'd have done with me for writing this.

And, Liberty, you're a mighty good magazine for five cents, only you're so wet " the devil would have to hang you up a thousand years in hell before you'd burn."—*Herman Spitzik.*

And Both Are Brain Food!

SEATTLE, WASH.—To some, Friday means fish, but to me it means Liberty. —*P. G. Hamilton.*

Thanks So Much. But Where Did You Get This Amateur Idea? You Didn't Get It from Us

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Honestly, Liberty, you make me so mad that I have to pull my husband's hair to find an outlet for my anger.

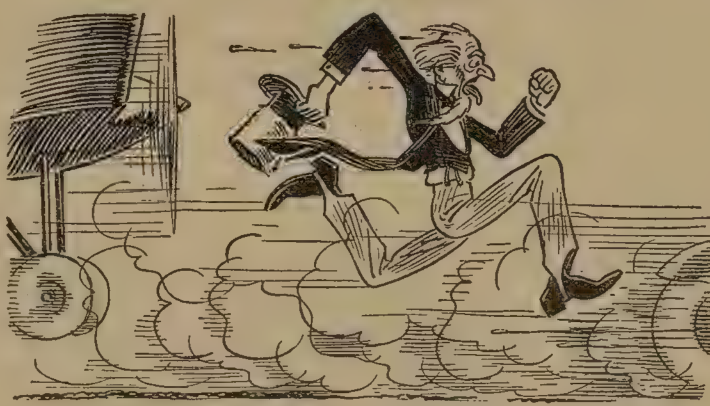
The reason? Well, mainly your short short stories. I was under the impression that the stories were to be the brain children of amateur writers, but who wins the prizes? Oh, just ordinary unknowns like Norman Anthony, E. White Springs, James R. Crowell, etc.

And now that Sinclair Lewis has won the Nobel prize for literature maybe you'll condescend to accept one of his short shorts. Such a business! Tut tut.

Our poor cat was poisoned this morning. Wishing you the same.—*F. D. S. L.*

Further Thoughts on Flying and Captain Rogers

ELGIN, ILL.—Taking up the cudgels for aviation is a worthy action, and Bogart Rogers' recent Liberty article, exposing wherein aviation is slipping and outlining steps whereby it may be put on a paying basis, is logical *if* aviation is ever to become part of everyday routine life. But suppose flying does not become as common as walking? What of it? Will it be a calamity if America in general does not trade in its legs for wings? Is it really necessary to speed up our national life?



Haven't they forced poor old Uncle Sam to sprint so fast that his tongue is hanging out?

We must progress, said the apostles of change. We must speed up. Yesterday's methods are out. We must live a year in a day.

So they invented a thrashing machine that can be operated by two men to take the place of twelve men.

Result: the old-time nickel loaf of bread now costs a dime. Along comes a modern weaving machine that cuts labor to the quick and the cost of production two-thirds. Result: now we can get a good $20 suit of clothes for $35 or $40.

BUY NOW and Bring Prosperity Back!

Why this great effort to save time and labor? Where are we going, and what are we going to do when we get there?

When a firm gets a big order, why must it put on day and night shifts, clear up the work almost before the men have donned their overalls—then turn out the lights and the working force, and lock the door for three months?

So, while Bogart Rogers' article, " What's the Matter with Aviation? " is loaded with common sense and suggestions that would be practical *if* flying were really necessary for us in general, I just simply can't squeeze out a tear over the sorry plight of aviation.—*Harry D. Devitt.*

ELMIRA, N. Y.—You may receive a lot of objections to the article of Captain Rogers. I do not agree wholly with him, but I do arise to congratulate the captain and yourselves for your courage. His article, in the main, is right.

I stepped into the executive end of an aviation job from another business and right there I began to be surprised. Surprised at the way the business was being sold to the public—surprised at no few of the men who professed to know something about it and very much surprised to find that practically no one knew what it cost to operate planes for a company.

Now to criticize. The investment bankers have not taken their profits and gotten out. Perhaps a few have, but by and large they have been hurt financially. Too much enthusiasm for a business about which they or hardly anyone knew anything, caused the trouble.

It is my humble opinion that the most important thing is intelligently and reasonably to sell the public on flying.

Again—congratulations. Your article will make all of us think, and that alone is justification.—*Sherman P. Voorhees.*

CANTON, OHIO—The answer to Bogart Rogers' " What's the Matter with Aviation? " that appeared in your magazine of November 22: The space between dear old mother earth and the airplane.—*Catherine Fuelling.*

How About Having the Boy-Friend Tear Out the Answers?

PITTSBURGH, PA.—Take heed! You are about to lose an enthusiast for Liberty. Time was when I couldn't wait for your enjoyable little magazine each week to work out the cross word puzzles. You had to go and ruin things by publishing the answers to said puzzles in the same issue.

Whenever I get stuck, instead of working it out and " sweating blood " over it, I just can't resist the temptation to peek in the rear of the magazine.

Please, *please*, Liberty, do not be forced to reduce your readers to 2,249,999.—*Brownie S.*

Nice of You Both

BUFFALO, N. Y.—Permit a suggestion from a reader.

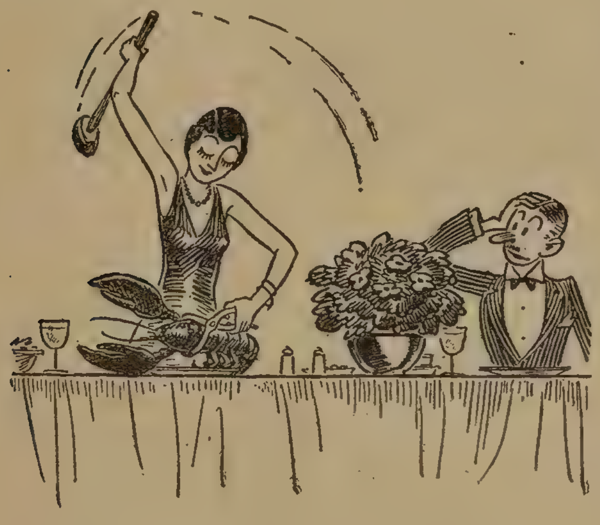
Adopt, as a motto, " What fools we mortals be," in place of the Decatur one.—*Ben Shibble.*

SAPPHIRE, N. C.—Please accept my heartfelt sympathy in behalf of the judge of Funny Faces. I gather, from a look at the prize-winning pictures, that he has lost his eyesight.—*Hill Billy.*

Pop

1: See Picture. 2, 3: Referred to Miss Hathaway

MONTREAL, CAN.—In your issue of November 22 a very interesting article appeared on table manners. To the average civilized individual no information given was new. The amusing thing, however, was that the solution of the only difficult problem was evaded. Helen Hathaway said: "we all have to know . . . how to attack a lobster when that aristocratic crustacean is put before us."



And then the author fails to tell us how to eat one of the brutes. Does she know?

I would suggest, Mr. Editor, that you insist on the solution of this problem and publish it in the next number of your journal.—*John Canuck.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Helen, table manners are O. K. with me and all the rest of us nickel literature readers. But tell us first, Helen, how to get three good square meals these days. Then we will turn back to old Liberty of November 22 and see just how we should put it under our belts.—*Barney Lyons.*

UNIVERSITY, MISS.—For the sake of the American public, give us some more of Helen Hathaway's work. It hits the spot. I didn't know there *was* more than one knife or one fork until I read her article on table manners.—*Pete Dorsett.*

You Make It All So Glamorous

CHICAGO, ILL. — America's greatest nuisance is dead. But why let its putrid corpse remain unburied for three long years? A football for the babble of politicians jockeying for position. A means with which paid reformers and racketeering clericals can sap the last few dimes from gullible drys. A form of patronage for spoilsmen. A downright looting of public funds in its gigantic appropriations for enforcement.

Why wait? That corpse can be buried now. America demands its liquor and America needs the dynamic impulse of millions of dollars thrown at once into the industrial system. With the complete repeal of prohibition money will leap from its hiding places. It will flow into industry.

It will demand the use of building materials, machinery, raw materials, and transportation.

It will buy the talent of importers, of manufacturers, artisans, printers, engravers, advertisers, and salesmen.

Every trade from unskilled labor to brilliant executive will have an opportunity to secure work in this new business. Work which they now seek in vain.—*Private Stock.*

BUY NOW! It's Bargain Time!

Mr. Green Solves One Problem—

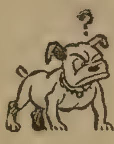
DENVER, COLO. — Again you have helped one of your addicts. My career has been bothering me for some time. What to do after college? But Walton Green, dear old pal, solved the problem, in "Corsair." Be a rumrunner, hijacker, bootlegger, etc.

Well, I'll be leaving college next spring, but am already looking around for a friend to help me, and a truck or two. I'm getting in good with the cops, and am reading the best books on what a young bootlegger should know.

Thanks, Lib., old kid.—*Eddie C.*

—and Is Challenged on Another

ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.—"Corsair" is great! I like it doubly because I am not only interested in the story but because the operations of Johnny Hawks down around the Florida Keys are all familiar to me. But Johnny handed me a big laugh on November 22 when he talked of delivering a load off Tampa.



Listen, Big Boy! The C. G. has its biggest base in the U. S. right here in St. Petersburg, and Johnny Hawks and Mr. Childs had better not put in Tampa bay with anything bigger than a dory full of likker if they want to get out with a whole skin. The only way to get the stuff into Tampa is to either transship it into small boats that can make the creeks, or unload it up or down the coast and bring it in by car. Believe me, kid, I know.—*Hagen Hague.*

You Think So?

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I'm envious. Envious of John Monk Saunders. In his series about Nikki and her pals he's done what every author dreams of doing: spilled the contents of his mind on to paper, helter-skelter, plotlessly — and *sold* the result.—*A Writer.*

Congratulations, William

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS—Why do these fatheads keep on griping about the reading time printed with each story?

They don't *have* to read that long and then stop whether they are through or not.

Leave the reading time in there. It comes in real handy when you only have about fifteen minutes to spare and can then pick out a story that says "Reading time 12 min. 43 sec." and know you have some chance of finishing it before the boss gets back from lunch.

These mopes must have to spell out the two-syllable words because, on all the stories I have timed myself, I come out way ahead of time.—*William Plampin.*

And Here's Another Use for It

SALISBURY, MD.—We have no clock so we read Liberty all day, to find out the time.—*Eddie S.*

When Will You Be Home?

INDIANAPOLIS, IND. — I don't like Benchley. I don't like Benchley. I don't like Benchley. That makes me unanimous about him, doesn't it?

The only thing that would make me laugh at Benchley's stuff would be if somebody sneaked up behind me, and tickled me while I was reading it.—*Lucy, the Girl Friend.*

It's Too Hard

NASHVILLE, TENN.—Here's one to ask your Problems of Conduct judge.

Suppose you had to be marooned on a desert island for two weeks and the following equipment was offered you. Which would you take?

1. A bicycle.
2. A toothpick.
3. Somebody's wife (not your own).
4. Somebody's husband (not your own).
5. A policeman.
6. A powder puff.
7. The Problems of Conduct judge.
8. Something.
9. Anything.
10. Nothing.

—*Napoleon.*

Some Women Always Attract

The women you most admire, and perhaps envy, prize their beauty and guard it. Their lustrous eyes and clear skin are the result of daily care. Above all else, these women keep their blood free of the poisons of constipation. Thousands of such women find Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets a matchless corrective. Made of pure vegetable ingredients. Know them by their olive color. They are a safe substitute for dangerous calomel. Not habit-forming. All druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

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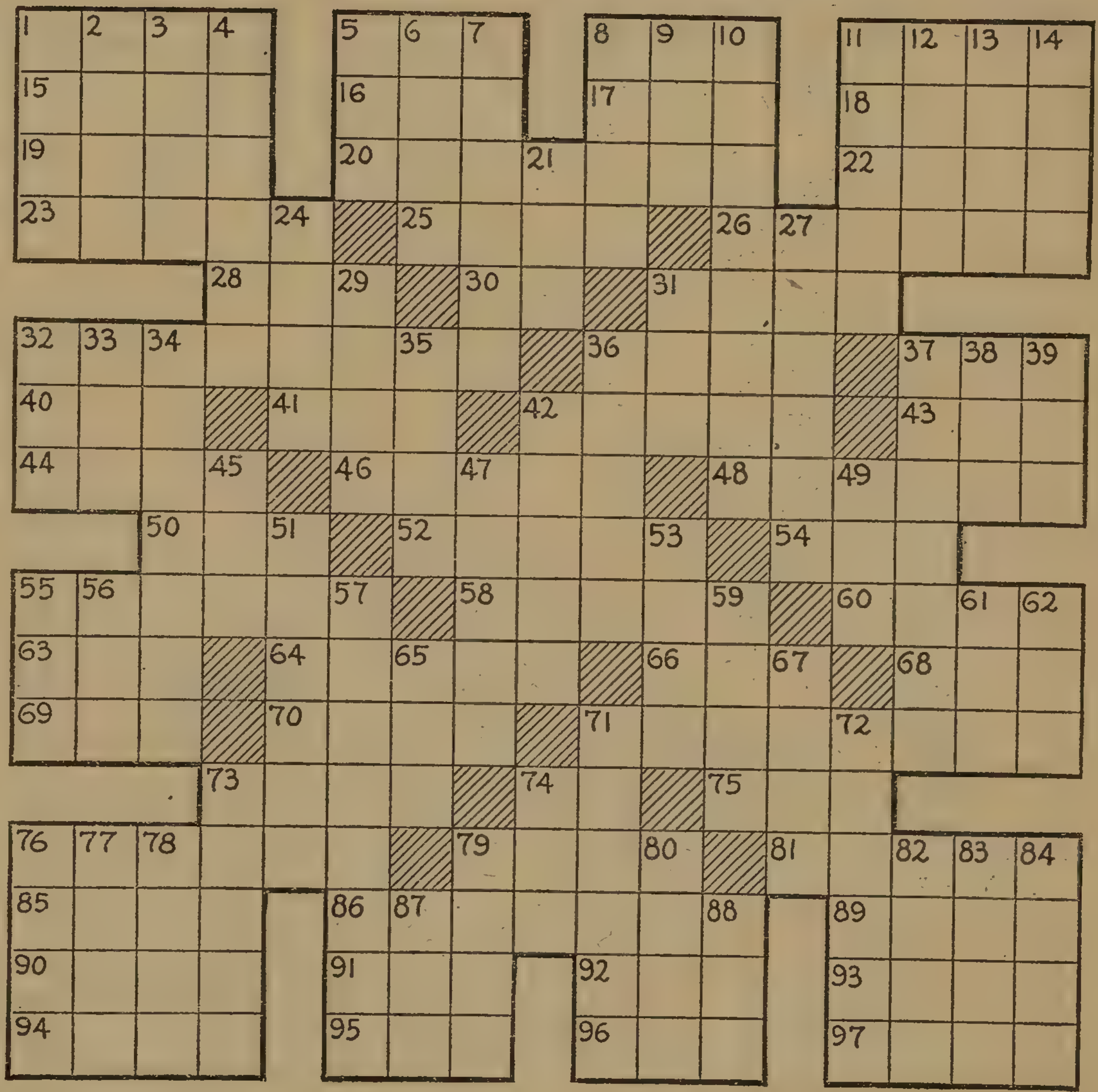
Please tell me how I can join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.
Name .... Age ....
Address ....
City .... State ....
Have your parents show approval by signing here:
....

Two Puzzles *for*



HORIZONTAL

1 Pass over lightly
5 Jewel
8 A tree
11 Gaiter
15 Part with unintentionally
16 A constellation
17 Playing card
18 Town in Siberia
19 Instigate
20 Revolves
22 River in Russia
23 Commemorative disk
25 Region of the body
26 Drink
28 Gaelic form of John
30 Not
31 Shield (variant)
32 Setting in the ground for growth
36 Writes
37 A toy
40 Suffer illness
41 A note of Guido's scale
42 Painful spots
43 Sheep
44 Assail with missiles
46 Stately poems
48 More compact
50 Attention
52 A horse
54 Inebriate
55 Embraced
58 Terminated
60 Domesticated
63 Corroded
64 First in rank
66 Fresh; unused
68 Japanese measure
69 Man's nickname
70 Electrified particle (plural)
71 Beginners
73 Man's name
74 River in Italy
75 Shelter
76 Foolish talk
79 Struck prostrate
81 Of birth
85 Wander
86 Like an idyl
89 A star
90 Ardor born of enthusiasm
91 And not
92 Period
93 Esau
94 Departed
95 Teamster's command
96 Lair
97 Condensed moisture (plural)

VERTICAL

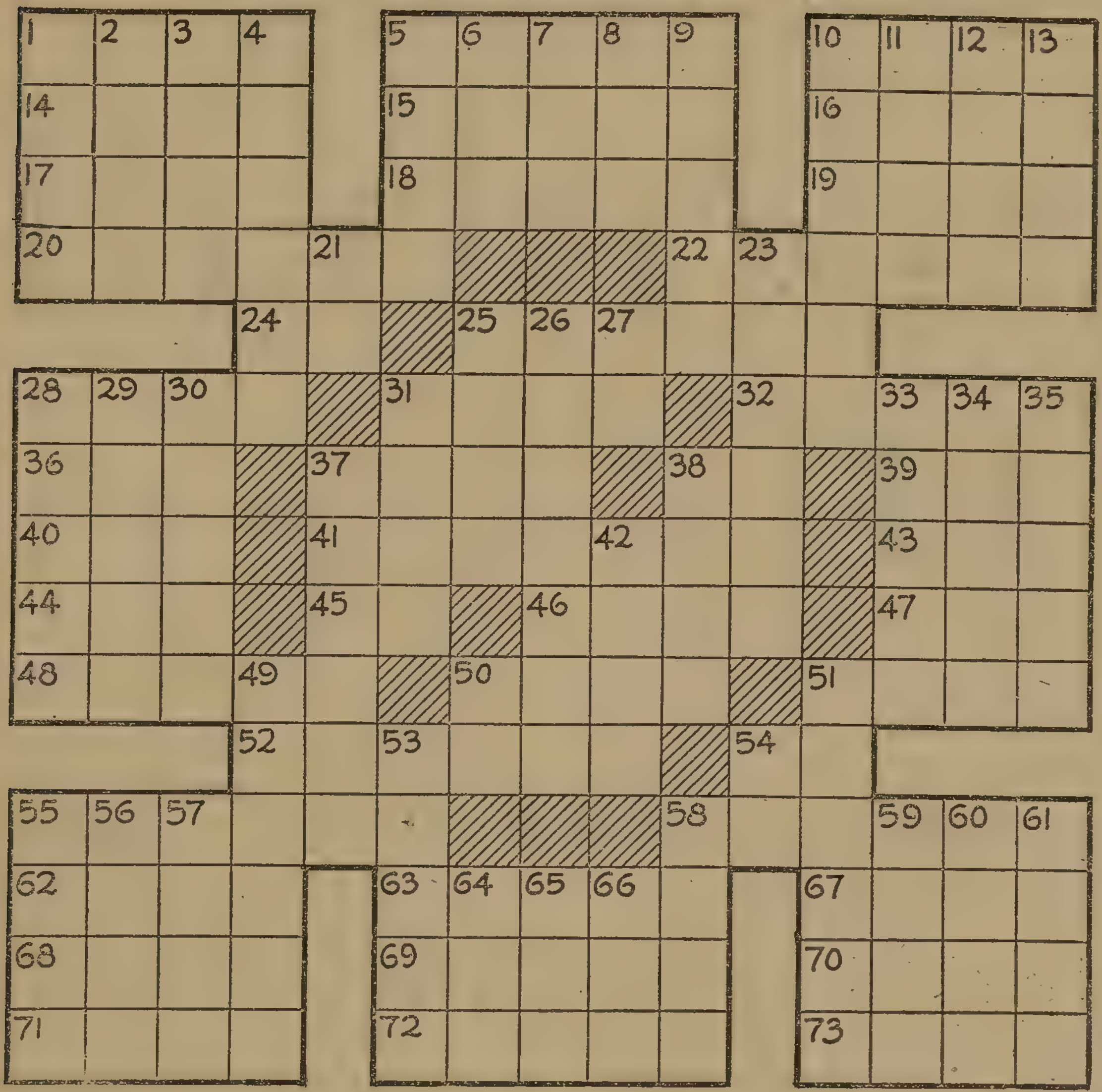
1 Shut violently
2 Part of the ear
3 Employed
4 Keep
5 A fish
6 God of love

BUY NOW!

7 Pairing
8 Destiny
9 To frost
10 Relinquished
11 Stumps
12 Combining form meaning equal
13 Native of a country in Asia
14 Narrative
21 Bustle
24 Recent
27 Fails to hit
29 River in Africa
31 Ever
32 Infant's food
33 Recline
34 Declared
35 Sleeps briefly
36 Attitudinized
37 Having made and left a will
38 To be indebted
39 By
42 Division of a play
45 Label
47 Separate particulars in an enumeration
49 No
51 Feel depression
53 Small hollow
55 Headpiece
56 American Indian
57 Talking foolishly
59 Distribute
61 Disfigure
62 Printer's measures
65 Those in political power
67 Small bird
71 Dirtied
72 Harnessed together, as animals
73 Occurrence
74 Comrade
76 Dragged
77 Assumed part
78 Former Russian czar
79 Stringed instrument
80 Dreadful
82 Change in the waters of the sea
83 In a line or rank
84 Beats
87 Female rabbit
88 A container

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page sixty-two

Cross Word Fans



HORIZONTAL

1 A poet of ancient Rome
5 To collect into a mass or heap
10 An implement used by farmers
14 A place of low resort
15 Navigator of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries
16 To bathe
17 Ellipse
18 Without sense or intelligence
19 The solar disk in Egyptian mythology
20 Talked noisily or bombastically
22 Salts of ether
24 One indefinitely of a number
25 Am, is, or are, not able
28 A retired American admiral
31 Rent
32 Metal token bestowed for merit
36 Suffix: act, process, or being
37 Elaborate unaccompanied melody
38 Month of the Jewish ecclesiastical year
39 Reverential fear
40 A deity in Egyptian mythology
41 Binary compound of carbon
43 A letter of the Hebrew alphabet
44 Beast of burden
45 Above
46 Roman highway
47 Sooner than
48 Abyss
50 Profit
51 River in Germany
52 A fruit (plural)
54 Preposition

BUY NOW!

55 Of or pertaining to the sea
58 Frothed
62 To encourage or instigate
63 Hesitate
67 Strong wind
68 Naked
69 Blot out
70 Silkworm that feeds on the castor-oil plant
71 American Indians
72 Meaning
73 Small silver coin of Spanish countries

VERTICAL

1 Scent
2 Exclamation expressing good will
3 A sixteenth-century czar of Russia
4 Greek letter (plural)
5 Sour
6 Humanity in general
7 Arabian sleeveless garment
8 A descendant
9 Lining, as of a well or cistern
10 County in Nebraska
11 Recent
12 In excess
13 Skin tumors
21 Type measure
23 Melancholy
25 Coconut fiber
26 Pertaining to a country in Asia
27 An element (symbol)
28 Shrub or tree of the genus Rhus
29 Pertaining to one of the British Isles
30 The top of an altar
31 Snare
33 Noted the time of writing or executing
34 Cognizant
35 An arm on a rock-shaft (machinery)
37 Quickness of perception or discernment
38 City in Arabia
42 Suffix: inflammatory disease of
49 Strikes
50 Depart
51 Wild ass of India
53 Town in Delaware
54 Satellite of Jupiter
55 An author of human wisdom (Hindu myth.)
56 Border on
57 Interpret (poetic)
58 Liberate
59 A hag; witch
60 The pen name of Charles Lamb
61 Distribute
64 Form of to be
65 Leading unit in a military formation
66 Name of a letter of the alphabet

If you MUST know the answer, you will find it on page sixty-two

JOHN HANCOCK SERIES

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Those who budgeted their incomes during good times have been able to meet the depression without hardship.

Professor Carver of Harvard University, one of the world's foremost authorities on economics, says:

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197 Clarendon St., Boston, Mass.

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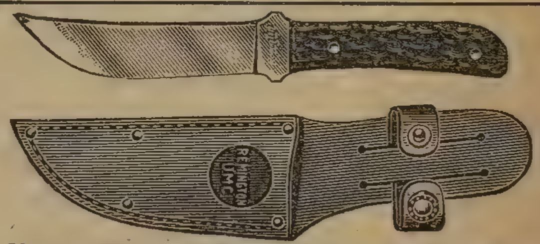

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HUNTING AND FISHING
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THE IRVING-VANCE COMPANY, Limited
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P. & A. photo
Benny Friedman as he looks off the field.

The Greatest Football Player *in the World*

(Reading time: 11 min. 18 sec.)

By

PAUL GALLICO

who as sports editor of the News, New York, has seen in action practically all the gridiron stars of recent years. He was a varsity crew man three years at Columbia and also played football. Since turning author he has written a number of articles for Liberty, most of them dealing with athletics.

LATE this fall I sat on the side lines at the Polo Grounds in New York with Leroy Andrews, coach of the New York Giants, Tim Mara's professional football team. They were playing the Providence Steamrollers pretty even. The score was 0—0. Benny Friedman was on the field as captain and quarter back of the New Yorkers.

Suddenly Andrews dug a huge elbow into my side. "Look at that half back!" he cried, pointing to the defensive right half back of the Providence team. I couldn't see anything wrong with him. He looked reasonably alert, and I said so.

"Alert, hell! He's two yards out of position. It's the spot for a pass and a touchdown. Watch Benny now! I wonder . . . ."

The ball was snapped while he was still talking and a blue-shirted Giant streaked through the left side of the line and in a second was out and beyond the Providence man. Even then the defender failed to catch the scent of danger, because Friedman, who was drifting lazily slantwise to the side line, was looking down the other side of the field, where decoys were spreading out fanwise. Not until he had pulled his arm back did Friedman suddenly whirl and spiral the ball down to the lone runner. The defensive half back who had been standing those bare, and to the layman imperceptible, two yards out of position, never had a chance. The receiver was beyond him, he turned, raising his right shoulder, the ball was at his finger tips—touchdown!

The coach was pounding my back and shouting, "Didn't I tell you? Didn't I tell you that play was coming? That was the play. Benny always comes through. I'll bet there have been more than fifty times since I've been with Friedman as a pro that I've mentally called for a play like that and Benny has seen the same thing and called it himself. He's the greatest player in the game, bar none. Look at him now. See how hard those two big fellows hit him? One of 'em isn't getting up. But Friedman is. He knows how to fall. There's no one like h”

BUY NOW!

The greatest professional football player in the game! Generally conceded by the members of his own profession. And since professional football bears the same relationship to the college game that Connie Mack's Athletics do to, let us say, the Massachusetts Aggies baseball nine, the young Cleveland Jew, born of Orthodox parents, stands at the head of the football world.

To understand him better, one goes back to the particular afternoon in October, six years ago, to the practice field at Ann Arbor, where the Michigan cubs learn how to become Wolverines. Practice was in full swing, here a squad running through signals, there a group working with the line coach at blocking, ends streaming down under punts, forward-pass practice, dummy scrimmage, figures with grotesque stuffed shoulders running, tackling, falling.

OVER near one side line stood George Little, Hurry Up Yost's chief assistant, walking a set of backs through a new play. Near him stood two kids.

One of them was a lean, swarthy boy, black-haired, the corners of whose mouth upturned curiously and whose black, glittering eyes missed nothing of what was going on. He was the wiry, dark-visaged, Oriental type. To look at him made one think of Saladin, the Saracen.

This was young Friedman who, although a high-school star, had as yet set no football worlds afire.

The other was a lanky end named Ferenz. They were pegging a football to each other idly, with easy, graceful motions, and the ball sailed nose first, spinning like a rotor as it flew off the tips of young Friedman's fingers.

They were scrubs, awaiting a call to duty on some part of the field.

Tad Weiman, who was Michigan's line coach, came over to Little and said:

"I want a couple of fellows to run the ball into my tackles. A ball carrier and an interferer." This was a call for cannon fodder. The big varsity linemen had learned all they could from the tackling pit and the canvas

P. & A. photo

Friedman evades a couple of tacklers to make twenty yards at the Polo Grounds.

International photo

Underwood & Underwood

P. & A. photo

The kicking and charging Friedman.

dummy. Now they needed human sparring partners.

Little had his back turned, so he merely jerked his thumb over his shoulder, and said, “Take those two dummies over there.”

Friedman heard him.

The boy went white. Then he felt very sick. Weiman was calling, “You two, Friedman and Ferenz. Come on over here with me and work out with my tackles.” Mechanically they trotted after him, Friedman fighting down his nausea.

Now, unless you have ever tried out for a team and hero-worshiped your coach and longed to wear your college letter and be the gridiron hero, unless you have been borne up in this quest by those bright and youthful dreams that make everything seem possible, you might not understand what had just happened to those two boys and particularly to Friedman. The boy was nineteen years old and wild to be a Michigan star.

“You cannot imagine how I felt unless you’ve been through it yourself,” he told me recently. “Here was this coach. He had promised to take care of me. I thought he was my friend. And I thought I was pretty good. I thought I was getting somewhere. And then I heard him say, ‘Take those two dummies over there.’ It simply killed all my pride and all my ambition. I was through. I didn’t want to play football any more. I could hardly lift my legs, I felt so weak. It didn’t make me fighting mad. Because I knew I wasn’t intended to hear it. I felt as though I had been knifed. We went over there where those varsity tackles were and got murdered.”

THEY got murdered, as a matter of fact, for four consecutive days, those two scrubs. The practice sessions became nightmares to them, maelstroms of punishment from which they could not escape and into whose vortex they were plunged anew each day. Run and block, crash to the earth. Dive for his legs. Miss. Hit the ground. Crash to earth. Get up. Run again. Hup! Smashed again. No escape. Can’t quit. Don’t want to be called yellow. Couple of dummies. The old college spirit.

On the fifth day they put three of the varsity tackles out for the season. One of them never donned a uniform again. Another who had worn a brace on one leg thereafter wore braces on both. The third’s knee still troubles him when rainy weather is coming on. The coach said, “Who in the hell did that?” The line coach said, “Those two dummies you sent over to me. Much obliged.”

BUY NOW! It’s Bargain Time!

This was the football genius in the making. He couldn’t help learning. He became Michigan’s greatest quarter back. At the close of his last campaign with that school, Yost said, “The only quarter back I ever saw who went through a whole season without making a single mistake.” And as a professional Friedman is fifty per cent better than he was in school. Better than Red Grange? Certainly! Grange has only learned to play football since he became a professional. He is a great player today, but he cannot touch Friedman. Right off the bat, Benny would outthink him six to one. Professional football has not yet been as highly publicized as other sports. It has been slow to catch on with the public. But in his own game, Friedman is in a class with Babe Ruth and Bobby Jones and Earl Sande and Gallant Fox. He is a champion.

The things that the perfect football player must do are kick, pass, run the ends, plunge the line, block, tackle, weave his way through broken fields, drop and place kick, interfere, diagnose plays, spot enemy weaknesses, direct an offense, and not get hurt. I have been describing Friedman’s repertoire to you. Any coach will utter sobs of gratitude for a player who can do any four of these things or who can do even one of them superlatively.

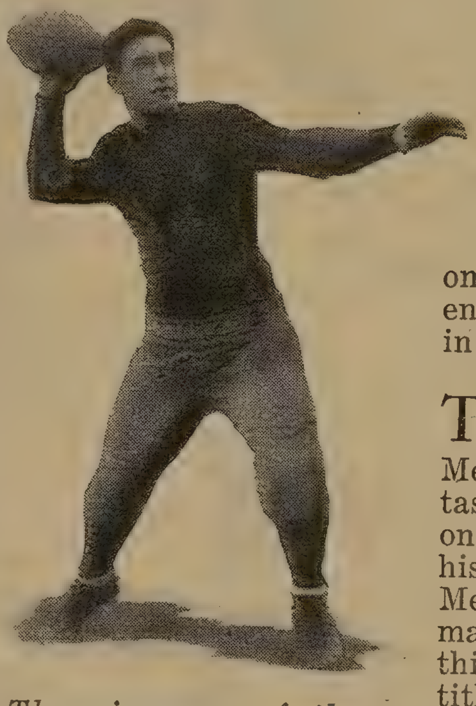
Friedman has discovered something about forward passing that is far ahead of anything that the colleges have developed so far, something in the cock and snap of his wrist and the position of his fingers that gives the

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

ball a peculiar drop. It is what is called a soft ball. Other players will throw you a pass that will tear your fingers off. Friedman's pass is launched and so calculated that when it reaches the receiver it has gone its route. The ball is practically dead. The receiver has merely to reach up and take hold of it like picking a grapefruit off a tree. That is Benny's secret and that is why so many of his passes are completed. That is also why the coaching staff of Yale sent for Friedman this year as a passing specialist to teach the Yale backs how to throw.

Friedman runs the ball, takes his punishment with the rest of the squad, acts as interference for his backs, and rarely misses the man he is to take out of play. He punts and he drop- or place-kicks for points after touchdown. He has never been taken out of a game for being hurt. He weighs around 172 pounds now. When he is tackled by 210-pounders, Benny always gets up, but the tackler sometimes doesn't. He is completely sure of his own ability and football knowledge and withal completely modest. In college he never called his own signal inside the twenty-yard line. The glory and the touchdowns he gave to his teammates. Only of late has he carried the ball for the touchdown play and this as a measure of strategy because it is unexpected.



Throwing one of those passes that the receivers love to touch—down.

But these are physical accomplishments. His greatest asset is his brain, the final stamp of the champion in any sport. The man is a subtle schemer. Man? He is just twenty-five. "Sometimes I feel like an old man," he says. "The places I've been. And supporting my parents. My father became incapacitated through illness in my last year at school. And I have a mother, two kid brothers, and a little niece. That's—that's why I became a football player instead of a lawyer. I had to make money in a hurry. I was going to be a lawyer, you know. I was wishing the other day that I had."

HE would have made a brilliant one. Behind that swart face that is sometimes almost a bitter mask is a lightning mind that plans the downfall of his opponents, a mind that is continually probing at and analyzing their weaknesses, one that lures them with Oriental cunning and which strikes when the time is at hand. And underneath is still the shy sensitiveness that turned him so sick that autumn afternoon on the practice field at Michigan. He is a queer, brooding boy. His mien is more often somber than laughing and when he laughs it is more than likely at himself. As when he tells the story of the Jewish reporter from a Jewish daily who came to interview him in his heyday at Michigan. The interviewer said (in dialect as Benny tells it):

BUY NOW!

"Mr. Friedman, how many peoples come when you play?"

"Oh," replied Benny, "it depends. Sometimes ninety thousand."

"Hm! So how much would it be the gate?"

"From three hundred thousand to four hundred thousand dollars," Friedman told him.

"So! And how much from this you getting?"

"Nothing!"

"You didn't heard me."

"What?"

"I said you didn't heard me, Mr. Friedman. I asked how much from this you getting?"

"Why, nothing," repeated Benny, and then said, "Here, I'll show you what I get."

He dived into a closet and hauled forth a sweater with a big M on the chest. "There!"

"And your name is Friedman?" shouted the reporter. "I'm ashamed."

Friedman is sensitive about his enormous, gnarled hands, the hands of a working man, hands that have been stepped on and mauled by cleats—fighter's hands. He likes, when his work is done and he is going out at night, to change into the starched freshness of semiformal dress, the dinner coat. Then he is aware of those hands that can wrap halfway round the equator of a football. He loves music and is himself a virtuoso on the tympani or kettledrums—good enough to play with symphonic orchestras in Cleveland and Detroit.

THIS same sensitiveness and feeling for good music—he will sneak into the Metropolitan or Carnegie Hall—guides his taste in reading. While in his apartment on Central Park West which he shares with his chum and temperamental opposite, Saul Meilzeiner, a very elephant of a football man, and where we talked one evening of things and life and football, I noted the titles of the volumes scattered about—Josef Phouché, by Stefan Zweig, the Rise of the House of Rothschild, Powel's The Invincible Jew, the delightful Symonds translation of the biography of Benvenuto Cellini, Alfred Adler's volume, Understanding Human Nature. These are not the claptrap novels of the day.

And lastly, perhaps due to this same streak, the boy's life came near to being embittered. His ambition had been to be a lawyer, to have a fine profession to fall back on, one that would give him standing. Recently he met a girl. He wanted her as he once as a kid, a high-school boy, stood under the Michigan goal posts and yearned to be a Wolverine and wear the M of Michigan. And he was a professional football player. The girl's friends were lawyers and doctors and architects and business men. Fate and big-time, high-pressure football had robbed him of his career. Into his soul there crept some of the sickness, the same weak feeling that he lived through that pregnant afternoon when he heard himself called a dummy. . . .

But this was a very fine girl and there are not many such. They talked and she helped him to realize that if you are the best of that there is in the world, you have achieved success. And besides she loves him because . . . well, just because. . . . They will marry.

"And so," said Benny, "football is my career. I will make it so and it will make me. I will be a specialist. I will syndicate myself and my knowledge. When I give up playing—I won't as long as I can earn ten thousand dollars a season—I will build up a business that will call for me to spend a week at each college, as many as have need of my services, teaching the art of passing and other phases of the game that I know better than anyone else. Yale and Manhattan are the beginnings. I will build up my clients the way a newspaper syndicate builds up its chain of papers. I have a fine, honorable profession and I'm proud of it. And I'm pretty happy, I guess."

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 20

1—New Mexico and Texas.
2—A medley or mixture.
3—Colorado.
4—A species of grouse.
5—Eight.
6—The treatment of disease by copious and frequent use of water.
7—Dulcinea.
8—Bucks and does.
9—The brain.
10—Boston, Massachusetts.
11—The last book of the New Testament.
12—A word spelled like another word but having a different meaning.
13—Sixteen and one-half.
14—Those designed to prevent extravagance in private life.
15—A cure-all.
16—Denmark.
17—The pressure of the blood on the walls of the blood vessels.
18—A scar.
19—Richelieu, by Edward Bulwer-Lytton.
20—Dresden.

There's No Accounting for TASTES

Liberty Conducts Another Little Investigation of Preferences in This and That

As a cross section of what people like, Liberty from time to time has compiled the answers of various groups of its employees to questions about their tastes.

This year the office staffs in New York and Chicago were asked seven questions. Then, since printing all the replies would have taken up too much room, the names were arranged alphabetically and every third name taken, regardless of whose it happened to be—except that those who participated in a similar questionnaire last year were omitted from this list.

To those who are left out, condolences are hereby offered. There'll be other years.

The questions were asked in three divisions, as follows:

1. *a,* Where did you go on your last vacation? *b,* Where do you hope to go on your next?

2. What is your favorite sport, *a,* as a spectator; *b,* as a player?

3. What *a,* book, *b,* play, *c,* movie did you enjoy most during the year?

The numbers and letters preceding the answers, of course, correspond to the numbers and letters in the questions.

M. B. Aleshire, *Art Director.*

1. *a,* West Virginia. *b,* Abroad.
2. *a,* Football. *b,* Golf.
3. *a,* Private Letters, Pagan and Christian, by Dorothy Brooke. *b,* The Green Pastures. *c,* Renegades.

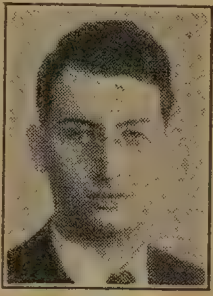
Ivan M. Annenberg, *Circulation Mgr.*

1. *a,* Hot Springs, Arizona. *b,* Hot Springs, Arizona.
2. *a,* Football. *b,* Polo.
3. *a,* Trumpet in the Dust, by Gene Fowler. *b,* Once in a Lifetime. *c,* The Dawn Patrol.

Anton W. Arvidson, *Stock Room.*

1. *a,* New Jersey. *b,* Delaware Water Gap.
2. *a,* Have none. *b,* Fishing.
3. *a,* Outline of History, by H. G. Wells. *b,* The Trial of Mary Dugan. *c,* The Single Standard.

Raoul Blumberg, *Advertising.*



1. *a,* Asheville, N. C. *b,* Maine.
2. *a,* Football. *b,* Squash racquets.
3. *a,* The Old Wives' Tale, by Arnold Bennett. *b,* Strictly Dishonorable. *c,* Didn't see any.

Mildred Bochner, *Secretary.*

1. *a,* Motor trip to Montreal. *b,* Minneapolis.
2. *a,* Tennis. *b,* Tennis.
3. *a,* Erewhon, by Samuel Butler. *b,* Death Takes a Holiday. *c,* The Love Parade.

Victor Brill, *Office Boy.*

1. *a,* Wandering trip down south. *b,* Motor trip down the coast.
2. *a,* Football. *b,* Baseball.
3. *a,* Green Mansions, by W. H. Hudson. *b,* Dynamo. *c,* Return of Dr. Fu Manchu.

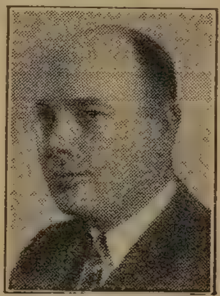
Eleanor M. Callan, *Typist.*

1. *a,* The Adirondacks. *b,* Undecided.
2. *a,* Baseball. *b,* Tennis.
3. *a,* Absolution, by Alberta Stedman Eagan. *b,* Sons of Guns. *c,* Common Clay.

W. A. Casselman, *Editorial.*

1. *a,* Wisconsin. *b,* Not decided yet.
2. *a,* Football. *b,* Tennis.
3. *a,* A Farewell to Arms, by Ernest Hemingway. *b,* Once in a Lifetime. *c,* Two autogiros in a newsreel.

R. W. Clark, *Western Adv. Mgr.*



1. *a,* Chicago, Wisconsin and Michigan woods. *b,* Have formed no plans.
2. *a,* Football. *b,* Golf.
3. *a,* In Tune with the Infinite, by Ralph Waldo Trine. *b,* Strange Interlude. *c,* Disraeli.

H. B. Clemenko, *Presentation.*

1. *a,* Liberty, N. Y. *b,* California would be nice.
2. *a,* Football. *b,* Handball.
3. *a,* Power, by Lion Feuchtwanger. *b,* Berkeley Square. *c,* All Quiet on the Western Front.

Marjorie Colahan, *Secretary.*

1. *a,* Cooperstown, N. Y. *b,* Ford-ing.
2. *a,* Baseball. *b,* Swimming.
3. *a,* All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque. *b,* Once in a Lifetime. *c,* Common Clay.

Allan J. Crawford, *Production.*

1. *a,* Tour of New England and Canada. *b,* Tour of Long Island.
2. *a,* Hockey. *b,* Swimming.
3. *a,* You Can't Print That, by George Seldes. *b,* On the Spot. *c,* Holiday.

[Continued on next page]

[Continued from page forty-seven]

Marguerite Dempsey, *Clerk.*

1. *a*, Had no vacation. *b*, Lake Louise.
2. *a*, Polo. *b*, Swimming or bowling.
3. *a*, A Man Scans His Past, by Maurice Constantin - Weyer. *b*, None. *c*, Anna Christie.

Mary E. Dinneen, *File Clerk.*

1. *a*, A trip through Illinois. *b*, That will depend on finances.
2. *a*, Polo. *b*, No particular one.
3. *a*, The Garden of Allah, by Robert Hichens. *b*, Have not seen any this year. *c*, Son of the Gods.

Rosaleen Doherty, *Chief MS. Clerk.*

1. *a*, Nassau Shores, L. I. *b*, Bermuda.
2. *a*, Football. *b*, Tennis.
3. *a*, Arundel, by Kenneth Roberts. *b*, Apron Strings. *c*, Let Us Be Gay.

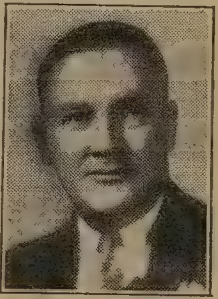
Kathryn A. Dwyer, *Chief File Clerk.*

1. *a*, The West. *b*, The West.
2. *a*, Polo. *b*, Tennis.
3. *a*, Power, by Lion Feuchtwanger. *b*, Cyrano de Bergerac. *c*, Kismet.

Helen Eisen, *Secretary.*

1. *a*, Mohawk Valley, N. Y. *b*, Out West.
2. *a*, Football. *b*, Horseback riding.
3. *a*, Seed, by Charles G. Norris. *b*, The Green Pastures. *c*, Abraham Lincoln.

Frederic A. Ewald, *Detroit Adv. Mgr.*



1. *a*, Northport Point, Mich. *b*, Bermuda.
2. *a*, Football. *b*, Horseback riding.
3. *a*, Coronet, by Manuel Komroff. *b*, The Green Pastures. *c*, All Quiet on the Western Front.

Helen M. Fitzgerald, *MS. Clerk.*

1. *a*, Croton Lake, N. Y. *b*, Home.
2. *a*, Basketball. *b*, Tennis.
3. *a*, The Story of Philosophy, by Will Durant. *b*, Journey's End. *c*, Anna Christie.

Samuel A. Gardner, *Advertising.*

1. *a*, Prout's Neck, Me. *b*, Prout's Neck, Me.
2. *a*, Golf. *b*, Golf.
3. *a*, Portrait of a Man with Red Hair, by Hugh Walpole. *b*, None. *c*, Anybody's War.

John Gaynor, *Clerk.*

1. *a*, New Egypt, N. J. *b*, Canada.
2. *a*, Football. *b*, Swimming.
3. *a*, The Master of Man, by Hall Caine. *b*, Stepping Sisters. *c*, For the Defense.

Edward J. Giorandino, *Mail Room.*

1. *a*, Camp Smith, Peekskill, N. Y. *b*, Same place.
2. *a*, Baseball. *b*, Indoor baseball.
3. *a*, All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque. *b*, None. *c*, Call of the Flesh.

Birdie Goldberg, *Secretary.*

1. *a*, Rockaway Park. *b*, Haven't yet decided.
2. *a*, Basketball. *b*, Swimming.
3. *a*, All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque. *b*, None. *c*, The Sea Wolf.

May Green, *Secretary.*

1. *a*, Atlantic City, Washington. *b*, Cuba.
2. *a*, Baseball. *b*, Ice skating.
3. *a*, Candide, by François Marie Arouet de Voltaire. *b*, The Green Pastures. *c*, All Quiet on the Western Front.

Charles W. Groce, *Editorial Auditor.*

1. *a*, Chicago. *b*, Ditto, and farther west if possible.
2. *a*, Baseball. *b*, Golf.
3. *a*, The works of Guy de Maupassant. *b*, Did not attend any play. *c*, The Unholy Three.

Goldie E. Hanson, *Advertising.*

1. *a*, Indiana Lake, Mich. *b*, Glacier National Park.
2. *a*, Baseball. *b*, Golf.
3. *a*, Passion Flower, by Kathleen Norris. *b*, Street Scene. *c*, Common Clay.

Mae Hardiman, *Typist.*

1. *a*, Lake Bomoseen, Vt. *b*, Virginia.
2. *a*, Basketball. *b*, Golf.
3. *a*, Daffodil Murder, by Edgar Wallace. *b*, None. *c*, Let Us Be Gay.

Louise Harrison, *Advertising.*

1. *a*, The Adirondacks. *b*, Bermuda.
2. *a*, Football. *b*, Horseback riding.
3. *a*, The Good Companions, by J. B. Priestley. *b*, Topaze. *c*, Let Us Be Gay.

Anna Haven, *Contest.*

1. *a*, Canada. *b*, Canada.
2. *a*, Football. *b*, Golf.
3. *a*, The Deepening Stream, by Dorothy Canfield. *b*, Sweet Adeline. *c*, Dixiana.

Joseph P. Hennessy, *Bookkeeper.*

1. *a*, Seashore. *b*, Country.
2. *a*, Football. *b*, Football.
3. *a*, An Unknown Lover, by Mrs. George de Horne Vaizey. *b*, Rain or Shine. *c*, Sunny Side Up.

Betty Herbert, *Manuscript Clerk.*

1. *a*, Chicago. *b*, Bermuda.
2. *a*, Football. *b*, Tennis.
3. *a*, Of Human Bondage, by W. Somerset Maugham. *b*, Journey's End. *c*, Romance.

Durbin Lee Horner, *Presentation.*

1. *a*, Winslow, Me. *b*, Bermuda.
2. *a*, Football. *b*, Swimming.
3. *a*, The Human Mind, by Karl Menninger. *b*, The First Mrs. Fraser. *c*, None.

Isabel Johnston, *Editorial.*

1. *a*, Newfoundland. *b*, Bermuda.
2. *a*, Horse Racing. *b*, Skating.
3. *a*, The Edwardians, by Victoria Sackville-West. *b*, The Green Pastures. *c*, The Love Parade.

Edwin C. Kennedy, *Advertising.*

1. *a,* Virginia Beach, Va. *b,* Havana.
2. *a,* Football. *b,* Golf.
3. *a,* Twenty-four Hours, by Louis Bromfield. *b,* That's Gratitude. *c,* All Quiet on the Western Front.

Loretta King, *Editorial.*

1. *a,* Caribbean cruise. *b,* Hawaii.
2. *a,* Football. *b,* Ice skating.
3. *a,* My Thirty Years' War, by Margaret Anderson. *b,* Hotel Universe. *c,* Abraham Lincoln.

Fred Kirchhoff, *Clerk.*

1. *a,* Stayed at home. *b,* Yellowstone Park.
2. *a,* Football. *b,* Basketball.
3. *a,* Night Hawk, by A. J. Stringer. *b,* None. *c,* All Quiet on the Western Front.

Isabel Knapp, *Typist.*

1. *a,* Mohegan Lake, N. Y. *b,* Florida on a boat trip.
2. *a,* None. *b,* Dancing.
3. *a,* Silver Slippers, by Temple Bailey. *b,* Strictly Dishonorable. *c,* All Quiet on the Western Front.

William Koelsch, *Office Boy.*

1. *a,* The seashore. *b,* Down south.
2. *a,* Football. *b,* Baseball.
3. *a,* The Four Winners, by Knute Rockne. *b,* None. *c,* Moby Dick.

Otto Kurth, *Art Dept. Manager*

1. *a,* Had none. *b,* Bermuda.
2. *a,* Football. *b,* Trap shooting.
3. *a,* Above the Bright Blue Sky, by Elliott White Springs. *b,* On the Spot. *c,* Africa Speaks.

Ely Landis, *Clerk.*

1. *a,* South Norwalk, Conn. *b,* Yellowstone National Park.
2. *a,* Football. *b,* Swimming.
3. *a,* It's Not Done, by William C. Bullitt. *b,* The Last Mile. *c,* For the Defense.

Carl G. Lindbloom, *Genl. Bookkeeper.*

1. *a,* Stayed at home to work on new house. *b,* My old home in northern Michigan.
2. *a,* Football. *b,* Golf.
3. *a,* The Red Napoleon, by Floyd Gibbons. *b,* The Green Pastures. *c,* Welcome Danger.

H. V. Longmore, *Secretary.*

1. *a,* The Berkshires, Atlantic City. *b,* Canada.
2. *a,* Tennis. *b,* Skating.
3. *a,* The Waters Under the Earth, by Martha Ostenso. *b,* Strictly Dishonorable. *c,* For the Defense.

Miriam Lundy, *Editorial.*

1. *a,* Bermuda. *b,* France.
2. *a,* Horse racing. *b,* Swimming.
3. *a,* Zadig, by François Marie Arouet de Voltaire. *b,* Lysistrata. *c,* The Dawn Patrol.

Patricia Maguire, *Secretary.*

1. *a,* Mackinac Island, Perry Sound, Detroit, Buffalo. *b,* Don't know.
2. *a,* Football. *b,* Golf.
3. *a,* Chicago, by Lloyd Lewis and Henry Justin Smith. *b,* Journey's End. *c,* Old English.

Loretta McCrory, *Contest.*

1. *a,* Green Lake, Catskills. *b,* Lake George.
2. *a,* Football. *b,* Golf.
3. *a,* The Altar of Honor, by Ethel M. Dell. *b,* None. *c,* Common Clay.

Thomas J. McGuire, *Cashier.*

1. *a,* Canada. *b,* Bermuda.
2. *a,* Football. *b,* Handball.
3. *a,* Heretics, by G. K. Chesterton. *b,* Cradle Song. *c,* Holiday.

John E. McNeil, *Advertising.*

1. *a,* Quebec. *b,* Nova Scotia.
2. *a,* Football. *b,* Golf.
3. *a,* Growth of the Soil, by Knut Hamsun. *b,* Journey's End. *c,* All Quiet on the Western Front.

Helen E. Miller, *Secretary.*

1. *a,* Fox Lake. *b,* Yellowstone Park.
2. *a,* Football. *b,* Basketball.
3. *a,* Park Avenue, by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. *b,* Animal Crackers. *c,* The Love Parade.

George Morris, *Promotion Director.*

1. *a,* Adirondacks. *b,* Rainy Lake section of Canada.
2. *a,* Football. *b,* Golf.
3. *a,* Hot Countries, by Alec Waugh. *b,* The Channel Road. *c,* Men Without Women.

Anna Murphy, *Matron.*

1. *a,* Stayed at home. *b,* Washington, D. C.
2. *a,* Football. *b,* Swimming.
3. *a,* Common Clay, by Cleves Kinkead. *b,* None. *c,* Song o' My Heart.

Margaret M. Murtha, *Secretary.*

1. *a,* Fairfield Beach, Conn. *b,* Maine.
2. *a,* Football. *b,* Swimming.
3. *a,* Park Avenue, by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. *b,* The Green Pastures. *c,* Holiday.

Grace O'Connell, *Typist.*

1. *a,* Atlantic City. *b,* Bermuda.
2. *a,* Baseball. *b,* Swimming.
3. *a,* Cimarron, by Edna Ferber. *b,* Strike Up the Band. *c,* Common Clay.

May O'Hagan, *Secretary.*

1. *a,* Eagle River. *b,* Miami, Fla.
2. *a,* Golf. *b,* Golf.
3. *a,* Years of Grace, by Margaret Ayer Barnes. *b,* Dishonored Lady. *c,* The Big House.

James O'Shaughnessy, *Business Mgr.*

1. *a,* Berlin, Germany. *b,* Cape Cod.
2. *a,* Football. *b,* Fishing.
3. *a,* Telemachus, by Bishop Fénelon. *b,* Not much impressed. *c,* Whoopee.

[Concluded on next page]

[Continued from page forty-nine]

L. M. Pasquin, *Editorial.*

1. *a,* At home. *b,* Not particular.
2. *a,* Football. *b,* Boxing.
3. *a,* Read none. *b,* Saw none. *c,* Saw none.

Ruth Robinson, *Secretary.*

1. *a,* Stayed at home. *b,* Touring.
2. *a,* None. *b,* None.
3. *a,* None. *b,* None. *c,* The Rogue Song.

Joe Rodkin, *Clerk.*

1. *a,* Coney Island. *b,* Chattanooga, Tenn.
2. *a,* Boxing. *b,* Football.
3. *a,* The Son of the Gods, by Rex Beach. *b,* Simple Simon. *c,* The Dawn Patrol.

Maurice Romano, *Mail Room.*

1. *a,* At home. *b,* It depends on finances.
2. *a,* Baseball. *b,* Football.
3. *a,* Arrowsmith, by Sinclair Lewis. *b,* The Green Pastures. *c,* The Long Trail.

Ethel Rosenberg, *Clerk.*

1. *a,* The seashore. *b,* Bermuda.
2. *a,* Football. *b,* Tennis.
3. *a,* Mademoiselle Monte Carlo, by William Le Queux. *b,* The First Mrs. Fraser. *c,* Common Clay.

Della Anne Russell, *Secretary.*

1. *a,* Pocono Mountains. *b,* Same place.
2. *a,* Ice hockey. *b,* Swimming.
3. *a,* Of Human Bondage, by W. Somerset Maugham. *b,* Strictly Dishonorable. *c,* Holiday.

Charles F. Ryder, *Art Department.*

1. *a,* Twin Lakes, Pa. *b,* Lake George, N. Y.
2. *a,* Football. *b,* Basketball.
3. *a,* The Green Hat, by Michael Arlen. *b,* The Green Pastures. *c,* The Green Goddess.

William Schaeffer, *Reception Desk.*

1. *a,* Lake Tiorati. *b,* Bear Mountain.
2. *a,* Boxing. *b,* Baseball.
3. *a,* To the Valiant, by Norah C. James. *b,* The Ninth Guest. *c,* In the Shadow of the Law.

Minna Schrank, *Secretary.*

1. *a,* The Adirondacks. *b,* The Adirondacks.
2. *a,* Tennis. *b,* Tennis.
3. *a,* South Wind, by Norman Douglas. *b,* Serena Blandish. *c,* Outward Bound.

Amy L. Schurk, *Advertising.*

1. *a,* Michigan. *b,* The West.
2. *a,* Football. *b,* Golf.
3. *a,* The Blue Window, by Temple Bailey. *b,* Journey's End. *c,* Sorrell and Son.

Martha Seery, *Secretary.*

1. *a,* Lake Katrine, N. Y. *b,* No plans.
2. *a,* Football. *b,* Swimming.
3. *a,* Coronet, by Manuel Komroff. *b,* Strictly Dishonorable. *c,* Abraham Lincoln.

Fiore R. Sozio, *Bookkeeper.*

1. *a,* Traveling by automobile. *b,* Same.
2. *a,* Football. *b,* Golf.
3. *a,* The Dark Chapter, by E. J. Rath. *b,* None. *c,* Follow Thru.

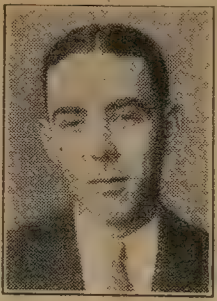
Art Stein, *Presentation.*

1. *a,* Had none. *b,* Labrador.
2. *a,* Boat racing. *b,* Sculling.
3. *a,* The Good Soldier Schweik, by Varoslav Hasek. *b,* Lysistrata. *c,* The White Hell of Pitz Palu.

S. W. Stubbings, *Secretary of Liberty Weekly, Inc.*

1. *a,* Gloucester, Mass. *b,* Melbourne, Fla.
2. *a,* Football. *b,* Golf.
3. *a,* Scarab Murder Case, by S. S. Van Dine. *b,* Flying High. *c,* Grumpy.

F. K. Sweeney, *Boy Sales.*



1. *a,* Kilbourn, Wis. *b,* Colorado.
2. *a,* Football. *b,* Basketball.
3. *a,* Boojum, by C. Wertenbaker. *b,* The Last Mile. *c,* Madame X.

C. V. Truman, *Research & Promotion.*

1. *a,* Mohawk Trail. *b,* Havana.
2. *a,* Tennis. *b,* Bowling.
3. *a,* The Return of Charlie Chan, by Earl Derr Biggers. *b,* The Green Pastures. *c,* The Dawn Patrol.

Erna Vogl, *Stenographer.*

1. *a,* Gilboa, N. Y. *b,* Europe.
2. *a,* Football. *b,* Tennis.
3. *a,* Absolution, by Alberta Stedman Eagan. *b,* New Moon. *c,* The Call of the Flesh.

Michael Walsh, *Office Boy.*

1. *a,* Hempstead, N. Y. *b,* Montauk Point, N. Y.
2. *a,* Football. *b,* Football.
3. *a,* The Flying Squad, by Edgar Wallace. *b,* None. *c,* The Dawn Patrol.

J. W. White, *Editorial.*

1. *a,* Green River, Vt. *b,* No plans.
2. *a,* Baseball. *b,* Baseball.
3. *a,* The Forsyte Saga, by John Galsworthy. *b,* The Green Pastures. *c,* Africa Speaks.

Hymen Wiesenthal, *Clerk.*

1. *a,* Florida. *b,* Canada.
2. *a,* Ice hockey. *b,* Football.
3. *a,* All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque. *b,* An American Tragedy. *c,* Holiday.

P. A. Winchell, *Promotion & Research.*

1. *a,* Bennington, Vt. *b,* No plans.
2. *a,* Football. *b,* Tennis.
3. *a,* The Case of Sergeant Grischa, by Arnold Zweig. *b,* The First Mrs. Fraser. *c,* The Dawn Patrol.

THE END

Problems of Conduct

What Would You Do?

$100 Each Week for the Best Question

$200 Each Week for the Best Answers

Here Is This Week's Question

for which $100 has been paid to
MARIE WERNER, 801 Selby Avenue, St. Paul, Minnesota

Your only living relative is a sister whom you love dearly and who has a little boy and girl whom you idolize and who love you, their only aunt, jealously in return. You delight in giving them luxuries and advantages their parents cannot afford.

You have the chance to adopt two sweet children about as old as your sister's children. Your sister is opposed to the adoption, and would be bitter toward you for doing more for strange children than for your own flesh and blood. It hurts you also to think that your beloved niece and nephew would then be deprived of all the things your time and money would otherwise make available for them.

You are thirty years old, unusually fond of children, and earning a good salary. The idea of marriage and children of your own seems rather remote, and your heart goes out to the two waifs. Would you adopt them or be loyal to your kin?

Answers to this question must reach us before midnight, January 3. They should be as short as possible—brevity will count in their favor. In no case should they contain more than 1,000 words.

THE RULES

1. Liberty invites its readers to submit problems of conduct similar to the problem which appears on this page. One of these will be published each week, and for those published $100 each will be paid to the persons who send them in.

2. Liberty invites its readers also to submit answers to these problems as they are published. For the answers which, in the judgment of the editors, are the best submitted each week, $200 will be paid, the $200 to be divided among the senders, and these answers will be published.

3. Problems and answers should be written on one side of the paper only—typewritten if possible—and should be brief. Problems stated in 150 words or less are preferred. Answers should not in any case contain more than 1,000 words, and should usually be much shorter than that. Brevity, always, will count in their favor.

4. It is understood that the decision of Liberty's editors will be final, both as to prizes awarded for problems and those paid for answers.

5. Entries—both problems and answers—should bear the sender's full name and address, and should be sent to PROBLEMS, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

6. Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. WE CANNOT UNDERTAKE TO RETURN ANY ENTRIES OR ENTER INTO CORRESPONDENCE CONCERNING THEM.

BUY NOW!

HOW would you answer the question on this page? Can you suggest a better one, or one as good? Try your hand at either—or both. As indicated in the rules below, Liberty is paying $100 each week for a suggested problem of conduct, and offering $200 for answers to each of these problems.

* * *

This week we are publishing four answers to the problem which appeared in Liberty for November 22, and dividing $200 among the senders, whose names appear below. The problem was:

> **Suppose you were a Junior in high school, in perfect health and condition. You want to play football, the coach has asked you to report for practice time after time, and the team needs you badly.**
>
> **Your father and two uncles were stars on the gridiron before you. They fought for the colors of the school you want to fight for.**
>
> **Your mother is of a nervous temperament and in ill health. She vows that if you play football, the dread of your becoming injured will kill her.**
>
> **Your classmates think you are yellow; and the thought hurts you.**
>
> **What would you do?**

The Winning Answers

By DWIGHT C. SIGWORTH, M.D.
Suite 209, First National Bank Building,
Long Beach, California

I'D get my mother's physician's advice. If he thinks the alleged added worry would be detrimental to her health, I'd make the best of it and not go out for football.

However, as a physician I know from many experiences this nervous highstrung mother who thinks "she'll die" if she doesn't have her way. The reason she is that way is because

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

she learned many years ago that it always got her something. If she had had a couple of old-fashioned, honest-to-John parents who hadn't been too lazy or too busy to take her on well deserved trips to the woodshed at well selected times, she wouldn't be so "nervous," selfish, and introspective now.

If her physician has a forceful, dynamic personality and has her confidence he can do much to give her assurance that her son's participance is not going to harm her in any way. He or the father or uncles can explain to her how much this game is like the hard knocks (better stay away from that term, however) which are inevitable later in life; how the good derived from the lessons learned in self-control, mental alertness, team work, and physical hardship immeasurably outweigh the few dangers. If she does not want a mollycoddle, shifty-eyed, spineless jellyfish (do jellyfish have eyes?), hampered at every turn by inhibitions built up by her own personality, the sooner he is freed from her apron strings the better for all concerned.

BUY NOW!

(Yeah, I've got two well spanked kids of my own and I've also still got a mother who is not like this one, thank God!)

By MRS. M. W. SMITH
534 South Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah

IF I were the boy I should play football. I do not believe his playing would further injure his mother's health and I think she is unfair in her demands.

I know there are many mothers who selfishly use their ailments to have their way with their children and by so doing often ruin the child's whole life. A child's natural instinct is to protect its mother and in such cases as the one mentioned often give up things that mean much to them to save their mother worry and grief.

I cannot understand why a mother, who thinks herself worthy of the name, should be so selfish. Instead of wanting to make a sissy out of her son she should be proud that he has the opportunity to play on the football team and not trying to hold him back through her threats of dying.

So I say to the boy, play football. Your mother won't die. It is merely her whim of wanting to keep you always a little boy and tied to her apron strings.

By EUGENE L. ROBERTS
Box 349, Goldsboro, North Carolina

IF I were a Junior in high school, and wanted to play football, the coach had urged me to play, my father and two uncles were stars of the game, my mother was nervous and objected to my playing, and my classmates thought I was yellow, I'd play ball.

I'd do this because of the first three reasons—and in spite of the latter two.

My wishes in the matter, the records of a dad and two uncles, the insistence of a coach would make me want to play ball; so, too, would the objections of my mother and the taunts of classmates. In regard to my mother. I'd figure that about as few people die from nervous fear of a possible injury to someone as kill themselves because they are jilted in love. They often say what will happen, but it usually doesn't. A good deal of my mother's objection, I'd figure, is because she wants to humor her illness. The chances are ten to one that she would get mad if I played, and get better. I'd do her a favor.

As for the classmates. I would make good at football. Yes, I'd make good because they had called me yellow. Then I'd make a speech in a pep meeting—not the speech they were expecting—and I would tell them their color for calling a fellow yellow without knowing the circumstances.

I'd please myself, tickle my coach to death, do honor to the memory of my dad and uncles, cure my mother of her nervous complex, and teach my classmates a much-needed lesson.

Yes, I would play football!

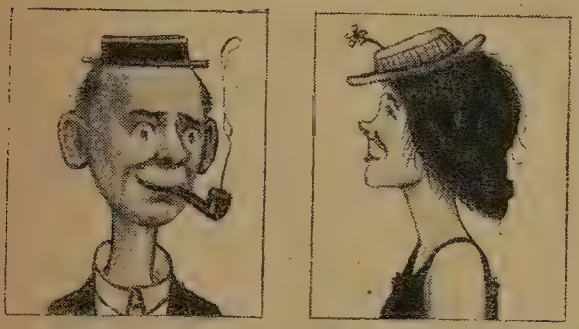
By JACK BEDWELL (12 years old)
Hutsell Apartments, Winchester, Kentucky

I BELIEVE I wouldn't play football.
For I love my mother better than I do football.

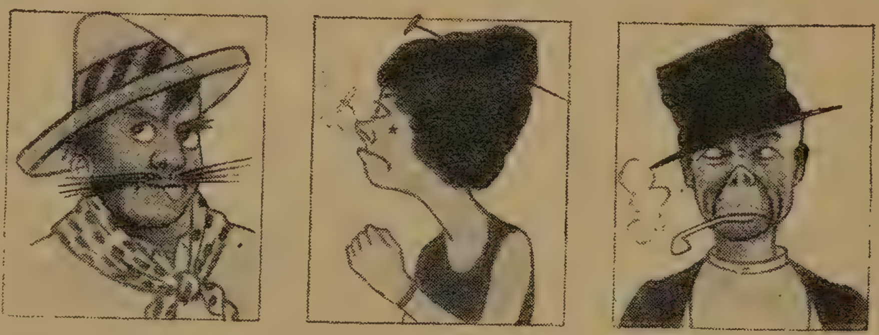
Answers to the question in Liberty for November 29 will be published next week.

$500 for Funny Faces—Here Are the Prize Awards

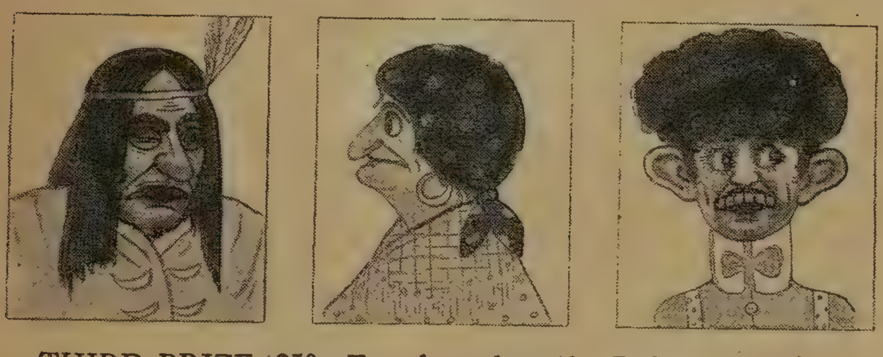
for the funniest faces made from the pictures of Robert W. Chambers, Irene Rich, and Sir Thomas Lipton, in our November 22 issue



FIRST PRIZE, $200—For these faces by A. O. Mason, 516 Grand River Avenue, Port Huron, Michigan



SECOND PRIZE, $100—For these faces by Mrs. George A. Scott, 649 Smith Street, Providence, Rhode Island

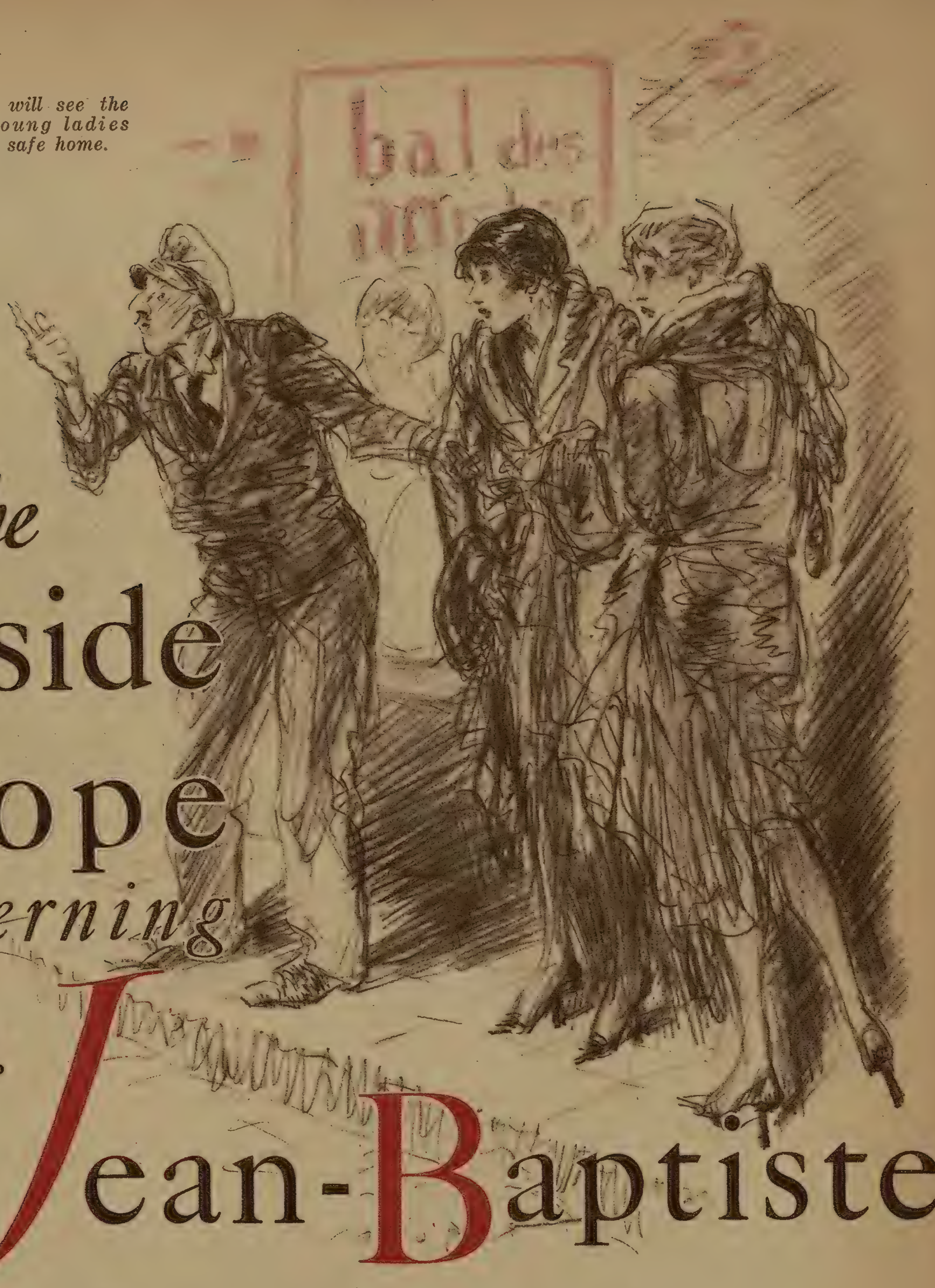


THIRD PRIZE, $50—For these faces by Daisy Chapman, 1337 Shatto Street, Los Angeles, California

$5 PRIZES

for the week have been awarded to Le Dies Adams, Des Moines, Ia.; William Allen, Richmond, Va.; C. Frank Cagney, Jersey City, N. J.; Fern Clark, Neenah, Wis.; Mary S. Cooke, Baltimore, Md.; Aimee E. Dragoo, LaGrange, Ind.; Dorothy Evans, Detroit, Mich.; Margorie Felkner, Dallas, Tex.; Cyril H. Ford, Toronto, Ont.; W. Glackin, St. Louis, Mo.; H. M. Hayden, Pittsfield, Mass.; Robert Holder, Pueblo, Colo.; A. E. Jameson, Minneapolis, Minn.; Louis B. Kern, Dayton, O.; Hazel G. Koch, Demopolis, Ala.; Margaret A. LeGrand, Greenville, S. C.; Agnes MacDougall-Smith, Miami, Fla.; Francis J. Mace, Salt Lake City, Ut.; Frank J. Maiden, Los Angeles, Calif.; R. L. Nelson, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Charles P. Reed, Atlanta, Ga.; Paul E. Reidy, Tulsa, Okla.; Olive Sargent, Tilton, N. H.; R. Stephenson, South Manchester, Conn.; George Taylor, Corpus Christi, Tex.; L. J. Turley, North Wilkesboro, N. C.; Thomas L. Wands, Kansas City, Kan.; Fred. J. Weigand, New Orleans, La.; Rush C. Welsh, Wesleyville, Pa.; Vivian C. Witt, Chicago, Ill.

I will see the young ladies safe home.



The Inside Dope *concerning* *Capt.* Jean-Baptiste

The Love Story of a Rolling Stone

By

EDWARD L. MCKENNA

who, like many another successful writer, is married and has been a newspaper man, and, unlike many, is a professor of mathematics. He has published two novels and a great many short stories. He says that of his two jobs the writing one is the harder.

Pictures by C. A. VOIGHT

(Reading time: 15 min. 12 sec.)

FIGURE to yourself, monsieur, that the French navy is the best in the world. But certainly. The ships we have not, it is true. Our ships are small; they are old. As for our sailors, that is a different matter.

Your American sailor is tall and slim, and he fights with the left hand. Always with the left hand. It is like a savage spearing the salmon. The English sailor is round like a barrel, and he fights for a long time, but without imagination. True, he is hard to discourage. Now the French sailor—ah, by heaven, he is there with fists and feet, he looks for a quick conclusion.

You think of us as a race of short men. You do not consider the Bretons, or the Normans, or the Savoyards. In Normandy, when the baby is two months old,

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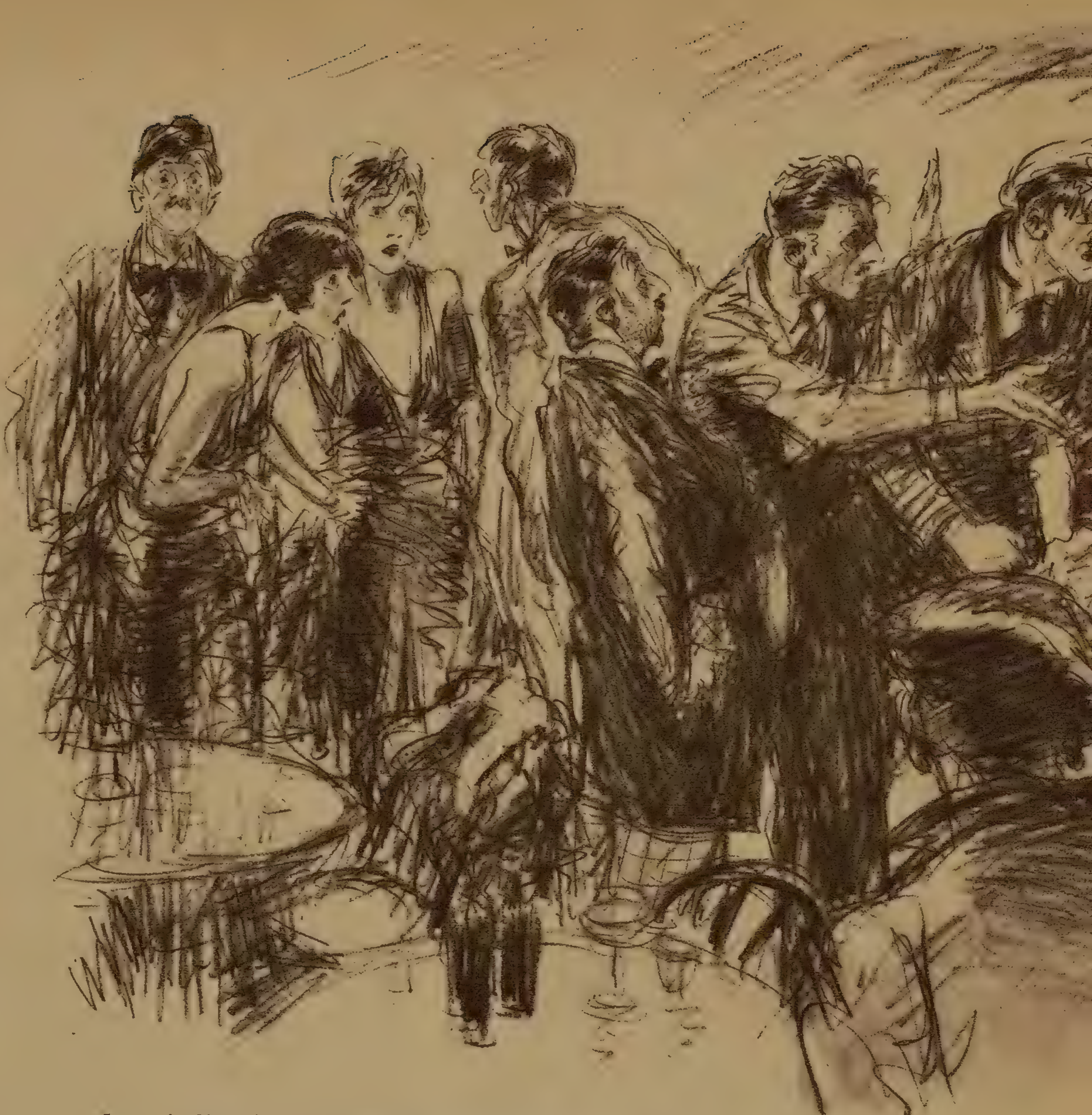
THE INSIDE DOPE CONCERNING CAPT. JEAN-BAPTISTE
Cont'd from page 53



I am feeling just fine, and I would just as soon fight half a dozen of these artists as not.

they wean him on brandy. Certainly. Thus the Norman is a big hulking ox, something like a Yorkshireman, but with more fire. The men of Savoy are big, too. And the Bretons, beyond doubt, are the best of all—the biggest, the strongest, the toughest fighting men. Myself, I am from Port St. Mathieu, in Finistère, the furthest point west in Brittany, monsieur.

When I have nine years of age, I go out with the fishing fleet for the sardines. You do not know what it is to be poor unless you come from a fishing village. The house in which I am born is whitewashed; we have no paint. You have no nothing—no meat, few vegetables; a can of tomatoes is a luxury for us. Sometimes the sails of our ships are thirty years old. They are not white; time has made them brown. They are patched and mended a million times; so it is with our nets, our wire, all our gear. We live in poverty, yes, and in virtue. You, you think of the French and you say *ou la la!* Come to Brittany; you will change your mind about us.

Now I am nine years old, ten years, eleven, and I begin to think for myself. Always I say, "Whatever comes or goes, I will not be a fisherman. I will not." So, when I am fifteen, I join the navy.

I HAVE almost my present growth—I am one meter ninety—that is, five feet nine, a tall man—and I weigh one hundred fifty-two pounds. Already I have learned my trade, now I learn to take care of myself on the land also. I go to the Mediterranean. By and by I go to the colonies. You see this scar? Port Said, monsieur. Ah, that is a tough town, that Port Said. Stamboul is tough, too. Macao, I have a good time in Macao. I win seven hundred francs at boule.

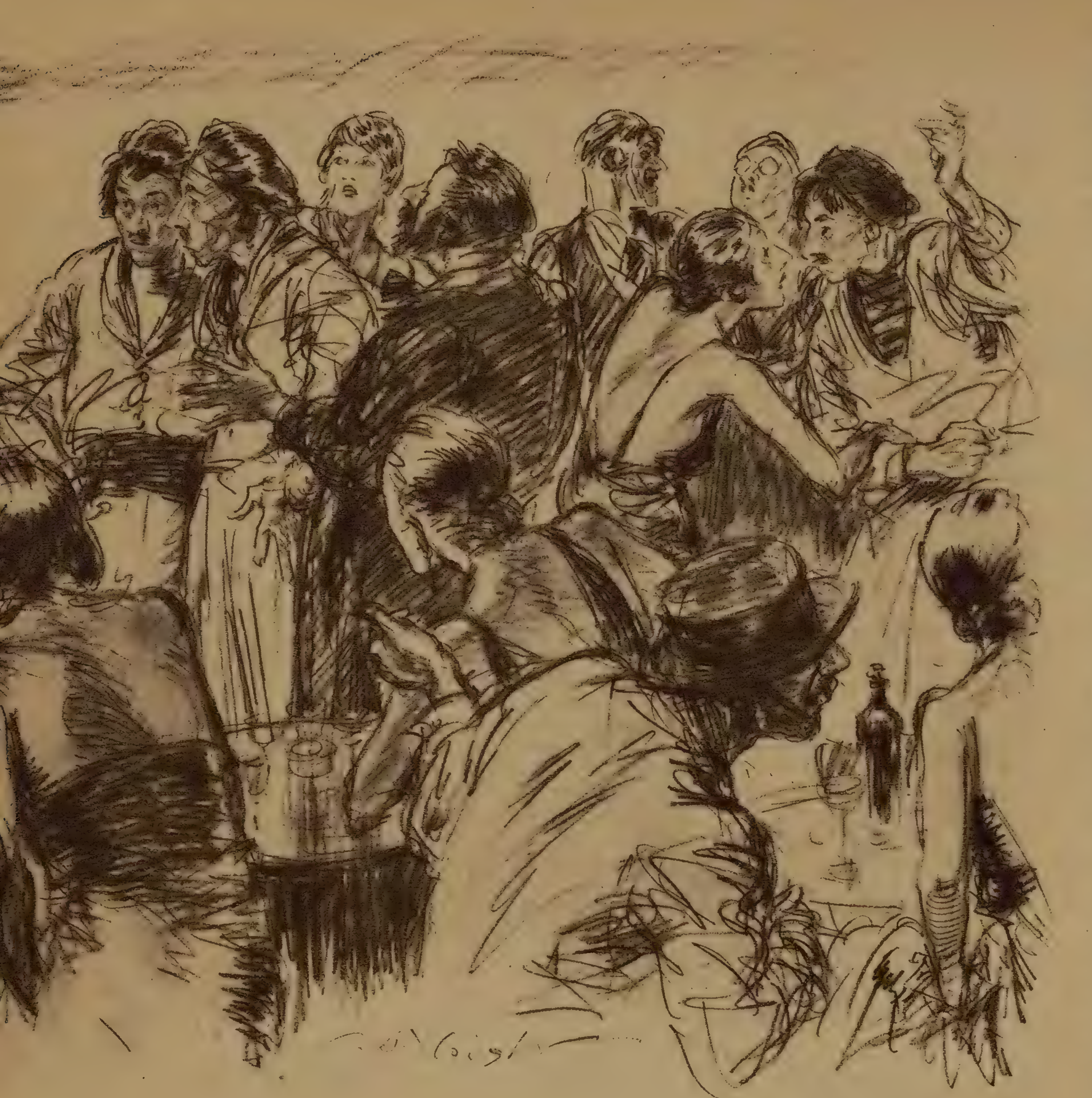
You have never been to the East, monsieur? It is of no use to tell you of the East. When you are there you curse and complain, but after you leave you are lonesome for it. You go ashore; the towns are dark, they are mysterious, exciting. And then, of course, you are young, you have not learned that all towns are the same. Saigon, Tonquin, Malabar, Nagasaki, Hongkong, Singapore—I could go back to all of those places now, even now, and find a home, yes, and never work. You know what they say? You take your hat, with the little red pompon, and throw it inside, and wait. If the hat stays inside, you go in also. If they throw it out, perhaps you go in anyhow, if you feel lucky.

BUY NOW!

Oh, I have a good time in the East, without a doubt. But I am not always making whoopee, as you say. We say *faire la noce;* it is the same. I am apprentice, I am seaman, gunner's mate, master-at-arms. Our service is a democratic service, and a man climbs by merit. We have our naval academy, but a third of our officers rise from the ranks. It is not so long since our grand admiral himself was a common seaman.

So, I have luck. I get the medal for a little affair at Annam. There is always trouble with the natives of Annam; a thoroughly bad lot they are, never satisfied. As for the medals, they make just so many every year, and someone must get them. It is like being elected to the Congress here, no? You tell about your American marines. They are policemen, nothing more. You see my nose, monsieur? One of your American marines. In Mindanao. But our French sailors, they *are* marines, soldiers and sailors both.

So, then. By and by I am twenty-seven years old, and I am officer. The night I receive my commission, I put on my uniform, I go into town. Hakodate, it was. I stop in a few places and say hello to the girls. I have a few drinks and I go walking down the streets and I say to myself, "Jean-Baptiste-Marie Dalloze, you will go far." And I am only wishing that an American marine, or even a lime-juicer, may come along, so that I may say a little something unpleasant to him.



But then I remember that I am a lieutenant now, and that I must support my rank, and my heart is sad for a moment.

I am a good officer, but certainly. I am transferred to a ship, a *vaisseau,* what you would call a torpedo boat. Le Triomphe, her name was. The crew knows all about me, I have been ashore with two or three of them. They give me my salute, my title, like the others; they do not presume; I am not the man to put up with that. I am the same to them as to all my men, for a few months, to show them. Then, in time, I make one of them *maître d'equipage,* boatswain, and perhaps, should they ask me for a permission, a night ashore, I may listen to them, for I know them to be good men. One does not forget his old friends just because he gets on in the world.

BUY NOW! It's Bargain Time!

ALSO, in the gunboat service, it is not as it is on the cruisers. Whom do they send, when there is a little trouble? The gunboats, always, the shabby little tin gunboats. Every man on my ship should have had the medal, every one of them. It was my recommendation that secured it for three of them.

Oh, yes, I have my own ship at last. When I am twenty-nine I am captain of La Vengeance. An old ship, yes, and not drawing too much water, but a ship that goes up shallow rivers and makes the natives behave themselves. You hear about this Foreign Legion. Well, I tell you, you take a company of the Foreign Legion and I will take my old crew from La Vengeance, and let us go into an open field, and see who comes away.

Well, I am thirty-one years old then, and I get four months' leave and a confirmation of my rank. So I go back to my home, Port St. Mathieu. But my father and mother are dead, and two of my brothers also, and the other five are married. I stay there for a week, and I find it a little dull. They are fine men, my brothers, but they are fishermen; they know nothing but herring and sardines.

I SAY good-by to them and I go for a trip to Paris. And thus, monsieur, the whole course of my life is altered.

I have never been in Paris before, but I have been in many towns. I arrive. It is a day in August, a fine sunny day. I have plenty of money in my pocket, and it is my experience that when you have money you like a new town.

I sit in a restaurant, and I have my dinner and a bottle of wine. It is twilight now, and I am feeling very good, very good. I have coffee, and a *fine,* and then a couple more *fines,* perhaps three or four. Then I think to myself it would not be so bad to talk to a pretty girl. I get up and take a stroll. I come to another nice-looking place, and I have two-three more *fines,* and I am certainly feeling more like myself every minute.

Presently I find that I am drinking with two excellent fellows whose names, unfortunately, I do not recall. I have, possibly, one or two drinks with them, Cointreau or Calvados, or perhaps both. Pretty soon we are all going to the Artists' Ball. I do not care much where I am going. I am in a most agreeable mood.

We arrive at the ball. It is noisy, very noisy, and it is hot. I see a couple of girls and I talk to them, but they wish to dance and I do not. So they dance with my friends, and I sit there, and I decide that the ball is a little stupid. It is unbearably hot, and the band blares. The noise and the confusion begin to bore me.

Suddenly there is a disturbance in a corner of the floor and the crowd presses round. I hear somebody say that now we will see some fun. They have found some Americans, who are, of course, not artists. These interlopers have sneaked into the ball, and they will punish them by giving them the horseback ride.

Now the horseback ride is just a little rough play, harmless enough, and certainly no worse than one sees

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE INSIDE DOPE CONCERNING
CAPT. JEAN-BAPTISTE
Continued from page fifty-five

every day at your American bathing beaches. Nevertheless, for some reason, I am annoyed. I am annoyed with the ball, and the band, and the heat, and these artists who are so exclusive. Furthermore, these two Americans are girls. They are not bad-looking, not at all, and one of them is about to dissolve into tears. The other is calm, indifferent, and brave, as a person should be when he perceives that something unpleasant is to happen but there is nothing which he can do to prevent it.

"*Allez,*" I say to myself, and I push forward through the crowd, and go up to one of these artists who thinks he is about to receive on his shoulders one of these fair burdens. "Kind of an animal," I say to him, in a very definite way. "You will keep your dirty hands off these young ladies. They are my cousins."

I am keeping my eyes open, but to tell you the truth, I do not care much what they do, as I am feeling just fine, and I would just as soon fight half a dozen of these artists as not. I have not had any fun for a long time, because, when I am captain of my own *vaisseau,* I have to think of my position.

However, my two friends of the café come forward. They have known me from my childhood, they say. Of a truth, these are indeed my cousins. One of them points to the ribbon on my jacket and makes a fine speech. I am trying to tell him to stop his nonsense and let the three of us get busy and break up the ball, but he persists. Before we know it, the three of us are being escorted politely out into the street, and the American girls also.

I will see the young ladies safe home, I say. My two friends suggest they will accompany us, but I say no, not at all, they will miss the ball and the dancing.

So the two young ladies and myself are in a taxicab, and the calm one is telling the driver to take us for a long ride. The air is cool and agreeable.

"We're much obliged to you, general," says the quiet girl. She is tall, she is pretty. Both are pretty, but I have eyes only for her. "Captain," I say, and give her a little squeeze. She smiles, and pushes my arm away, but very casually, and not making a big fuss.

I do not speak English so well then as I do now, after two years in this country, but I can make myself understood in Chinese, Italian, Portuguese, English, and several native dialects. So we get along very well.

We ride in the air. It is a beautiful evening. I am feeling all right, but I am a little tired. In fact, I am growing very tired. I request of the tall girl that we go to a café and have a drink. But she says no, they are fatigued, they will go back to the *pension.* To tell the truth, this suits me well enough. She tells the driver the address, and as we approach it she tries to give me a fifty-franc note for their share of the taxi ride. But I give her a stern look and she is abashed.

BUY NOW and Bring
Prosperity Back!

I whisper to her that I should like to meet her the next day, and she nods and says she will meet me at two, in the foyer of the Hotel Robert. Me, I do not have the slightest idea where this may be, but I have found more difficult places in the China Sea, where one can ask no questions.

AT ten minutes to two, the following afternoon, she comes, my tall angel. She looks even better to me, now that I am sober. I see that I have made no mistake. She is lovely, she is charming, she is, beyond doubt, a fine girl. She recalls to me those beautiful lines by Victor Hugo: "Thou dost carry into the sun, upon thy one hand, all my prayers, and on the other all my songs." I tell her this; I have told the same thing to others, naturally, but what of that?

We have lunch. Her name is Anne. She is twenty-four. She has red hair, but she tells me it is a henna rinse. I tell her she is not nice to tell me such lies, but all the same I am enchanted. One saw at once that she was direct and candid. I knew her to be fearless; I remembered how she told the driver to take us for the long ride because she perceived I was not quite myself, and how she wished to give me the fifty-franc note, thinking perhaps that I might be embarrassed to pay the fare.

She is gay, she jokes with me about my bad English; I tell her that her French is beautiful, but we talk English most of the time. We have a long, long lunch, and I tell her about myself in part, and I look into her beautiful, truthful eyes. I say to myself, "Jean-Baptiste-Marie Dalloze, all this that you have heard about these American girls, it is a lot of nonsense. They are just as good as anybody else."

I tell her how careless she is, to get into such a gallery as that of last night, and she nods. She does not seek to excuse herself. She does not say, "My friend wanted to go." She does not say she didn't know the affair was a little rough, a little vulgar.

And I say, how do you know that I, myself, am not *goujat, rastoquere, polisson,* a big bum, and she smiles at me. And I tell her, all the same, I tell your papa and mama on you, when I meet them.

But she says they are in America.

I AM astonished. I am confounded. A nice young girl, a girl of good family, and traveling without her parents—I think, for a moment, I was too easily put off last night. But then I look at her and I revile myself.

She is to be in Paris two more days only. She sails to go back to her school, she says.

How long they stay in school, in America, I do not know, and I do not wish to seem ignorant before her, nor impertinent, either.

So we arrange to have lunch the next day, and dinner also. All that long day we are together. We are never bored, never tired. We have lunch, we go for a walk, we come back, we have dinner. Never in all my life do I have a finer time with anyone.

She drinks a little wine, not very much, but it makes her eyes like the stars. We must go at last; we do not want to leave. I am drinking very little; I want her to see only the best in me, only the best.

I must not see her off tomorrow, she says. She would rather say good-by to me here. I do not misunderstand her; she does not want to see me in the confusion of the morning; she would have our farewell tranquil and beautiful. In the quiet street, a block away from her *pension,* she turns to me suddenly. I take her in my arms, she does not repulse me.

Monsieur, I have not kissed a virtuous girl in a dozen years. My old Aunt Agatha was the last one.

I am transported, I am overjoyed. I tell her she cannot leave me now. But no. It is farewell. She gives me her address, we promise to write to each other. Writing fatigues me; I make my quartermaster prepare the log, I only sign it. I promise, just the same. Then she is gone, my tall goddess, without a backward look, her lovely ankles flying up the stairs.

Now, my friend, I do as she requests. I do not come to see her in the morning. I send her a few trifles—some flowers, candy, a doll with long legs. Then I go out and drink a number of *fines.*

Why should we not be candid about these things? I begin to get ideas into my head. I still have two months' leave. Why should I not go to New York, and meet the girl's people and have a little talk with them? They are well off; they will, no doubt, be reasonable. They will make us a little allowance, enough to start me in business, perhaps. The daughter is well brought up, she has pretty clothes, they send her to Europe. As for me, I am thirty-one; it is time I settle down.

Also, I find that Paris has suddenly become dull and tiresome.

Accordingly, eight days after Anne leaves, I sail for New York.

I go to her address. It is a quiet street, a nice street, yes, but all the houses are alike. I call upon her; her mother opens the door. There is not even a servant. Anne is not home from school yet, her mother says. She looks at me as if I am, maybe, the boy from Macy's. Still, she lets me wait.

Presently my great big girl comes up the steps. I see her from the window, but I say nothing. She is carrying a lot of books; she looks tired. I hear her mother say, "A gentleman for you, Anne. A French gentleman." Does she wait to arrange her hair, to powder her nose? No. She rushes in; she says, "Oh, general!" "That's not my name," I say. "What is my name, Anne?" "Jean-Baptiste-Marie," she says, but not clearly, because I am holding her very tight.

So. That is why I became a butler, monsieur. What would you? Can a married man be rushing off to Tonquin, Honolulu, Indo-China? Anne was a school-teacher. Her people have not a *sou*.

I RESIGN my commission. I go look for a job. What can I do? I can navigate. I can run a Diesel engine. I can lead a company of men. I can take a vessel through the fogs and the shallows. But there is no commercial field for these talents.

I cannot keep books. I cannot go calling on people with a brief case, saying, "Good morning. Do you need any life insurance today?"

I read in the paper the advertisement for a butler. I put on my uniform, I get a new grommet, a whale-bone for the cap. I go up to a place on Park Avenue. I say yes to everything. Can you do this? Yes. Can you do that? Yes. The man, he looks at my discharge papers, he looks at me. He asks no more.

BUY NOW! It's Bargain Time!

At first, I do not know too much about it. What should I know about French wines? When I am drinking I prefer brandy, but I am not drinking now, for two years. As for the ordering of a large house, one learns neatness on a ship, and system. And in the beginning, when my knees would tremble, I would say to myself, "*Zut! Alors! Mille tonnerres! Allez,* Jean-Baptiste-Marie Dalloze, is this any worse than that little party at Annam, for which they gave you the medal?"

My wife? My wife, monsieur, is a girl so practical she could be a Frenchwoman. Everyone pays for what he gets in this life. She had a good job, teaching school, twenty-two hundred dollars a year, trips to Europe, everything. Her mother, she is of the bourgeoisie; she did everything she could to prevent our marriage. My prospects were not good, there is no denying that. Do you think my wife hesitated for a moment? No, no, and no! My wife is not of the bourgeoisie. She is plebeian, like myself.

THE END

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"Tell the Public the Truth about a Mouthwash," said the Dentists
Dentists in all parts of the world wrote us during the past year to commend Lavoris advertising that emphasized the advantages of modern, ethical dental service. Many of our professional friends urged us to say "more about Lavoris" . . . to "tell the public the truth about mouthwashes" . . . to "urge people to try Lavoris for just a week or two" . . . "tell them that bad breath is a symptom, and not a disease."
LAVORIS CHEMICAL CO., Minneapolis, Minn., Toronto, Canada.

DO AS YOUR DENTIST TELLS YOU

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Through The School

A Headline Hunter Adventure

By Floyd Gibbons

A member of the First Division on guard duty soon after the crossing.

(Reading time: 21 minutes 42 seconds.)

DISCIPLINE—that habit of unquestioning obedience—is essential to a successful army. Without this an army would run like an automobile motor in which none of the parts coördinate.

It's always a puzzle to me how quickly the wildest, hardest-boiled eggs can be taken right out of civilian life, and in a couple of weeks of military drill and inspection can be made into perfectly disciplined and perfect soldiers.

It is done without cruelty. Of course, there are the public reprimands, the scathing tongue of the top sergeant, the humiliating punishment of being forced to stand at attention, saluting so many times, or doing kitchen police. Other punishments are confinement to barracks and loss of privileges. But army life even during the war was not what it used to be when officers treated their men so badly that they were more afraid of their own officers than of the enemy. As a rule a spirit of patriotism, pride in organization, and loyalty to officers were the impelling motives in conforming to discipline. That habit once acquired becomes automatic, instinctive, and second nature. And you'd be surprised to know how soon even great minds that once questioned everything said to them become models of discipline and unquestioning obedience.

BUY NOW!

I had a great opportunity to make observations in this direction in watching the first American division in France being put through its paces.

Clip the skyline from the Blue Ridge, arch it over with arboreal vistas from the forests of the Oregon, reflect the two in the placid waters of the Wisconsin lakes—and you will have some conception of the perfect Eden of beauty in which the first contingent of the American Expeditionary Forces trained in France.

BECKONING white roads curl through the rolling hills like ribbons of dental cream squeezed out evenly on rich green velours. Châteaus, pearl-white centers in settings of emerald green, push their turrets and bastions above the mossy plush of the mountain side. Lazy little streams silver the valleys with their aimless wanderings.

It was a peaceful-looking garden of pastoral delight that United States soldiers picked out for their martial training ground. It was a section whose appearance was untouched by the three years of red riot that rumbled just a few miles to the north.

Marines getting instruction from

# of War

The training area was in the Vosges, in east central France. By train, it was a nine-hour day trip from Paris. It was about an hour's motor ride behind the front lines. The troops were billeted in a string of small villages that comprised one side of a V. French troops and instructing officers occupied the other converging line. Between the two lines was the area in which our men trained. Where the two lines converged was Gondrecourt, the headquarters of Major General Sibert, the first commander of the First Division in France.

The area had long since been stripped of male civilian population that could be utilized for the French ranks. The war had taken the men and the boys, but had left the old people and children to till the fields, tend the cattle, prune the hedges, and trim the roads.

With the advent of our troops, the restful scene began to change. Treeless ridges carpeted with just enough green to veil the rocky foundation of the ground began to break out with a rash the color of fresh earth. In rows and circles, by angles and zigzags, the training trenches began to take form daily under the pick and shovel exercises of French and Americans working side by side.

BUY NOW and Bring Prosperity Back!

Those French troops were Alpine Chasseurs—the famous Blue Devils. They wore dark blue caps which resembled tam-o'-shanters. They were proud of the distinction which their uniform gave them. They were proud of their great fighting records. One battalion boasted that of the twenty-six officers who led it into the first fight at the opening of the war, only four existed.

U. S. official photo

Alpine chasseurs showing marines how to operate a sandbag brigade to bolster trenches under fire

French veterans on the rifle range. U. S. official photo

It was a great advantage for our men to train under such instructors. Correspondents who had been along the fronts before America's entry into the war had a great respect for the soldierly capacity of these same fighting Frenchmen; not only these sturdy young sons of France, but the older French soldiers—ranging in age from forty to forty-five years—who had been away at the fronts since the very beginning of the war.

We had seen them many, many times. Miles and miles of them, in the motor trucks along the roads, twenty in each truck.

Many of them were very old men. They had thick black eyebrows and long beards. They were tired men. We had seen them in the *camions*, each man resting his head on the shoulder of a man seated beside him. The dust of the journey

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THROUGH THE SCHOOL OF WAR
Continued from page fifty-nine

turned their black beards gray. On the front seat of the *camion* a sleepless one handled the wheel, while beside him the relief driver slept.

Thus they had been seen, mile upon mile, thousand upon thousand, moving ever up and down those roads that paralleled the front from Flanders to the Alps. Thus they had been seen night and day, winter and summer, for more than three long years, always trying to be at the place where the enemy struck. The world knows, and the world is thankful, that they always were there.

It was under such veteran instructors as these that our first Americans in France trained.

BUY NOW!

Our men were eager to learn. I observed them daily at their training tasks. One day, when they had progressed as far as the use of the new French automatic rifles, I visited one of the ranges to witness the firing.

Just under the crest of the hill was a row of rifle pits, four feet deep, in the slaty white rock. On the opposite hill, across the marshy hollow, at a distance of 200 yards, was a line of wooden targets, painted white with black circles. Poised at intervals on the forward edge of the pits were a number of automatic rifles. An American soldier and a French soldier attended each one, the former in the firing position and the latter instructing.

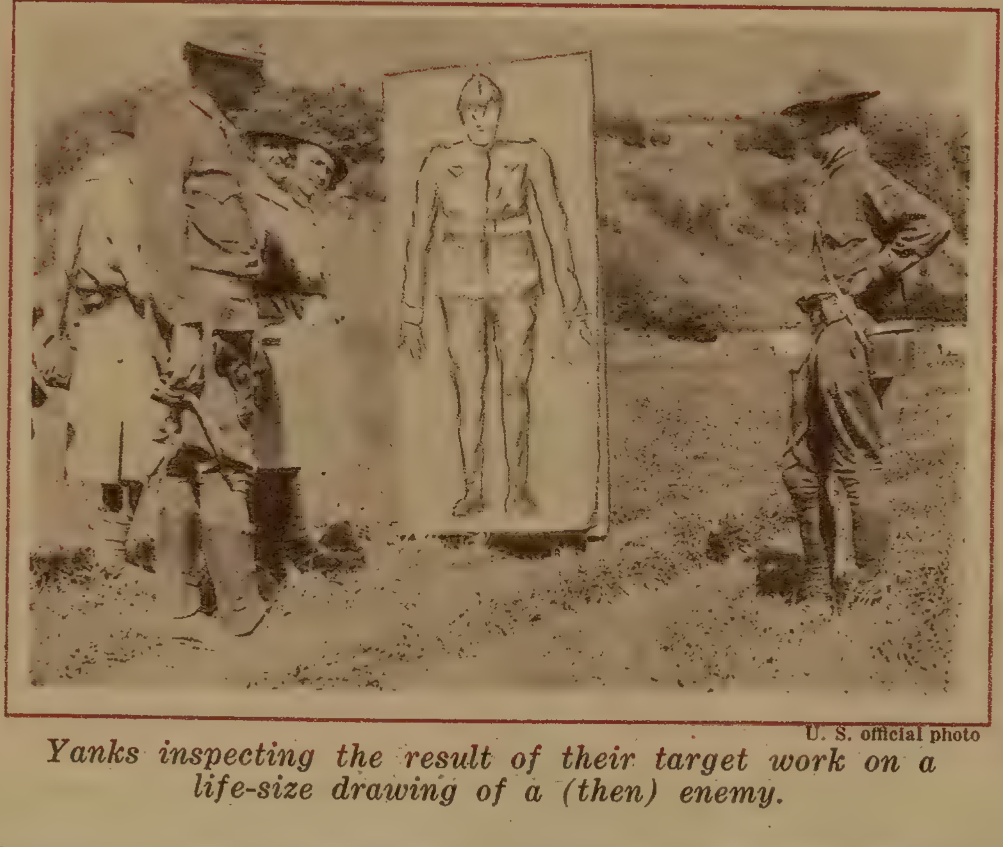
The rear bank of the pits was lined with French and American officers. The order, "Commence firing," was given, and white spurts of rock dust began dancing on the opposite hill, while splinters began to fly from some of the wooden targets.

At one end of the firing trench a raw American recruit flushed to his hat brim and gritted his teeth viciously as his shots, registering ten feet above the targets, brought forth laughter and exclamations from the French soldiers near by. He rested on his gun long enough to ask an interpreter what the Frenchmen were talking about.

"They say," the interpreter replied, "that you belong to the anti-aircraft service."

The recruit tightened his grip and lowered his aim. At the end of his first fifty shots he was placing one in three on the target and others were close.

"BRAVO!" came from the group of French officers at the other end of the trench, where another American, older in the service, had signalized his first experiences with the new firearm by landing thirty targets out of thirty-four shots, with four bull's-eyes. The French instructors complimented him on the excellence of his marksmanship, considering his acknowledged unfamiliarity with the weapon.



U. S. official photo

Yanks inspecting the result of their target work on a life-size drawing of a (then) enemy.

Farther along the depression, in another set of opposing trenches and targets, a row of French machine guns manned by young Americans sprayed lead with ear-splitting abandon.

Here a chasseur of the ranks would stop the firing of an American squad with a peremptory, "*Regardez.*" He would proceed with pantomime and more or less connected words carrying the warning that firing in such a manner would result in jamming the guns, a condition which would be fatal in case the targets in the other trenches were charging. Then he would show the correct procedure, and the Yanks, watchfully alert to his every move, would change their method and signify their pleasure with such expressions as "Trays beans," and "Mercy."

"Do you think it would have resulted in a quicker training if these Americans were instructed by British veterans instead of French?" I asked an American staff officer who was observing the demonstration.

"I may have thought so at first," the officer replied, "but not now. The explanations which our men in the ranks are receiving from the French soldiers in the ranks are more than word instructions. They are object lessons in which gesticulation and pantomime are used to act out the movement or subject under discussion.

"I should say that some time would be lost if all of our troops were to be trained by French soldiers, but I believe that this division under French tutelage will be better able to teach the new tactics to the new divisions that are to follow than it would be if it had speedily passed through training camps like the British."

Thus it was that our first American contingent in France was in training for something more than service on the line. It rapidly qualified into an expert corps from which large numbers of capable American instructors were later withdrawn and used for the training of our hundreds of thousands of men that followed.

THIS achievement was only accomplished by the exercise of strict disciplinary measures by every American officer. One day in the early part of August, 1917, a whirlwind swept through the string of French villages where the first contingent was training.

The whirlwind came down the main road in a cloud of dust. It sped on the fleeting tires of a high-powered motor which flew from its dust-gray hood a red flag with two white stars. It blew into the villages and out, through the billets, cook tents, mess halls, and picket lines. The whirlwind was John J. Pershing.

The commander in chief hit the training area early in the morning and his coming was unannounced. Before evening he had completed a stern inspection which had left only one impression in the minds of the inspected, and that impression was to the effect that more snap and pep, more sharpness and keenness were needed.

At the conclusion of the inspection all the officers of the contingent were agreeing that the whirlwind visitation was just what had been needed to arouse the mettle and spirit in an organization composed of over fifty per cent raw recruits. Many of the officers themselves had been included in the pointed criticisms.

The enlisted men whose heels did not click when they met, whose shoulders slouched, whose chins missed the proper angle, whose eyes were not front during the inspection, underwent embarrassing penalties, calculated to make them remember.

"Have this man fall out," General Pershing directed, as he stood before a recruit whose attitude appeared sloppy. "Teach him the position of a soldier and have him stand at attention for five minutes."

One company, which had prided itself upon having some of the best embryonic bomb-throwers in the contingent, contributed a number of victims to the above penalties, and as the general's train of automobiles swirled out of the village, the main street seemed to be dotted with silent khaki-clad statues doing their five-minute sentences of rigidity.

"What about your men's shoes?" General Pershing asked a captain sharply, while he directed his eyes along a company line of feet whose casings seemed to be approaching the shabby.

"We need hobnails, sir," replied the captain.

"Get them." The words snapped out from beneath Pershing's close-cropped gray mustache. "Requisition hobnails. Your men need them."

The American commander stepped into the darkness of a large stone-walled stable, the billeting accommodations for ten American soldiers. A dog curled in the doorway growled and showed its teeth. The general stepped past and, without heeding the snarls, started questioning the sergeant in charge.

"Are any cattle kept in here?" he asked.

"No, sir," replied the sergeant.

"Detail more men with brooms and have it aired thoroughly every day."

Observed from a distance, when he was speaking with battalion and regimental commanders, the commander manifested no change of attitude from that which marked his whole inspection. He frequently employed his characteristic gesture of emphasis—the wadding of his left palm with his right fist or the energetic opening and closing of the right hand.

U. S. official photo

General Pershing at First Division headquarters.

The development of a rigid discipline was the American commander's first objective in the training schedules which he ordered his staff to devise. After this schedule had been in operation not ten days, I happened to witness a demonstration of American discipline which might be compared to an improved incident of Damocles dining under the suspended sword.

A battalion of American infantry was at practice on one of the training fields. The grenade-throwing exercises had been concluded and the order had been given to fall in preparatory to the march back to the camp.

Upon the formation of the long company lines, end on end down the side of the hill, the order, "Attention!" was sharply shouted, bringing the men to the rigid pose which permits the eyes to wander neither to the right nor to the left, above nor below, but straight forward.

As the thousand men stood there, rigid and silent, a sudden disturbance took place in the sky above them. Shells began exploding up there. At the same time the men in the ranks could distinctly hear the whir and the hum of airplane motors above them.

ALMOST every day reports had been received that enemy planes had evaded the Allied aërial patrols along the front and had made long flights behind our lines for the purposes of observing and bombing.

As the American battalion stood stiff and motionless, I knew that the thought was passing through the minds of every man that here, at last, was the expected visitation of the enemy flyers, and that a bomb from above would be the next event on the program. The men recognized the reports of the anti-aircraft guns blazing away, and the sound of the motors suggested a close-range target.

BUY NOW! It's Bargain Time!

An almost irresistible impulse to look upward, a strong instinctive urging to see the danger that impended, and the stern regulations of "Eyes front" that goes with the command "Attention!" comprised the elements of conflict that went on in each of the thousand heads in that battalion line.

In front of each platoon, the lieutenants and captains stood with the same rigid eyes front, facing the men. If one of the company officers had relaxed to the extent of taking one fleeting upward glance, it is doubtful whether the men could have further resisted the same inclination, but not a man shifted his gaze from the direction prescribed by the last command.

One plane passed closely overhead and nothing happened. Three more followed and still no bombs fell, and then the tense incident was closed by the calling out of the order of the march and, in squads of four, the battalion wheeled into the road and marched back to billets.

As one company went by singing (talking was permitted upon the freedom of route step), I heard one of the men say that he had thought all along that the officers would not have made them stand there at attention if the danger had not been over.

"As far as I knew, it was over," a comrade added. "It was right over my head." And in this light manner the men forgot the incident as they resumed their marching song.

WHEN Mr. W. Hohenzollern of Potsdam put singing lessons in the curriculum of his soldiers' training, a tremor of military giggling was heard around the world. But in August, 1914, when Mars smiled at the sight of those same soldiers marching across the frontiers east, south, and west, under their throaty barrage of Deutschland, Deutschland, Uber Alles, the derisive giggles completely died out. It immediately became a case of he who laughs first lives to yodel.

The American forces then in training took advantage of this. They not only began to sing as they trained, but they actually began to be trained to sing. Numerous company commanders who had held strong opinions against this vocal soldiering changed their minds and expressed the new-found conviction that the day was past when singing armies could be compared solely with male coryphées who held positions well down stage and clinked empty flagons of brown October ale.

"It's a great idea," a company commander told me. "We learned it from the Blue Devils. They are the toughest set of undersized gentry that I have run into in France. They have forearms as big as three-inch shells, and as hard. Their favorite pastime is juggling hand grenades that can't possibly explode unless they just lightly touch one another.

"Yesterday we watched them, bared to the waist, as they went through three hours of grenade and bombing practice that was the last word in strenuosity. Keeping up with their exercises was hard work for our men, whose arms soon began to ache from the unaccustomed overhand heaving.

"Then we watched them as their commander assembled them for the march back to the village. At the command, 'Attention!' their heels clicked, their heads went back, their chins up, and their right hands were pasted rigidly against their right trouser legs.

"At the command of 'March!' all of them started off, punctuating their first step with the first word of their marching song. It was not any sickly chorus either. There was plenty of beef and lung power behind every note. My men lined up opposite were not missing a bit of it. Most of them seemed to know what was expected when I said:

"'On the command of "March!" the company will begin to sing, keeping step with the song. The first sergeant will announce the song.'

"My first sergeant responded without a change of color, as if the command to sing had been an old regulation. I knew that he was puzzled, but he did it well. The name of the song chosen was passed down the line from man to man.

"When I gave the command to march, the company, al-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

THROUGH THE SCHOOL OF WAR
Continued from page sixty-one

most half of them new recruits, wheeled in squads of fours, and started off the road singing, Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here."

One noticeable characteristic about our soldiers during that training period was a total absence of violent antipathy toward all persons and things Teutonic.

An illustration of this very subject and also the manner in which our boys got along with the civilian populations of the towns they occupied came to my notice.

A driving rain, which filled the valley with mist and made the hills look like mountain tops projecting above the clouds, had resulted in the abandonment of the usual daily drills. The men had spent the day in billets, writing letters home, hearing indoor lectures from instructors, playing with the French children in the cottage doorways, or taking lessons in French from the peasant girls, whose eyes were inspirations to the dullest pupils. I spent several hours in a company commander's quarters while he censored letters which the men had submitted for transmission back home. The captain looked long at a letter in his hand, smiled, and called for his orderly.

BUY NOW!

"Tell Private Blank I want to see him here right away," were the captain's instructions. Blank's name had a -berger ending that was reminiscent of beer, pretzels, and wooden shoes.

"Here's a letter written in German," said the captain to me, referring to the open missive. "It's addressed to somebody by the same name as Blank, and I presume it is to someone in his family. Blank is one of the best men in my company and I know that the letter is harmless, but it is impossible for me to pass it when written in the enemy language."

The door opened and a tall, blond enlisted man stepped in, shaking the rain from his hat. He stood at respectful attention, saluted, and said:

"Did the captain wish to see me?"

"Yes, Blank. It is about this letter written in German," the captain replied. "Who is it addressed to?"

"My father in Cincinnati, sir," Blank replied.

"I am unfamiliar with German," the captain said. "Is there anything in it which the company has been ordered to omit mentioning?"

"No, sir," Blank replied.

"Will you translate it for me?" the captain asked.

"YES, sir," said Blank, with just a bare suggestion of a blush. Then he read as follows:

"'Dear Father: I am in good health. Food is good and we are learning much. I am becoming an expert grenadier. In this village where we are billeted there is a French girl named Germaine. Before the war she lived in northern France, near the German frontier, and she speaks German. So it is possible for us to talk together. She fled before the German troops reached her village. She lives here now with her aunt.

"'I carry water from a well for her and she has given me each day a roll of fresh-made butter for our mess. In the evening we sit on the front seat of her uncle's small carriage, which is in the front yard, and we imagine we are taking a drive, but of course there are no horses.

"'She asked what I am going to do after the war, and I told her that I would return to Cincinnati to help you at the store. She cried because she said she did not know where she was going after the war. Her father and two brothers have been killed and her aunt and uncle are very old.

"'I have some more to write to you about Germaine later. Love to all.'"

Blank's face seemed to redden as he hesitated over a postscript line at the bottom of the page.

"This is nothing," he said. "I just asked father to ask mother to send me one of the photographs I had taken on the day I enlisted."

"For Germaine?" the captain inquired smilingly.

"Yes, sir," replied Blank.

"Why didn't you write this in English?" the captain asked.

"My father reads only German," Blank replied.

Blank was instructed to rewrite the letter in English and address it to some friend who could translate it into German for his father. As the door closed on this American soldier of German extraction, I asked the captain, "Do you think Germaine could stand for Blank's German name after all she has lost at the hands of the Germans?"

"She'll probably be wearing it proudly around Cincinnati within a year after the war is over," the captain replied.

The soldier mail addressed daily to mothers and sweethearts back in the States ran far into the tons. The men were really homesick for their American womenfolks. I was aware of this even before I witnessed the reception given by our men to the first American nurses to reach the other side.

THE hospital unit to which they belonged had been transported into that training area so quickly and so secretly that its presence there was unknown for some time. I happened to locate it by chance.

Several of us correspondents, seeking a change of diet from the monotonous menu provided by the hard-working madame of our modest hostelry, motored in a new direction, over roads that opened new vistas in this picture book of the world.

Long straight avenues of towering trees whose foliage roofed the roadways were sufficient to reanimate recollections of old masters of brush realism. Plowed fields were veiled with the low-hanging mist of evening time. Distant steeples of homely simplicity, faintly glazed by the last rays of the setting sun, reproduced the tones of The Angelus with the overgenerous hugeness of nature.

And there in that prettiest of French watering places —Vittel—we came upon those first American nurses attached to the American Expeditionary Forces. They told us that all they knew was the name of the place they were in, that they were without maps and were not even aware of what part of France they were located in.

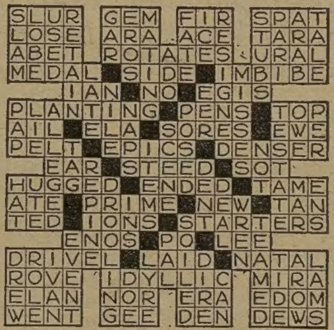
The hospital unit was soon followed by the arrival of numerous American auxiliary organizations, and the kindly activities of the workers became such as to cause the men to wonder what kind of a war they were in.

I happened to meet an old top sergeant of the regular army, a man I had known in Mexico when he was with the American punitive expedition. He had just received a large bundle of newspapers. I asked him what was happening back home.

"Great things are going on in the States," he said, looking up from his papers. "Here's one story in the newspaper that says the Y. M. C. A. is sending over five hundred secretaries to tell us jokes and funny stories. And here's another account about the Red Cross donating half a million dollars to build recreation booths for us along the front. And here's a story about a New York actor getting a committee of entertainers together to come over and sing and dance for us. And down in Philadelphia they're talking about collecting a million dollars to build tabernacles along the front so's Billy Sunday can preach to us. What I'm wondering about is, when in all—whoap—I almost said it—pardon me," the old sergeant said. "My goodness, I wonder when they are going to send the army over."

But, as the enemy soon found out, that army got there.

Next week Mr. Gibbons will tell of his trip with the first Yanks to reach the front lines and of the first American artillery shot in the war.



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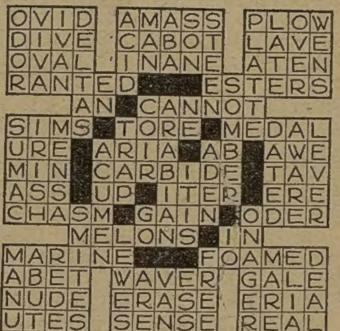
Answer to the puzzle on page 42.



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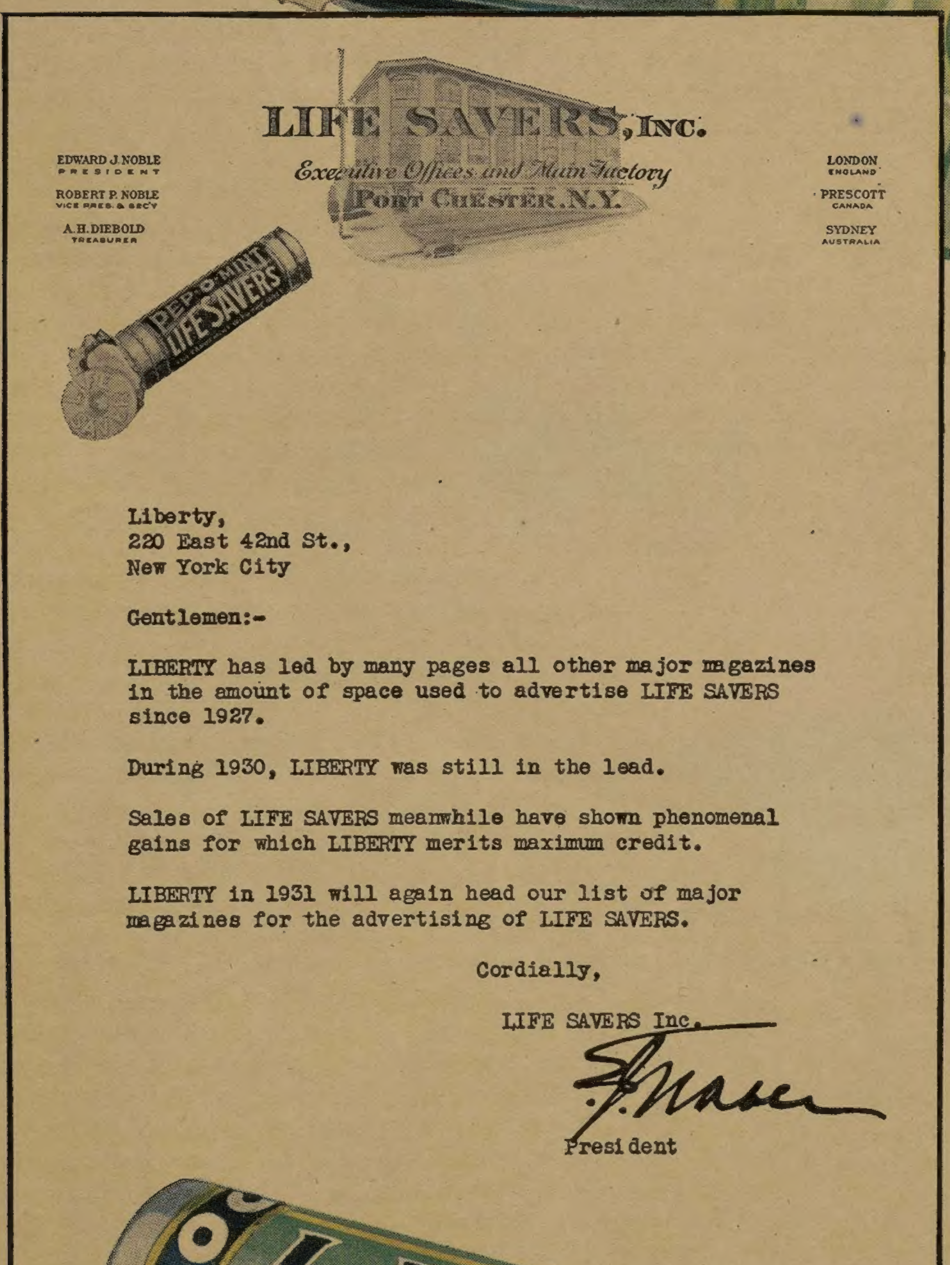
Answer to the puzzle on page 43.

THE AMAZING NEW TASTE SENSATION



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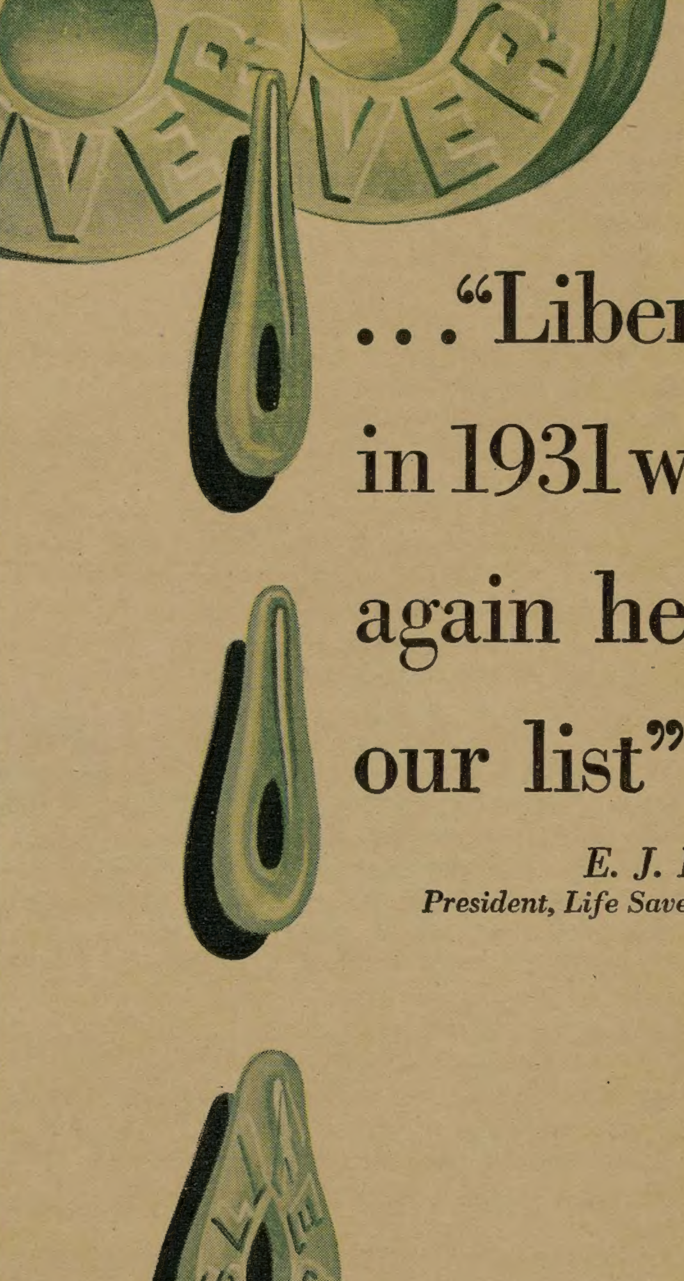

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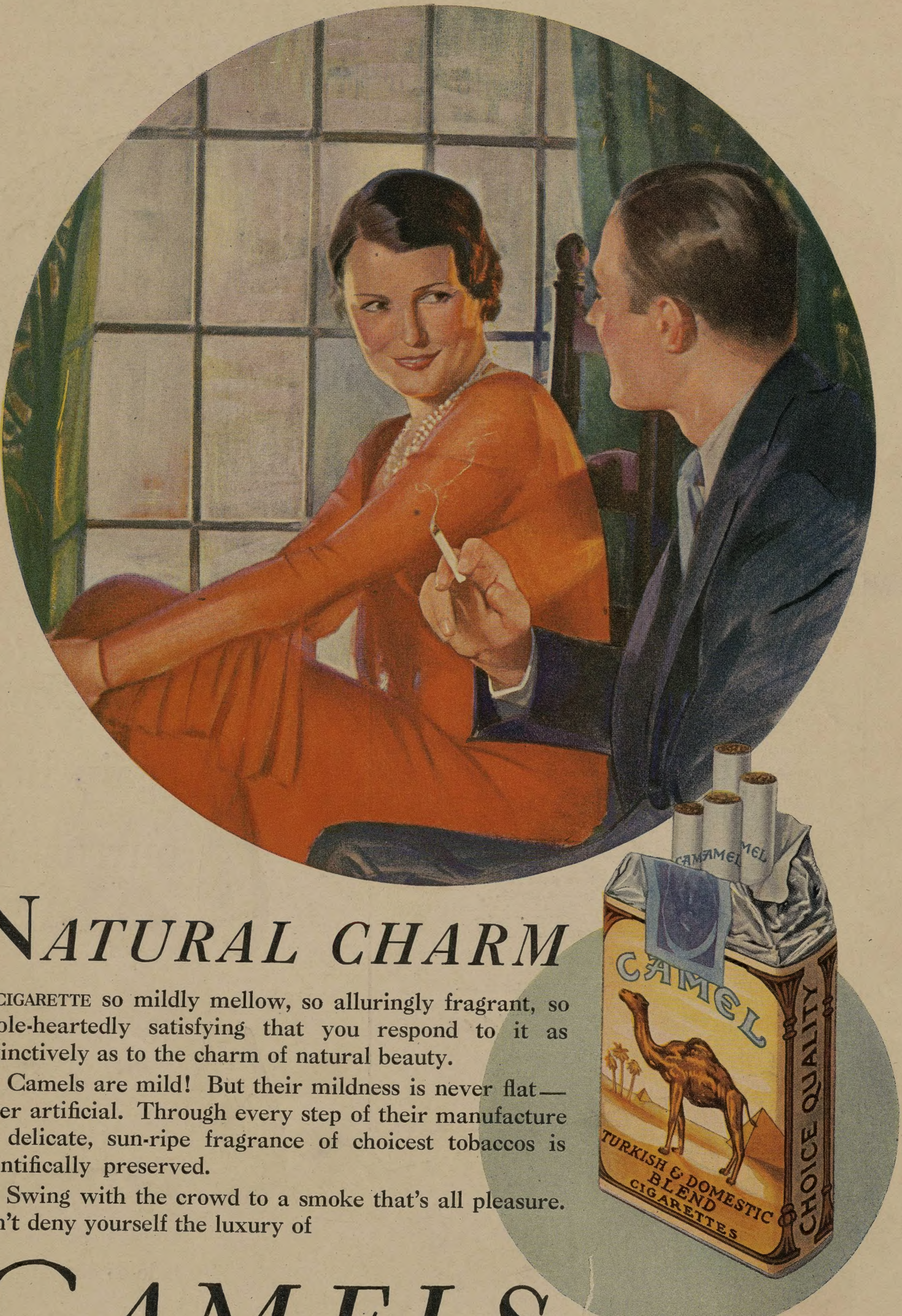
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